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JULY 1949

Starting a thrilling serial By Octavus Roy Cohen

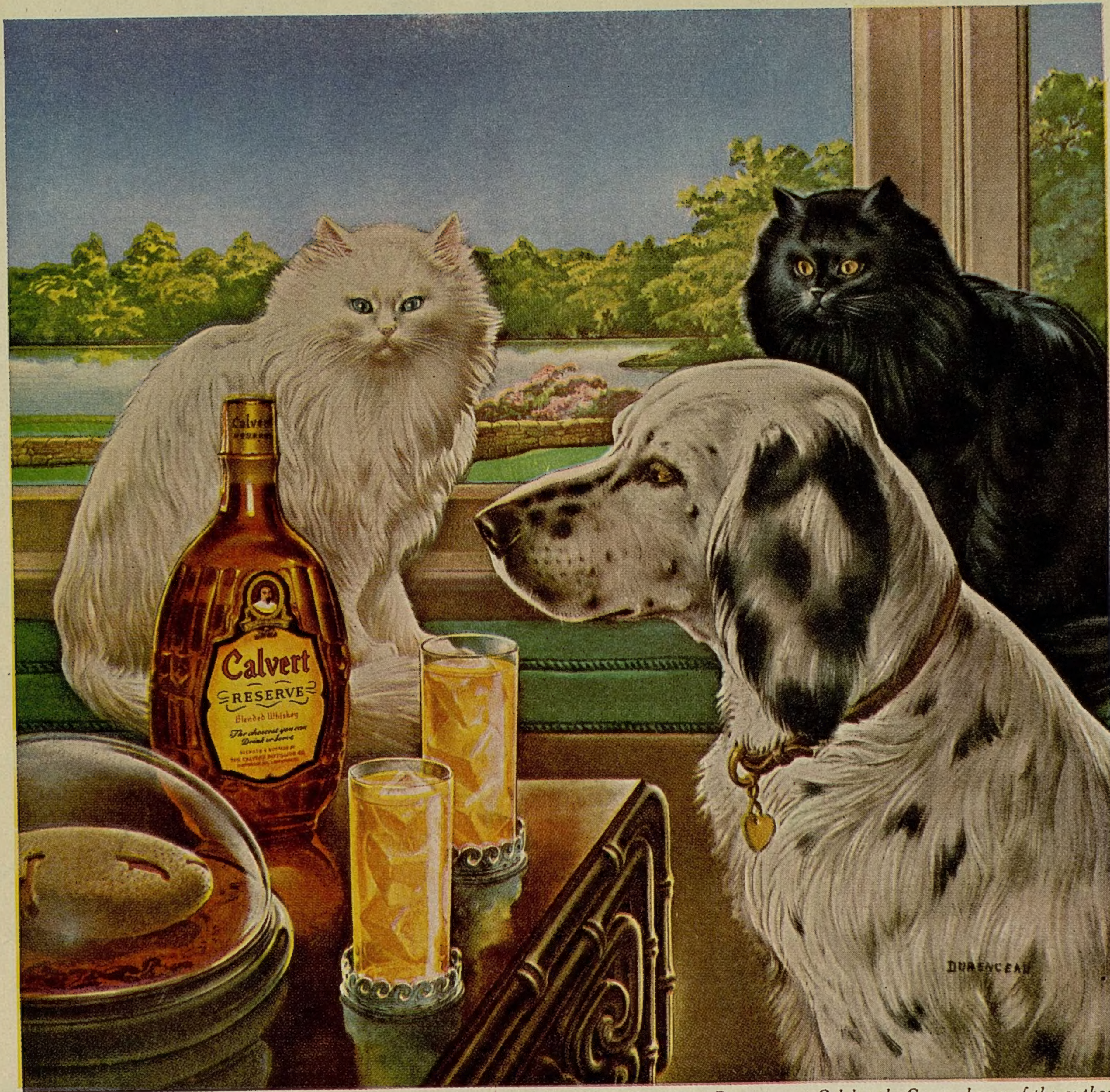
A new story By John Gunther

How San Francisco Sobers 'Em Up

Book: You Live After Death

OW MANY RELATIVES ON YOUR ONGRESSMAN'S PAYROLL?

See page 18



English Setter "Peg O' Pondwood" and pet Persians, at Colebrook, Conn., home of the author and archaeologist Roy Chapman Andrews. (On table—first petrified dinosaur egg ever found.)

"Another rare find for Roy Chapman Andrews—he's switched to Calvert!"

Ask any man who's switched to Calvert! He'll tell you Calvert Reserve *actually is* a smoother, milder, mellower whiskey. He'll remind you that you can *always* count on Calvert for better taste... because Calvert *knows blending* like no other distiller! And he'll suggest *you* taste Calvert Reserve. Then... odds are you'll switch, too!

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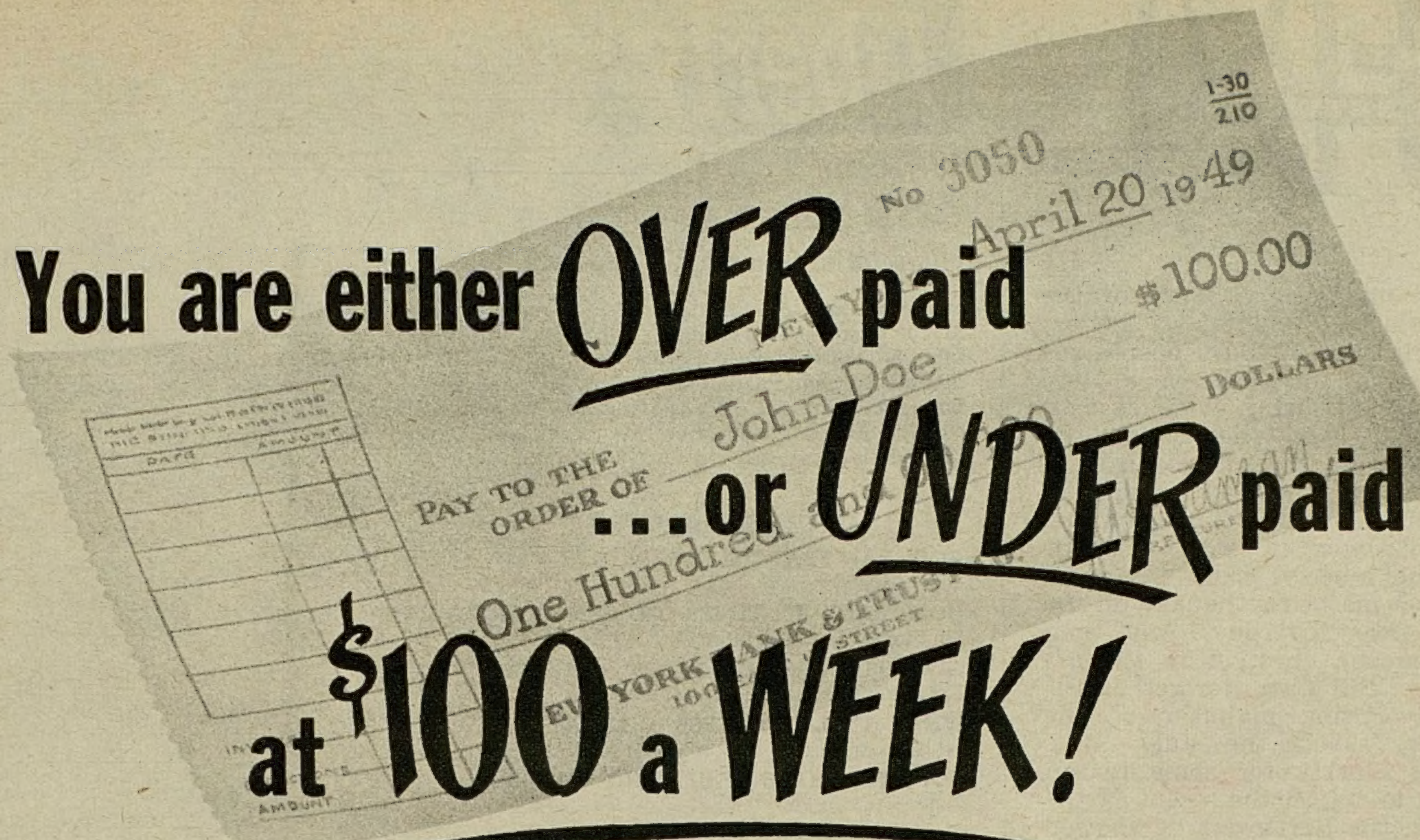

IF you are earning about $5,000 a year, you have reached the most *critical* stage of your business career.

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Don't misunderstand. The Institute works no miracles, opens no magic portals to quick and easy success; it will *not* double your income within a few months. Nor will it make corporation presidents of men who are clerks at heart.

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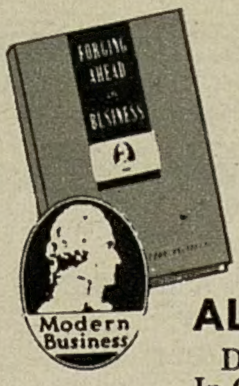

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

◆ Ever since the collapse of the experts last November, we leaders of cosmic thought have been girding ourselves for a comeback. Here at last is reassuring evidence that "experting" is not dead. The evidence is presented by Joseph Garretson in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Prophetic?" Mr. Garretson inquires. "Almost a year ago the magazine Liberty asked the question: Is a major earthquake on the Pacific Coast overdue? And then answered the question in the affirmative. Bill Carr, former classified advertising manager of the Enquirer, saved the July, 1948, issue of Liberty for some reason or other and after the recent earthquake in the Northwest he showed it to me. An article by Stacy V. Jones in that issue said: 'The coast continues to creep slowly northward and is building up a strain that some day will bring a violent crack.' There was a good deal more technical detail, all in support of the theory that a quake on the Pacific Coast could be expected at any time, and the piece was published almost a year ago." The quake, as our readers know, arrived on schedule.

◆ While our Mr. Jones is being praised in Cincinnati for his discernment, he is being roundly condemned in Moscow. The text of a Moscow broadcast to North America on April 26 tells us: "Not so long ago, the fascist, Robert Stripling, in the capacity of chief prosecutor of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was interviewed by a fellow thinker Stacy Johnston [sic], correspondent for the Liberty magazine. These two avowed warmongers agreed that the trial should not end merely in the imprisonment of the 12 Communist Party leaders. If it proved successful, they said, hundreds of similar trials would also have to be staged. . . . This was not a private tête-à-tête between two friends. It was published in the December number of the Liberty magazine. There you have the real face of American freedom and democracy."

Thanks, Joe!

◆ We receive, naturally, a great many letters of application for editorial jobs on Liberty. None, however, has promised so much as a recent communiqué advising us, "I have an enviable creative ability, though I can compose in any vein, plunging undaunted into humor, through satire, and into the dark

Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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Photo by Peter James, Samerjan-Globe

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President, Franklin S. Forsberg; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

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Liberty, July, 1949. Vol. 26, No. 7. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter, September 5, 1947, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Twenty cents a copy. Subscription price $2.25 one year, $4.50 two years, $6.50 three years in the United States and possessions; $2.75 one year, $5.00 two years, $7.00 three years in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $4.00 one year, $6.50 two years, $8.50 three years. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least sixty (60) days for Liberty to reach you.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

abyss of tragedy. My critical ability is, I know, equaled, but not eclipsed. In short, gentlemen, my addition to your roster of hacks would be a draft of mellow ale to any editor enjoying his Gethsemane. You would also find that I have myriad uses, extending from the performance of the lowest menial tasks to Machiavellian solutions of your personal difficulties. I can, should the occasion demand it, stifle my moral sense; for I would as cheerfully toss an unwanted mistress down an elevator shaft as I would dash out to fetch you another fifth."

We are still pondering what to do about this one. An editor doesn't get an offer like that every day.

◆

For years old-timers have been urging us to reprint Floyd Gibbons' amazingly prophetic story, The Red Napoleon. For those readers too young to remember, Mr. Gibbons all but predicted everything that has happened in our deteriorating relations with Russia during the past few years. Some of the things he predicted have not yet come to pass, and we trust never will. Nevertheless Gibbons' story of the final conflict between Russia and the United States in the light of recent events is even more absorbing than it was in 1929, when it was first published in Liberty. That is why we are reprinting The Red Napoleon as our book condensation for August.

As an "extra," the August Liberty will feature a 16-page section on television. Here under one cover is everything you ought to know about this rapidly growing gadget. You will find authoritative answers to such questions as, Will prices for television receivers go down in the immediate future? and, Will my television receiver be effective five years from now? Don't miss this television feature, the first such comprehensive coverage accorded television by any magazine of general circulation.

In the same August Liberty there are articles on New York's 52d Street; What To Do If Your Child Has Polio; How to sell Your Husband Success; and a couple of hot sleepers we would not want to mention for fear of tipping other editors off. There's great fiction too—with a powerful short short by Ernest Lehman, a new story by Thyra Samter Winslow, and yarns by Carmen López, Elliott White Springs, and Octavus Roy Cohen.

Don't miss the big August Liberty, on sale about July 15.—*D. B.*

LET'S STICK TO MOSES!

When they were preparing to produce the motion picture "The Ten Commandments," the director and the author of the story consulted a professor who had been recommended as an authority on the Law of Moses. They expected a scholarly explanation, but when the professor had finished, there was little left of the Ten Commandments—and no story.

After the interview, when they were alone again, the disgusted director remarked: "We'll stick to Moses."

Yes, let's stick to Moses! There may be those who would abolish the Ten Commandments, but let's stick to the Commandments as God gave them to us through Moses.

And there is no better way of doing so, than by sticking to Jesus Christ, Who gave us the Commandments of love—the love of God and the love of our neighbor. All other Commandments are contained in these two.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God..." The observance of Christ's first Commandment will establish in us a strong, dignified personal relationship to God. If we love the true God, we will give Him the honor that is His due... we will respectfully use His Holy Name... we will not think it too much to spend one day of the week in His company.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," said the Savior. Who should hold first place among our neighbors, if not our parents... or our own children?

And it should be obvious that if we love our neighbor, we will not take his life, or damage his health. Decent human love surely excludes the burlesque of love called adultery and the fierce attack which this lust makes upon the innocent and unprotected.

We would never steal from the ones we love; nor would we rob them of their good name. Certainly we would not lift a covetous hand to deprive them of the things intended to make their lives full and contented.

Let's stick to Moses, whose Commandments forbade human beings to break the bonds and destroy the relationships that preserve human dignity, develop character and guarantee human safety.

Let's stick to Christ, Who, in a more spiritual way, pointed out that if we love rightly and well, we will obey the law of God... protect all the relationships that guarantee our own happiness and make life safe and happy for the people who are our neighbors.

The Ten Commandments are God's design for human living. Are you familiar with them? Do you understand how important they are in your daily life? Write today for free pamphlet on this subject. Ask for Pamphlet No. 12—L.

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Liberty VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Customer Without a Kick

DOUDS, IOWA—Just finished your article, Mail-Order Magic, by Steven Casey Williams (April), and I think Sears' popularity is due to good quality at low prices and Service with a capital S.—*Clarence E. Phillips, Jr.*

Please Tell Her!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I've been solving the Cockeyed Crossword puzzles ever since Mr. Shane started them and I have never met anyone else who has completely solved even one.

Please tell me, does anyone else do them? I am beginning to think Mr. Shane and I are the only cockeyed people.—*Ruth C. Bowers.*

Stogie Coming, Sir

OROVILLE, CALIF.—I have been a reader of Liberty since the day it first was put on the newsstands. Here is my suggestion: Put in two pages of Vox Pop (or more), publish a controversial article now and then, and then watch the Vox Poppers pop, and when they are popping they are buying your magazine. I run a newsstand and have known men to buy as many as a dozen copies of a magazine that published their letters. When your circulation has gone up 100,000, you can send me a Wheeling stogie. Thank you.—*R. I. Deeney.*

Repercussions—Roosevelt

CARLTON, WASH.—I would like to take time out from my busy spring planting on the farm and the thousand and one things to repair after a bad winter to comment on the article concerning our dear deceased President Roosevelt (May).

Too bad there aren't more sons and daughters who bring to light the untrue things that are printed about their nationally known parents. Carry it to the end, Elliott. If it were my dad, I would.—*Mrs. Robert Sylicle.*

SHEFFIELD, ALA.—I have just read Elliott Roosevelt's article and found it very interesting. But as long as Mr. Roosevelt is clearing the record, would he care to comment on Mr. Flynn's book, The Roosevelt Myth?—*J. F. Moore, Jr.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Bravo, Liberty, for publishing Elliott Roosevelt's factual report on F. D. R.'s health.—*Phil Ellison.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading the article by Elliott Roosevelt, I feel the urge to compliment F. D. R.'s son. We all know about dirty journalism, but in no way can it hurt F. D. R.'s memory. Always is evil spoken of the good one tries to do.—*Mrs. Freda A. Benson.*

EL MONTE, CALIF.—Your article, my boy, is not at all convincing.—*Fred B. Putnam.*

A World Affair

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article, Stop the Traffic in Girls! by Harrison Forman (April), was one of the best things ever published. It should be printed in all languages. Our youth is in danger everywhere, in all countries.—*Signe Ericson.*

Anticlimax? Huh!

MELROSE PARK, ILL.—I have been reading Liberty constantly since its creation away back in 1924. The '20s were the days I did much of my courting, and after many a date, coming home in the wee hours of the morning on the "L" from Chicago, Liberty was my companion and a satisfactory anticlimax to a romantic evening. In my life, Liberty and romance have been synonymous.

May the next 25 years be as fruitful for you as the past years have been.—*Robert H. Jackson.*

Sales Talk that Isn't

COLUMBUS, OHIO — The article, How to Buy a Lot, by Ed Cunningham (April), is very interesting—so much so that the Columbus Dispatch quoted from it. However, I have a gripe: The author advises prospective purchasers not to *buy* a lot but to make the broker or owner *sell* it.

That may be applicable in the effete East around Springfield, Mass., but here in Columbus it is not. Desirable residence lots here are at a premium and prices are definitely not going down. Therefore a word to the wise is always given by this broker: "If you are going to buy a lot on which to build your home in the next five years, better get it now."

That is not sales talk—that is just common, ordinary horse sense, and a conscientious real-estate broker—I pride myself that I belong in that category—will be performing a real service in giving that advice.

All other points in Mr. Cunningham's article are well taken, but out here we do not need that type of talk. *Caveat emptor* has been fully established in these "diggin's."—*R. F. Williams.*

One for the Pollsters

CELINA, OHIO—To settle an office dispute and wager, will you kindly enlighten us as to whether the picture on the front cover of May, 1949, Liberty is a lad or a lassie.—*G. I. Thomas.*

The hair-do may be a little on the upsweep, but look at the wicked grin. We say it's a boy.—VOX POP EDITOR.

One Man's Meat . . .

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Because of the extremely diversified nature of some of Liberty's contents, its policy of appeal would seem to be that of trying to attract from the highly conscientious to the barely conscious.

Can't Liberty decide just what level of humanity it desires to cater to, or must it go on being an impossible combination of the lofty and the vile?

For the notable contents of Liberty which have been pleasant or even of an edifying nature, I am gratified and thankful. But for the rest, our subscription can be allowed to drop dead.—*Harold G. Naudet.*

William Wants Up

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—This is merely to criticize the recent policy of some of the motion-picture studios. Many of their recent pictures have a very strong tendency toward morbidity in their plots. This may run with a very fine story. In fact I know at least one of these stories that was granted several Academy awards.

In common with many other persons, when I go to a movie it is to elevate my spirits and not to plunge me into the depths.—*William R. Schock.*

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"Swords flash plenty, so do the petticoats."
Omaha World-Herald

Yes, this bold buccaneer seemed to cast a spell over all women. And most of them would go to any length to keep him. Yet only one—a woman as wild and ruthless as he—gambled everything, including her life, to hold him. She was the sultry, beautiful Carlotta, who dared to promise him what no other woman dared to offer. Discover for yourself why "Cutlass Empire" is high on best-seller lists everywhere. It's your's FREE together with "Rampart Street"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon.

They Made a Shocking Love Pact -These Two Southern Beauties

RAMPART STREET

Why was lovely Raphaelle whipped and sold to the highest bidder? There would be a row of scars along her side—and love in her heart as long as she lived, for this strange Yankee, Carrick, who rescues her with his pistol and gold.

to save the life of a devil-may-care Yankee — the man they *both* want! Here's the tense, emotion-packed story of two passionate Southern sirens locked in a strange and bitter conflict . . . and of the "devil's bargain" they make . . . a bargain that shocks *even* Rampart Street, wickedest street of the wickedest city in the world.

None wiser or more ruthless than the notorious Simone! Who — but Simone —could force a man like Captain Carrick to marry her?

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Yes, even Rampart Street whispered, "Just how far will a woman go—to save the man she loves?" would anyone—besides honey-haired Raphaelle D'Arendel—dare to sell herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street to protect her lover—only to see him marry her hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau plot her devilish revenge to get handsome Captain Carrick? Learn the answers in "Rampart Street" by the Webbers. Yours FREE, with "Cutlass Empire" — BOTH free when you mail coupon.

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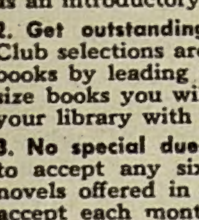

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Liberty WASHINGTON

BY STACY V. JONES

KNOW YOUR NUCLEI If you want to know more about atomic energy, the best place for the layman to find it is in the semiannual reports of the Atomic Energy Commission itself. The commission is trying to educate us without giving away any military secrets, and does tell a lot about the vast project, from the mining of uranium ore to the use of atomic fuels in nuclear reactors, or atomic machines.

The fifth report, entitled Atomic Energy Development 1947-48 (Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., 45 cents), even contains a map and aerial views of plants. Its 200 pages cover raw materials, research, and application to biology and medicine.

The preceding report, published last July under the title Recent Scientific and Technical Developments in the Atomic Energy Program of the United States (Superintendent of Documents, 35 cents), concerns itself chiefly with the distribution and use of isotopes in medicine, industry, and agriculture. The sixth, to be published this July, will go into detail on biology and medicine.

In preparation are a source book on atomic energy; a study of reactor development, which will give an idea of power possibilities; another on disposal of radioactive wastes; an atomic weapons effects handbook, telling among other things what happens to humans when a bomb explodes; and a primer on atomic energy, intended for workers in the plants but useful to outsiders too.

Meantime don't be afraid to ask questions, or for the assignment of speakers for meetings, of Argonne National Laboratory, Chicago, Ill.; Brookhaven National Laboratory, Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.; Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Ames Laboratory, Ames, Iowa, or the University of California Radiation Laboratory, Berkeley, Calif.

For the miner: A prospector's handbook, with a special waterproof cover and instructions on such things as the use of the Geiger Counter, is at the printer's as this is written. Superintendent of Documents, 30 cents.

For the teacher: The Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C., will send, free, two lists—a Bibliography for Teachers, and a Bibliography of Bibliographies on Atomic Energy. The "SupDocs" also has the February 1 issue of Higher Education (5 cents), the March 31 supplement to School Life (10 cents), both handy in the classroom, and two State Department booklets on International Control of Atomic Energy, subtitled respectively Growth of a Policy, and Policy at the Cross Roads (45 cents each).

When its program is fully under way, the commission expects to spend about $2,000,000 a year on fellowships at leading universities. Information and application forms may be obtained from the Fellowship Office, National Research Council, Washington 25, D. C.

TIPS ON SMUGGLING Before that trip to Mexico or Canada, get a copy of Customs Hints, a folder distributed through travel and transportation agencies, collectors of customs, and the Bureau of Customs in Washington. The value of goods you can bring in duty free, for instance, whether $100, $300, or $400, depends on circumstances of your trip, including the length of time you're away. You're limited anyhow to a gallon of liquor and 100 cigars. Often it's wise to register valuable property you take along so you can bring it back without question. Certain fruits, vegetables, and plants are barred, and you must have a U. S. Public Health permit for a parrot, regardless of language. Many perfumes bought abroad whose trade-marks are registered at the Treasury can't come in without the consent of the trade-mark owner.

Customs men, although on the lookout primarily for pro smugglers, watch for amateurs too. They are suspicious of "relatives" traveling together and claiming exemptions as a household if they don't seem well acquainted. And the experts can match up, mentally, sets of dishes or silver found piecemeal in the bags of several separate travelers. The airports are watched as closely as the piers and border posts.

PROOF OF BIRTH OR DEATH Don't write President Truman for a birth or death certificate, as many people do. Your letter would wind up in a little-known agency, the National Office of Vital Statistics, which would advise you to apply to the health department of the state or territory in which the birth or death occurred.

It's more complicated for births or deaths at sea, on planes, in foreign countries, or during military service. In such cases ask the Office of Vital Statistics (Washington 25, D. C.) for a copy of its folder, Where to Get a Birth or Death Certificate.

As previously noted in this space, if you're one of the 50,000,000 Americans who can't get birth certificates because they were born before the states perfected registration methods, you can obtain a near equivalent from the Census Bureau (Washington 25, D. C.) by filling out an age-search application form and paying a dollar. In addition to population enumerations, Census consults the draft registration records of World War I.

The Office of Vital Statistics is forced frequently to explain that among the things it doesn't do is look for missing persons. It does have valuable information for students of population, sociology, and medicine. Now part of the Public Health Service, it used to be in Census, and is about 50 years old. Its figures show that the baby boom, which hit a peak in 1947, has declined very slightly; the divorce boom is over, but marriages are holding up pretty well. The death rate continues its gradual decline, and the average age at death is climbing. In 1947, the latest year tabulated, more than 1,200 deaths of centenarians were registered.

Vital Statistics will send you a free list of its current publications. Most of them are for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, but a number of the reports are free.

SUMMER ILLS When you go on vacation, says the Public Health Service, get a good sun-tan preparation from your druggist, and then be careful. Once burned, proceed according to degree: If you're blistered, call a doctor. If the skin is red and slightly swollen, apply wet dressings of gauze dipped in a one-to-500 solution of aluminum acetate, or soaked in cold white mineral oil. After the swelling goes down, use a mixture of 88 per cent cold cream, 10 per cent methyl salicylate, and 2 per cent benzocain. In mild cases, dust yourself with a powder containing equal parts zinc oxide, boric acid, and talcum.

Simple advice on various seasonal afflictions is given in a series of folders, single copies of which are free for the asking: Sunburn and Suntan, Hay Fever, Care of the Feet, Sunstroke - Heatstroke - Heat Prostration, Ringworm (including Athlete's Foot), Rabies, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever (how to handle ticks), Hot Weather Comfort, and Swimming. For a list of pamphlets, or samples of those named, address Public Inquiries Branch, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington 25, D. C. ◆ ◆

Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ I visited Dorothy Canfield Fisher—famous writer and Book of the Month Club judge—in her Arlington, Vermont home, and she showed me through her pine plantation.

Said Mrs. Fisher, "I'm always glad to have the planting of trees emphasized in any publicity, because I think it good for all Americans to be reminded of its importance. Pines like mine can be bought from any state forestry department, and they will give directions for planting which are simple and inexpensive. They will also furnish information about what you can do for pines later, which is mighty little. A thousand baby trees cost me five dollars and I planted about a thousand to an acre. That was thirty-six years ago. The price may have risen to ten dollars a thousand, but that is nothing compared to the number of pines and beauty you get. Our trees are about forty feet tall. Thinning them, I have for the last five years had plenty large enough to send to the sawmill and obtain two-by-fours and boards at a value of about twice the cost of the labor."

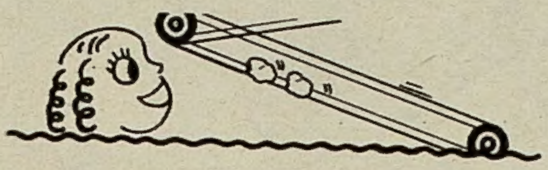
FOR PICNICS To keep tablecloths from "flying," tie bright cotton tapes or strips of remnants to each corner of the cloth. Tie opposite ends to clothespins and stick the pins into the ground.—*Mrs. Marian Frey, Cleveland, Ohio.*

TELEVISION If you have a set and cannot afford a polaroid filter, I suggest placing before the screen that polaroid sun visor you have on your car. Or you can cut it to fit the screen. It works wonders in taking out glare.—*D. Fisher, Costa Mesa, Calif.*

FOR GARDENERS For reaching weeds where a hoe cannot be used, uproot them with a shoe horn. This method also keeps one from getting sore, red hands.—*C. V. Mathis, Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N. J.*

NOVEL FLOOR To make a floor for sun porch or game room, buy plain linoleum, then have on hand several small cans of quick-drying enamel of different colors and a paintbrush, the small printing kind. When your friends visit, have each write or print his name on the floor.—*Mrs. L. Shields, Philipsburg, Pa.*

DENTAL-CHAIR FUN To keep your child quiet in a dental chair, ask nurse or dentist to place on the cord of dental engine two small, slightly wet pieces of cotton. Place them about an inch apart. When the dentist sets the engine in motion for drilling or prophylaxis, the pieces of cotton look like running bunnies! Tell the child to "Watch the bunnies run!" It works.—*Jeannette Weinman, Boston, Mass.*

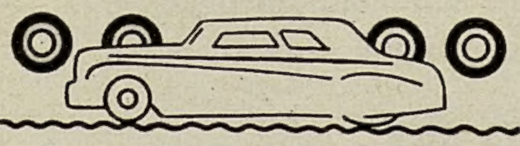


GLOVE PRESERVER Put wads of cotton in tips of rubber gloves to prevent fingernails from tearing them.—*Mrs. Clement B. Bicksler, Palmyra, Pa.*

PIANO KEYS To my surprise, milk cleans piano keys wonderfully. All you do is dampen a small corner of a cloth with it and wipe off keys. —*Mrs. Helen Walters, Toledo, Ohio.*

LETTERBOX If box is situated in dark spot, tape small mirror to the back of box to reflect light from glass aperture. Any contents will shut off reflection.—*G. McGuire, Jr., Staten Island, N. Y.*

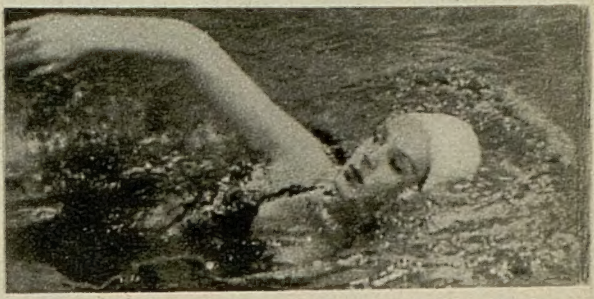
AUTO TIRES Used old auto or truck tires cut in half make a good yet scarproof curb for your drive-in. They can also be used for buffers when nailed to the garage wall.—*C. E. Johnson, Beebe, Ark.*



FOR PATTERNS My daughter and I use a discarded phonograph-record album for our dress patterns. Just slip a pattern in the record compartment, pasting a picture of the dress on the outside of the envelope.—*Mrs. Elmer W. Reid, Grand Junction, Colo.*

For each Short Cut published, Liberty will pay $15. Short Cuts must be from your own experience or observation, and the source given. Only acceptances are acknowledged. All contributions become the property of Liberty Magazine, Inc. Address contributions to Short Cut Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, N. Y.

Of course you can . .



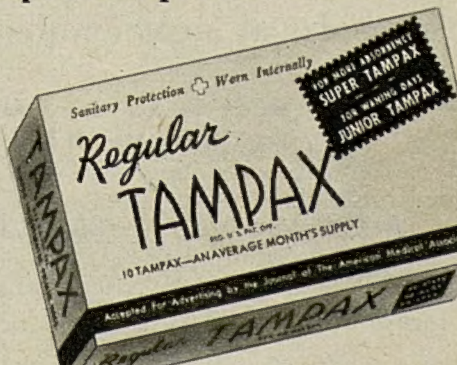
go in swimming . .

with Tampax!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever....There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads — everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
SUPER TAMPAX
JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

It's all right, Son...someone is listening now!

The child *cannot* recognize what's happening to his hearing. The adult must—*in time*—because so much easily preventable hearing loss and deafness start with childhood diseases!

After measles, mumps, whooping cough, frequent colds and other childhood illnesses, hearing should be checked—just to be sure.

Sonotone urges hearing tests for all children, particularly school children, as a regular part of the school health program. These tests are being given in a few places—but all too few. Does *your child* get a regular, scientific, audiometric hearing test at school? Sonotone's 800 technicians in principal cities will gladly cooperate in helping to plan such tests.

WHAT SHOULD SCHOOLS AND PARENTS DO?

Send the coupon. Irving I. Schachtel, president of Sonotone, has written a much-needed, inspiring book, "Conserving Our Children's Hearing," outlining the first steps in preventing needless deafness. Send the coupon below—or ask for free copies at any Sonotone office.

SONOTONE, Box 251, Elmsford, N. Y.
Please send me, free, Sonotone's vitally important book, "Conserving Our Children's Hearing." (Check) ☐ Please also send information on the new Sonotone Hearing Aids. (Check) ☐

Name...
Address.................................Apt..............
City.....................................State..............

HEAR INVISIBLY!

No "button" to wear in the ear with Sonotone's new "OUT-A-SIGHT." Investigate.

For wonderful, invisible hearing—*and almost invisible operating costs*—see the new Sonotone! One of the smallest hearing aids ever made—gentle as a lullaby for sensitive ears—yet it can actually *double* previous power!

With *least power or most power*, this Sonotone delivers farthest, clearest hearing! *Plus* most battery economy! *Plus* wonderful performance in all climates. *Plus* the knowledge that Sonotone made it and stands behind it at 350 permanent offices!

½ ACTUAL SIZE

BUILT FOR UNDERSTANDING
—NOT JUST HEARING!

SONOTONE

VOL. 26, NO. 7. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ JULY 1949

A Bullet For My Love

Meet Valerie, the girl at the dice table who looks like dynamite—scantily clad—and start this racy tale of danger and intrigue in Las Vegas and Hollywood

PART ONE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

READING TIME 45 MINUTES Even in Las Vegas, the girl at the dice table rated attention. From a strictly biological angle, she looked like dynamite. Dynamite scantily clad.

The fact that she was gambling wasn't worth a second thought. Everybody in Las Vegas does that twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. That she was winning was unusual, but not startlingly so. Her infinitesimal black two-piece swimming costume was interesting, but not out of line, particularly since she was observing the house rules by wearing a terry-cloth robe over it. Of course, the robe wasn't closed in front.

She was standing next to me at one end of the table. She was about five four and weighed perhaps one hundred fifteen. She had jet-black hair combed back tight against a well-shaped head. She appeared to be anywhere between twenty-five and thirty, and her vivacity could have been genuine or it could have been a trifle forced. Watching her, you'd guess that she wasn't too heavily encumbered with inhibitions.

The management of El Rancho had just finished passing out tasty little canapés and free drinks. The young lady had a half-filled highball glass perched rather precariously in front of her, alongside the collection of twenty-five-dollar chips. She was intent on the game, but not so intent that she neglected to note the masculine attention directed at her.

She placed two hundred—the maximum—on the line, exhorted the dice to treat her nicely, and tossed a six-five. She gave a delighted exclamation and reached for her winnings. Her elbow hit the highball and sent it splashing over my new gabardine slacks.

She said, "Oh!" as though it really hurt. "How awfully clumsy of me . . ." and started dabbing at my trousers with a wisp of perfumed handkerchief, ignoring my inane insistence that it was nothing. I got the fleeting thought that she might possibly be overplaying it.

The stickman prodded the dice suggestively and inquired whether she was ready to shoot. Two attendants appeared from nowhere to help dry me off. She said she'd pass the dice. She took my arm and said, "Let's go over yonder where I can estimate the damage."

I picked up my few paltry chips. I play a piker's game, chiefly because that's all I can afford. As we started away from the table, the pit boss said, "You're leaving your chips, Mrs. Palmer."

She thanked him for the reminder and started filling the pockets of her terry-cloth robe with those lovely white-and-gold twenty-five-dollar tokens. What was left over, she handed to me.

◆ At a little round table in the cocktail lounge she said, "I'm Valerie Palmer, and I'm a clumsy idiot."

I said, "I'm Keith Williams, and I'm glad you were. I'm only sorry I broke your winning streak."

"Oh, that!" She shrugged. "I always win when I gamble." While we were waiting for our drinks, I looked her over. She caught my roving eye and said, "Like it?"

I didn't pretend to misunderstand. I said, "It'll do," and she made some remark about my being less careless with compliments than she was with drinks. In fifteen minutes we

A Bullet For My Love

continued

Illustrated by John Pike

were old friends, and I found myself responding with some enthusiasm to her suggestion that I'd better drop in on her some time when I got back to Los Angeles and let her toss a few more drinks at me.

Then she looked straight at me and laughed. "You've got questions on your mind. I'll answer them. I'm here alone, but I'm not getting a divorce. I'm a widow."

She had let the terry-cloth fall back carelessly—or was it carelessly? That was all right with me, except that too many people were looking our way.

She asked whether I was married, and I said no.

"Planning to be?" she asked.

"Are you open to offers?"

She said, "You move fast, don't you, Keith?"

"Pay no attention. I say that to all the girls."

We finished our drinks and strolled over to the cashier's cage so she could cash her chips. She didn't even watch the girl who did the counting, nor seem too interested when the cashier announced the total was something over three thousand, and asked how she'd have it. Valerie said, "Hundreds, I suppose," and didn't even bother to count the bills.

◆

Just as we turned away, a nice feminine voice intruded. It was a voice I knew and liked. It was a warm, rich voice—full of a quality that twenty million Americans loved. It was the voice of Judy Overton, and Judy was the reason I happened to be in Las Vegas.

She looked at me, at the packet of hundred-dollar bills, and then at Valerie Palmer. She said, "You holding out on me, Keith—or do I rate an introduction to your lovely new friend?"

I did the introducing: "Mrs. Palmer—Judy Overton; Judy—Valerie Palmer."

They shook hands. They stared at each other. They looked pretty silly, and then suddenly they both squealed. One said, "Judy!" And the other said, "Valerie!" And then they started chattering and promptly forgot that I was alive.

I began to get the drift. They'd known each other in New York, during the war. Red Cross work.

When Valerie asked what Judy was doing and the answer was "Radio," Valerie said, in an awed voice, "You're not *the* Judy, of Judy & Oliver?"

Judy said that she was. She blushed when she said it and seemed rather embarrassed, as though she never would become accustomed to being famous. That's the wonderful part of Judy Overton: She's as fresh and unspoiled and as lovely as she was when she was merely a pretty girl with a voice and an ambition. I watched the pair of them, one blonde, one brunette. Valerie Palmer was a seeker of the spotlight; craved what Judy accepted with humble surprise. Valerie was a dynamic woman; Judy was a person.

Suddenly Valerie remembered me. She said, "Don't tell me that Keith is Oliver!"

"I'm not Oliver," I said. "Oliver is really named Oliver—Oliver Sherman. I'm merely the agency representative in charge of the show."

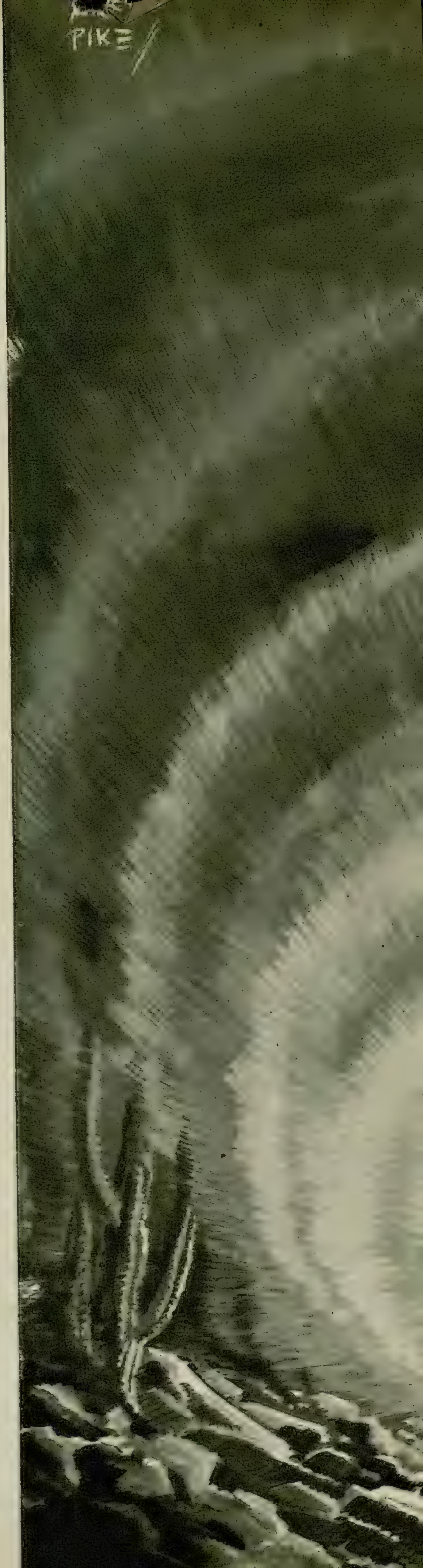
Valerie asked Judy, "Are you and Oliver really married?"

"No."

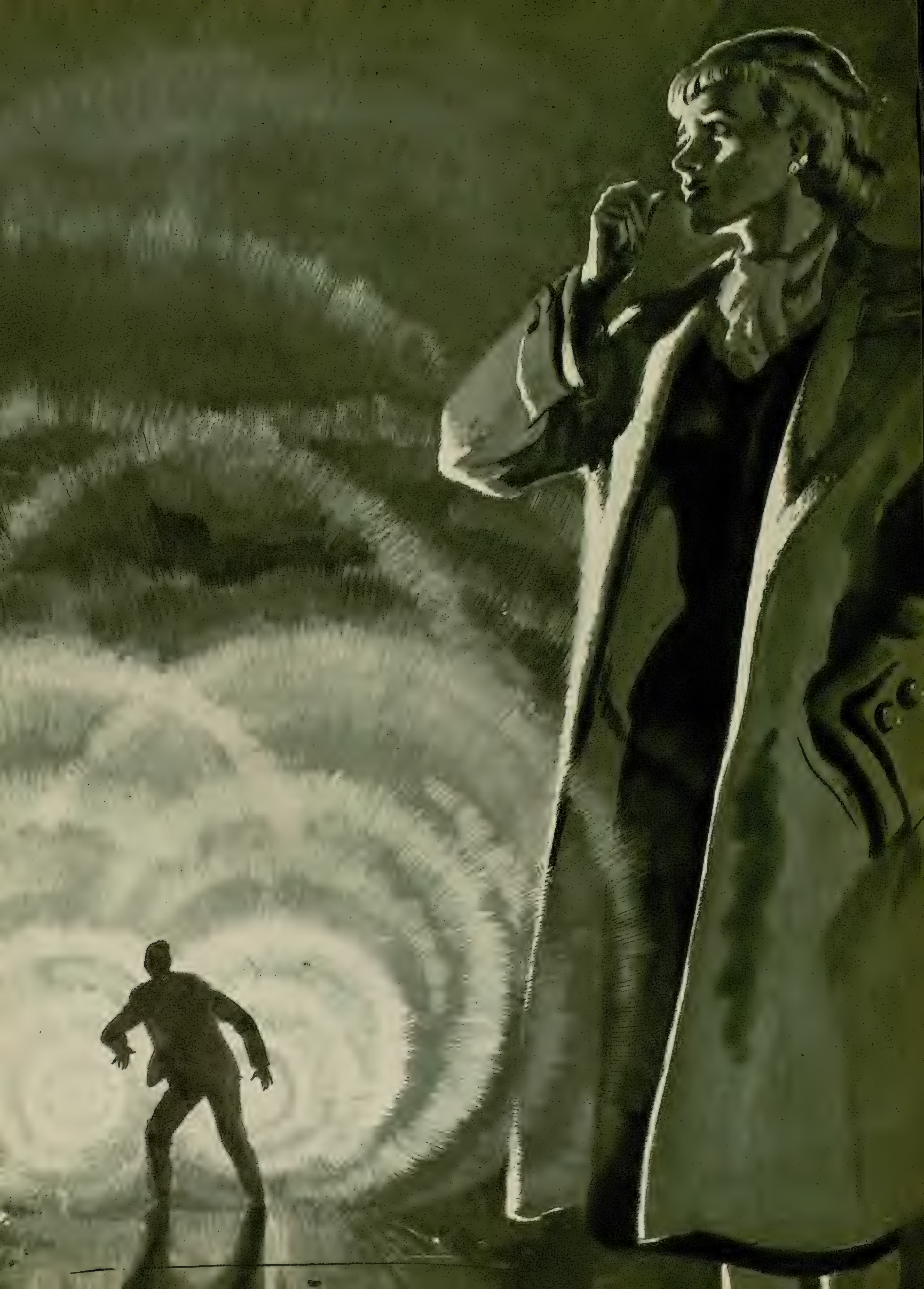
"They ought to be married," I said. "Imagine how the public would love that."

Judy smiled. "You see what kind of boss he is, Valerie. It isn't enough that he has to ride herd on me in a business way; he wants to direct my personal life."

Judy was perhaps an inch shorter and a few pounds lighter than Valerie. She had light brown hair and lovely clear gray eyes. She had a cute (*Continued on page 56*)



I jumped out and into the glare of the other man's headlights. I heard a door open and looked over my shoulder long enough to see Judy and Valerie climb out. Judy stood calmly by our car.



How San Francisco Sobers ’Em U

The Golden Gate city, ashamed of having the highest percentage of arrests for drunkenness, and alarmed by the number of suicides in its drunk tanks, will soon have the nation's most fabulous clinic for alcoholics

By CLINT MOSHER

Photos by Ted Needham

San Francisco's Skid Row, looki
west on Howard from Third Stre
A good deal of the city's hi
drunkenness rate (highest in t
U. S.) stems from areas like th

READING TIME 15 MINUTES Late on the afternoon of last January 14 a housewife in Berkeley, California, observed a car parked at a crazy angle. A woman was at the wheel and she appeared unable either to park the car properly or to get out of the vehicle. The observer called the police.

A policeman found that the woman driver was obviously drunk. He suggested that she lock her car and go home in a cab. She became belligerent. Having exhausted his powers of persuasion, the policeman called for a patrol car.

The woman, wife of a minor government official, was booked as a drunk and lodged in a cell in the women's portion of the Berkeley city jail. Twice in the next two hours she was granted permission to use the telephone, but her frantic appeals to relatives and friends for help were unsuccessful. At 8.55 P.M., the matron, making her hourly check, observed the prisoner sitting quietly on the edge of her cot. She wrote later in her report: "She seemed quite resigned." At the ten-o'clock check, the matron found the prisoner had hanged herself with a strip of cloth torn from her slip. She had used the iron grille of the cell door as a gallows. And scribbled on the gray wall, in the crimson markings of her lipstick, was this message:

"You don't know. I've gone through a thousand hells tonight."

The suicide of this woman was the most spectacular of several similar incidents in the San Francisco Bay area in which persons confined for the night to various drunk tanks, as they are called, ended their lives in fits of alcoholic depression.

News of the woman's death stirred San Francisco, and at long last caused to burst into flame a plan for a revolutionary treatment of

Skid Row drinks early and often. This photo was taken at 10 A.M.

Edmund G. Brown, district attorney, and his deputy, Emmet Daly, leaders of the drive to aid alcoholics.

This building will be remodeled as a clinic for treating alcoholics.

BARBER SHOP
BEER WINE
7up
POP'S
BEER
WINE
Pepsi-Cola
Special
FOODS
NO STOPPING
4 PM to 6 PM
PARKING
40 MINUTES
7 AM to 4 PM
CIGARS
CAMELS

alcoholics—a plan that had been smoldering for several months.

And as this is written, San Francisco, the city with the unhappy distinction of having the highest percentage of arrests for drunkenness of any large municipality in the nation, is well on the road toward the establishment of a unique clinic to help those whose proximity to the bottle has deprived them of the power to help themselves. The label of "alcoholic" will be intentionally omitted from the clinic. It will be known simply as the Adult Guidance Center.

◆

The plan involves more than the mere elimination of the drunk tank. There will be provided everything from psychiatry and vitamins, to lessons in what an alcoholic should eat to calm his stomach nerves, and how he can get past the swinging doors, provided, of course, he wants help and has not extended his drinking career to the point of no return. If he is not readily salvageable, he will be sent either to a state hospital, where he can do himself a minimum of harm and may still recover; or to a custodial farm, where he will be safe from crime and accident.

As part of this modernized procedure, the alcoholic will be able to receive treatment at cost and with the protection of anonymity. The plan is no bluénosed formula for reducing drinking, but a healthy arrangement for helping the person who wants to stop and can't. A city as robust as San Francisco would accept nothing less. Its residents always like to boast that San Francisco is the "city that knows how," and under this program it is being geared to do more to solve the problem of alcoholism than any of its sister municipalities.

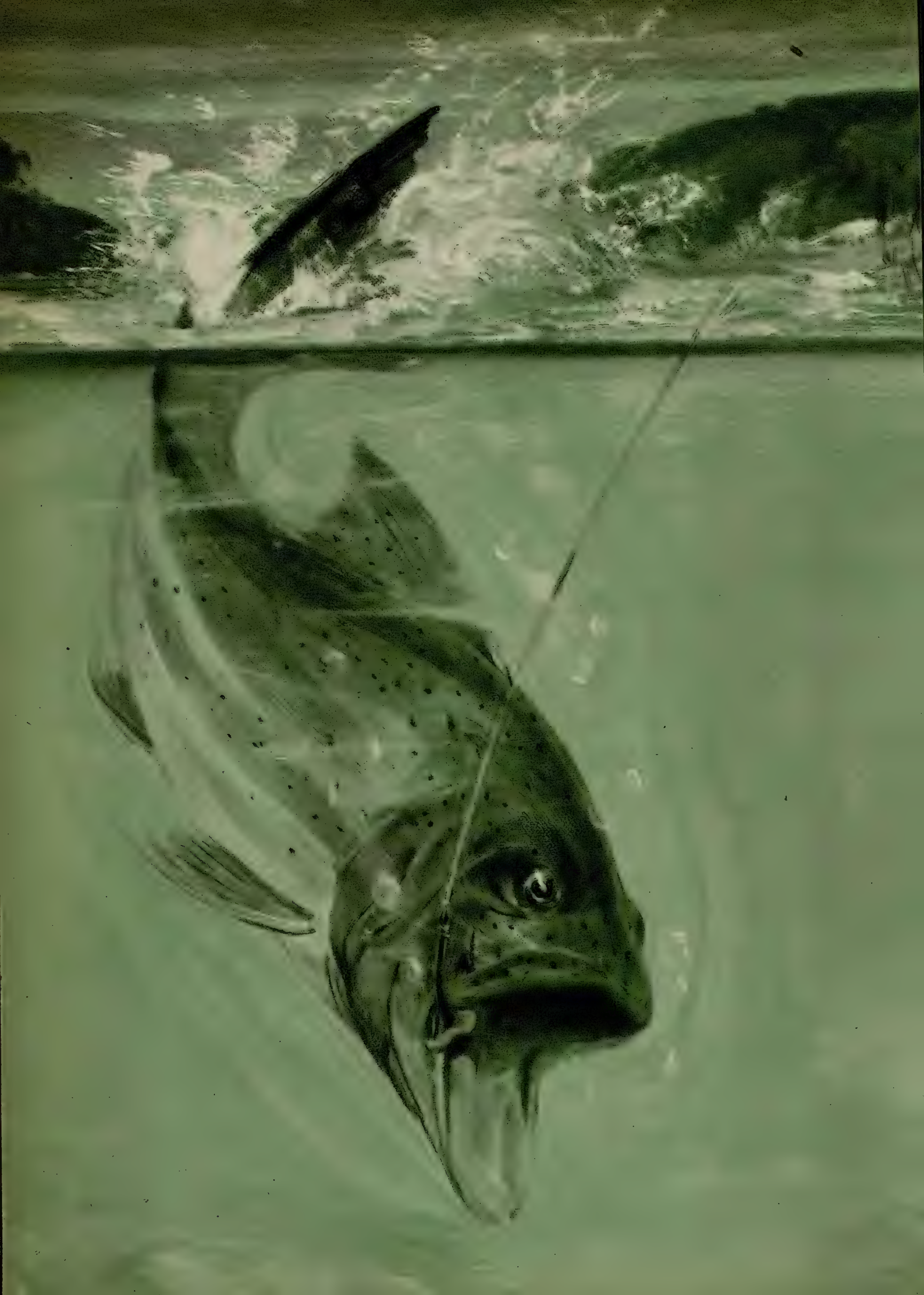
The man behind this crusade is the city's district attorney, Edmund G. Brown, a 43-year-old prosecutor and family man who always appears to be on his way to or from a gymnasium locker room and has a habit of jumping out of bed at 6 A.M. and exclaiming, "Boy! I feel great!" The description suggests an overexuberant bore who rattles the ribs of less hardy souls by slapping them on the back and damaging their eardrums with sonorous greetings. Such is not the case. Brown's vitality springs from a hardy constitution.

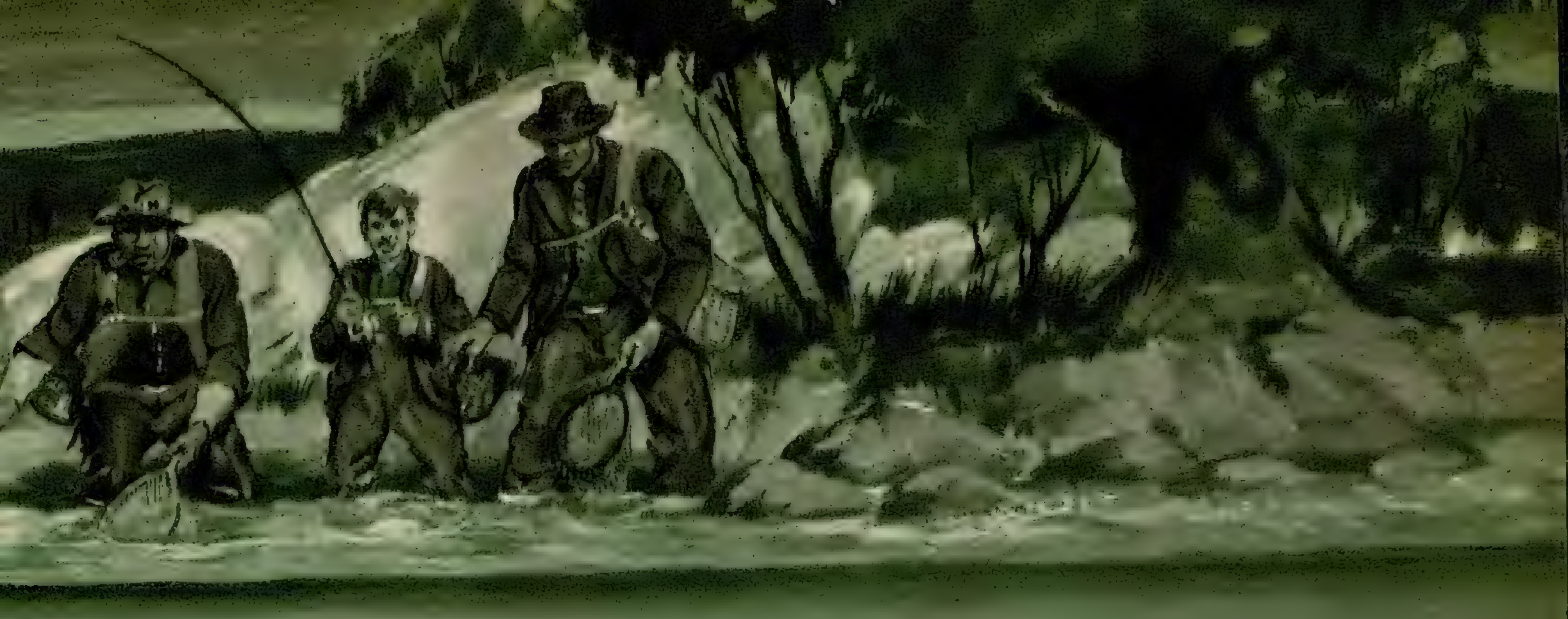
"Pat" Brown, as he is popularly known, can take a drink or leave it alone. Actually, two circumstances, neither connected with the idea of reform for reform's sake, started him on the road at the end of which San Francisco's Adult Guidance Center will rise. The first involves a two-block route which Brown must follow daily from his office to the Hall of Justice.

The district attorney's offices are in a building in a less expensive block of San Francisco's financial center, Montgomery Street. One block over and one block up, on Kearny Street, is the Hall. In between, the neighborhood degenerates rapidly into a series of taverns and tenements outside of which drunks sprawl despite the nearness of the drunk tank and the law.

The other circumstance was a more personal one. Liquor got the better of a capable lawyer on whom Brown depended for legal assistance. Another of Brown's friends, also a professional man, teetered on the edge of ruin because he

(Continued on page 66)





In a shaking voice Terry said, "I'm scared to pull him in. I'm going to lose him."

SECOND CHANCE

Can man learn something from a trout? This moving story of father and son on their first fishing trip gives you the unforgettable answer

By ARTHUR MAYSE

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott

READING TIME 27 MINUTES "A trout stream," John Allison told his son Terry, "is a lot like one of those jigsaw puzzles your mother buys you. Take the bridge pool here. It's one section in the puzzle, a fragment of the general problem."

His words were chosen with the same care he had given to outfitting his son for their first fishing trip together. Now he had the familiar uncomfortable feeling that he was out of the boy's depth, although Terry's eyes, gray and deep set like his own, revealed no more to him than they usually did.

It was easier to read Bill Morgan's wind-reddened face. Bill was registering good-humored disapproval.

"A problem, huh?" Bill said. "Can't say I ever thought of fishing that way. What's your pay-off, Johnny? A creelful of trout?"

"Not necessarily," John Allison answered. "Let's say rather the satisfaction one finds in solving any problem." Again the words sounded too pat, too professorial. He added with a certain challenge, "We've had good days on Forty-Mile when we never took a fish."

"Yeah," Bill Morgan said. "We've had days like that, sure." His voice was thoughtful. "We used to have a lot of 'em. But I still think you're wide of the mark."

"Very well, then," John Allison said with a touch of impatience. Fishing was the only relaxation he permitted himself. It had always been more than a sport to him, and the proper indoctrination of his son as an angler was a matter of prime importance. "If you can give the boy a clearer picture, go ahead. What's your analysis?"

"Analysis?" Bill shifted his bearlike bulk against the log that supported his back. "Hell, I'd sooner try to analyze a woman!" A fly box was balanced on one patched wader knee, and his eyes were blue slits between pouched flesh as he aimed a leader tip at the eye of a Bergman nymph. "Maybe that's the answer right there, Johnny. A trout stream is like a woman, the kind of woman my wife was and your Laura is: plenty of chatter but some deep water too. Man finds the one that suits him and sticks to her long as the Lord lets him."

Bill jabbed again and missed. "Here, young fella," he told Terry. "Your eyes are better than mine. Come put this blasted bug on for me." To John Allison he said, "There's the answer as I see it. 'Nother thing. If you want to get the best from a stream or a woman, you take her as she is. You don't try to remake her as you think she ought to be."

For an instant John Allison wondered if his angling partner's warm drawl was shaded with reproof. But while Bill Morgan's streak of sentimentality was no secret to him, he could not credit Bill

(*Continued on page 46*)

How many relatives on

Nepotism is a 50-cent word for cushy jobs that cost U. S. taxpayers millions. Here's how one lawmaker would put an end to such easy pickings

By SENATOR WILLIAM LANGER

READING TIME 20 MINUTES One of the worst practices in American public life, from the federal government at Washington down to the smallest village administration, is nepotism. The dictionary definition of nepotism, which comes from the Latin word for nephew, is "Favoritism shown to nephews and other relatives; bestowal of patronage by reason of relationship rather than merit."

In every Congress since 1943 I have introduced a bill that, if passed and enforced, would end nepotism in all branches of the federal government, including Congress. I have never been able to get it reported out committee.

My bill, which I reintroduced on February 10 of th year as S. 908, is short enough to quote here. It pr vides "that no head of a department, independe establishment, or agency of the Government, or a other person authorized to make appointments positions or offices in the Government under his dire tion or control, shall appoint to any such office position a person to whom he is related by consa guinity or affinity within the fourth degree comput

CONGRESSIONAL RELATIVES ON THE PAYROLL

HOUSE

In connection with Senator Langer's article on nepotism, the following tabulation showing congressmen's wives and other relatives on their payrolls has been made by Liberty from records of the House of Representatives' disbursing clerk. It is not always possible to trace relationships when surnames are different, and the list is without doubt incomplete. The salaries have been projected at the annual rate, but employment in some cases may have been temporary.

MEMBER AND DISTRICT	RELATIVES ON ROLL	RELATIONSHIP	JANUARY GROSS SALARY	ANNUAL RATE
Allen, A. Leonard (8th La.)	L. M. Allen	Wife	$585.26	$7,023.12
Auchincloss, J. C. (3d N. J.)	Lee A. Auchincloss	Wife	419.37	5,032.44
Baring, Walter S. (At L. Nev.)	Marjorie Baring	Sister	412.86	4,954.32
Barrett, William A. (1st Pa.)	Gertrude Barrett	Daughter	149.63	1,795.56
Boggs, Hale (2d La.)	Corinne Boggs	Wife	281.43	3,377.16
Boykin, Frank W. (1st Ala.)	John G. Boykin	Son	137.50	1,650.00
Bramblett, Ernest K. (11th Calif.)	Lois C. Bramblett	Wife	579.78	6,957.36
Brehm, Walter E. (11th Ohio)	James F. Brehm	Son	520.15	6,241.80
Buckley, James V. (4th Ill.)	Claire M. Buckley	Wife	198.47	2,381.64
Burnside, M. G. (4th W. Va.)	Evelyn P. Burnside	Wife	251.94	3,023.28
Carnahan, A. S. J. (8th Mo.)	Mary K. Carnahan	Wife	520.15	6,241.80
Cavalcante, Anthony (23d Pa.)	E. Salome Cavalcante	Wife	115.50	1,386.00
Cox, E. E. (2d Ga.)	Lamar P. Cox	Son	612.70	7,352.40
Crosser, Robert (21st Ohio)	Robert Crosser, Jr.	Son	315.92	3,791.04
de Graffenried, Edward (6th Ala.)	Motie G. de Graffenried	Wife	278.74	3,344.88
Dingell, John D. (15th Mich.)	Grace B. Dingell	Wife	338.91	4,066.92
Elston, Charles H. (1st Ohio)	Zelda W. Elston	Wife	545.82	6,549.84
Garmatz, Edward A. (3d Md.)	Elizabeth L. Garmatz	Sister	442.36	5,308.32
Gathings, E. C. (1st Ark.)	Tolise K. Gathings	Wife	355.57	4,266.84
Golden, James S. (9th Ky.)	Lila H. Golden	Stepmother	276.08	3,312.96
Gordon, Thomas S. (8th Ill.)	Cecilia M. Gordon	Wife	413.62	4,963.44
Hall, Edwin Arthur (37th N. Y.)	Arthur Hall	Father	522.83	6,273.96
Harris, Oren (7th Ark.)	Willie Harris	Brother	590.75	7,089.00
Hébert, F. Edward (1st La.)	Gladys Hébert	Wife	338.91	4,066.92
Hedrick, E. H. (6th W. Va.)	Myrtle W. Hedrick	Wife	453.86	5,446.32
Heselton, John W. (1st Mass.)	Libbie S. Heselton	Wife	327.41	3,928.92
Howell, Charles R. (4th N. J.)	Mary Corey	Niece	102.66	1,231.92
Jennings, John, Jr. (2d Tenn.)	Helen Jennings	Daughter	419.37	5,032.44
Jones, Robert E., Jr. (8th Ala.)	Christine F. Jones	Wife	287.31	3,447.42
Kee, John (5th W. Va.)	M. Elizabeth Kee	Wife	534.32	6,411.84
Larcade, Henry D., Jr. (7th La.)	Virginia B. Larcade	Wife	294.27	3,531.24
McDonough, Gordon (15th Calif.)	Catherine A. McDonough	Wife	375.69	4,508.28
McGregor, J. Harry (17th Ohio)	Gene Cox	"Distant relative"	281.43	3,377.16
Miller, George P. (6th Calif.)	Esther P. Miller	Wife	327.41	3,928.92
Murdock, John R. (1st Ariz.)	Myrtle M. Murdock	Wife	246.95	2,963.40
Noland, James E. (7th Ind.)	Helen W. Noland	Wife	455.76	5,469.12

your congressman's payroll?

according to the civil law. Any money paid as salary or other remuneration to a person appointed in violation of the provisions of this Act shall be deducted from the salary of the person making such appointment."

The words "consanguinity or affinity" mean relationship by blood or marriage. By specifying relationships within the fourth degree, the bill would prevent a man from hiring his first cousin, great-uncle or grandnephew, or anybody closer to him, and would also exclude his wife's relatives to the same degree. It is intended to apply to every kind of federal public agency, down to the littlest post office.

Members of the House of Representatives, whose records are open to the public, are among the worst offenders. A check of the House payroll for January, 1949, shows that at least 59 of the 435 members of the Eighty-first Congress had relatives on their clerk rolls, receiving salaries at an aggregate annual rate of more than $260,000. At least 34 were paying federal money to their wives. Inquiry at the offices of congressmen whose wives were listed brought the answer in a number of cases that the wife did not work in the office, or was there occasionally, or was out at the moment. One congressman had a fire commissioner in his home state on his payroll. Another lists a brother who spends all his time in northern New York.

Besides the wives, the House rolls included six sons, six daughters, three brothers, three sisters, two sisters-in-law, and one each of the following: daughter-in-law, stepmother, father, niece, nephew, and "distant relative." As one congressman employed both a son and daughter, 59 congressmen employed 60 relatives.

Projected on an annual basis, the average salary paid relatives was $4,413.55.

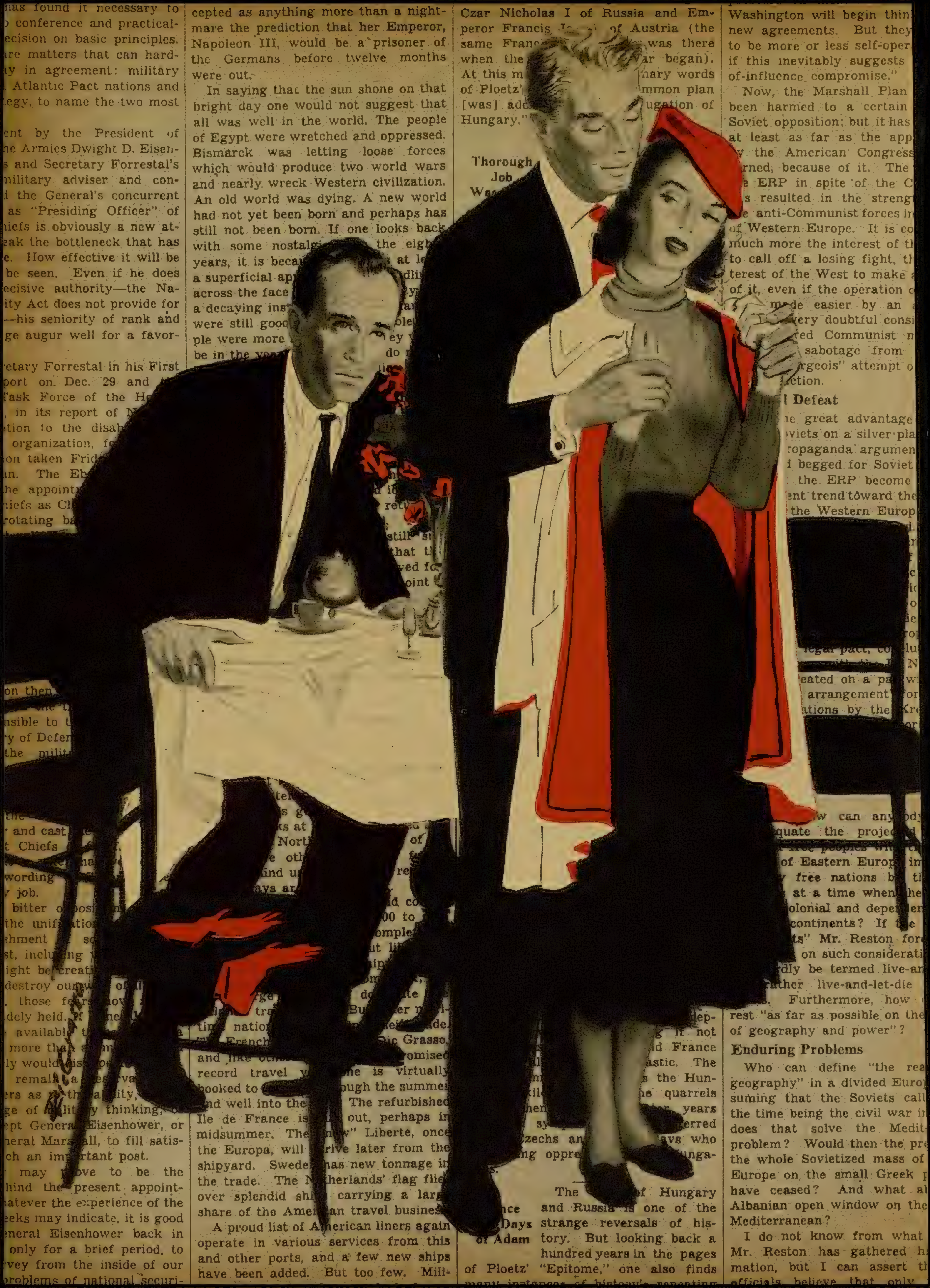
A check by the Baltimore Sun two years ago disclosed an almost identical situation for the Eightieth Congress. Indeed, many rela- (Continued on page 45)

MEMBER AND DISTRICT	RELATIVES ON ROLL	RELATIONSHIP	JANUARY GROSS SALARY	ANNUAL RATE
Norrell, W. F. (6th Ark.)	Catherine D. Norrell	Wife	$194.51	$2,334.12
O'Konski, Alvin E. (10th Wis.)	Veronica H. O'Konski	Wife	430.87	5,170.44
O'Neill, Harry P. (10th Pa.)	Margaret A. O'Neill	Daughter	571.83	6,861.96
	Harry P. O'Neill, Jr.	Son	520.15	6,241.80
Peterson, J. Hardin (1st Fla.)	Christine A. Peterson	Wife	612.70	7,352.40
Phillips, John (22d Calif.)	Dorothy G. Phillips	Wife	522.83	6,273.96
Plumley, Charles A. (At L. Vt.)	Charlotte B. Plumley	Daughter-in-law	164.17	1,970.04
Poulson, Norris (13th Calif.)	Erna Bea Poulson	Daughter	407.88	4,894.56
Rabaut, Louis C. (14th Mich.)	Carolyn M. Rabaut	Daughter	477.22	5,726.64
Rains, Albert (5th Ala.)	Allison B. Rains	Wife	373.39	4,480.68
Rankin, John E. (1st Miss.)	Basil C. Rankin	Nephew	292.93	3,515.16
Rodino, Peter W., Jr. (10th N. J.)	Margaret Stango	Sister-in-law	327.04	3,924.48
Sadlak, Antoni N. (At L. Conn.)	Maximilian S. Sadlak	Brother	327.04	3,924.48
Sadowski, George G. (1st Mich.)	Eleanor Sadowski	Wife	235.45	2,825.40
Simpson, Richard M. (17th Pa.)	Helen W. Simpson	Sister	511.33	6,135.96
Smith, Lawrence H. (1st Wis.)	Eleanor J. Smith	Wife	246.95	2,963.40
Steed, Tom (4th Okla.)	Richard N. Steed	Son	305.57	3,666.84
Sullivan, John B. (11th Mo.)	Leonor A. Sullivan	Wife	327.04	3,924.48
Taber, John (38th N. Y.)	Silas Taber	Brother	160.41	1,924.92
Thomas, J. Parnell (7th N. J.)	Amelia S. Thomas	Wife	315.92	3,791.04
Trimble, James W. (3d Ark.)	Ruth M. Trimble	Wife	333.16	3,997.92
Wolcott, Jesse P. (7th Mich.)	Marguerite Sullivan	Sister-in-law	315.92	3.791.04
Woodhouse, Chase Going (2d Conn.)	Margaret W. Woodhouse	Daughter	520.15	6,241.80
Zablocki, Clement J. (4th Wis.)	Blanche M. Zablocki	Wife	262.64	3,151.68
		Totals	$22,067.79	$264,813.48

SENATE

Senate clerk-hire rolls are kept secret, but the Congressional Directory shows the following senators have relatives as administrative assistants (at a maximum of $10,330 per annum) or secretaries.

SENATOR	RELATIVE	RELATIONSHIP	POSITION
Chavez, Dennis New Mexico	Dennis Chavez, Jr.	Son	Administrative assistant
George, Walter F. Georgia	Heard F. George	Son	Administrative assistant
Murray, James E. Montana	Charles A. Murray	Son	Administrative assistant
Vandenberg, Arthur H. Michigan	Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr.	Son	Administrative assistant
Watkins, Arthur V. Utah	Lorna Watkins	Daughter	Secretary
Williams, John J. Delaware	George Williams	Son	Administrative assistant



has found it necessary to
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are matters that can hard-
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s and Secretary Forrestal's
military adviser and con-
d the General's concurrent
as "Presiding Officer" of
hiefs is obviously a new at-
eak the bottleneck that has
e. How effective it will be
be seen. Even if he does
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only for a brief period, to
vey from the inside of our
problems of national securi-

cepted as anything more than a nightmare the prediction that her Emperor, Napoleon III, would be a prisoner of the Germans before twelve months were out.

In saying that the sun shone on that bright day one would not suggest that all was well in the world. The people of Egypt were wretched and oppressed. Bismarck was letting loose forces which would produce two world wars and nearly wreck Western civilization. An old world was dying. A new world had not yet been born and perhaps has still not been born. If one looks back
with some nostalg the eigh
years, it is becau at le
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were still good ble
ple were more ey
be in the ye do

and like othe romised
record travel he is virtually
booked to ough the summer
and well into the The refurbished
Ile de France is out, perhaps in
midsummer. The new" Liberte, once
the Europa, will rive later from the
shipyard. Swede has new tonnage in
the trade. The N therlands' flag flie
over splendid shi carrying a larg
share of the Ame ican travel business.

A proud list of American liners again operate in various services from this and other ports, and a few new ships have been added. But too few. Mill-

Czar Nicholas I of Russia and Em-
peror Francis of Austria (the
same Franc was there
when the ar began).
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of Ploetz' mmon plan
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Hungary."

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Days
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The of Hungary and Russia is one of the strange reversals of history. But looking back a hundred years in the pages of Ploetz' "Epitome," one also finds

Washington will begin thin
new agreements. But they
to be more or less self-oper
if this inevitably suggests
of-influence compromise."

Now, the Marshall Plan
been harmed to a certain
Soviet opposition; but it has
at least as far as the app
y the American Congress
rned, because of it. The
e ERP in spite of the C
s resulted in the streng
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of Western Europe. It is co
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rather live-and-let-die
s. Furthermore, how
rest "as far as possible on the
of geography and power"?

Enduring Problems

Who can define "the rea
geography" in a divided Euro
suming that the Soviets call
the time being the civil war in
does that solve the Medit
problem? Would then the pr
the whole Sovietized mass of
Europe on the small Greek p
have ceased? And what ab
Albanian open window on the
Mediterranean?

I do not know from what
Mr. Reston has gathered h
mation, but I can assert t
officials believe that only

LITTLE ANIMAL

How far should a wife go to please her husband's boss?

By JOHN GUNTHER

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

READING TIME 20 MINUTES Otto bent over Erzi lovingly, but with an invisible buffer before him so that he could recoil if she spoke too sharply. Always these days he had to leave a little space between them. But even if she had occasional angry fits of irritation and bitterly attacked him for the difficulties of their situation, her regard for him was deep, permanent, and tender, or so he thought.

"Come—the buses are slow in the rain, and it is time to start for the station now," Otto declared.

"Very well, Tierschen," she replied. Tierschen—little animal. It was strange, but perhaps significant, that this should have been the nickname she gave him in the early days of their marriage and had clung to ever since.

"It would create a bad impression if we were late," Otto said, moving toward the door. "Herr Thorne is an impatient man."

"We will not be late, Tierschen."

Indeed it was a very important thing when his boss, Mark Thorne, came to Vienna. This happened only once every couple of years, because Marcus A. Thorne was a big shot, the European director of one of the great American news services with headquarters in London, and Otto was in the lowest of all low echelons in foreign journalism, a string man who worked on a miserable retainer—in fact it was only fifty dollars a month—and who only built up enough to live on by the occasional stories he sold on space. But Vienna was a very dull capital just now, and there was little news to send. It was rather surprising, all things considered, that Thorne should even be bothering to visit Vienna at this particular time. Well, his wire said that he was en route to Istanbul for a brief holiday, and Vienna was an obvious stopover, and there were pretty blondes to be had along the boulevards. Otto didn't know Thorne well, except through curt service messages and the London telephone. He hated and feared him in the way a man may hate and fear an inanimate institution on which his whole life and well-being depend, and whom he could not influence except by propitiation.

Otto and Erzi walked to the corner, their rubbers squeaking in the wet mush. On the jolting, crowded bus Otto held fast to Erzi's arm. He was a thin dark man, taut and without confidence. He was educated to be a teacher, but after two or three years he drifted into journalism. He was in his late thirties now, and not getting any younger. The poverty, together with the strain of keeping up even the minimum of appearances, and the grinding pressure from Erzi's family had worn him thin and hollow. Yet he had never become corrupt like almost everybody else in Central European journalism.

"The Otto," other journalists would sometimes wink when he passed by. "He is an honest fellow, but without much push or character."

Erzi's father, who was an optician, expressed his feeling that she had married far beneath her station. But Erzi, though she seemed to be a placid girl, had strong moods of her own. She excused Otto everything, which she considered to be the real proof of love. What Erzi loved best of all things was walking in the woods near Semmering when the spring pulled the flowers into strong, stormy blossom. Her eyes were large and gray, and once, a good many years ago, a young sculptor who was madly in love with her had made a plaster mold of her breasts and cast them into bronze loving cups.

"I will leave it to you to make the first mention of the money," Otto said, when they reached the Westbahnhof.

"Perhaps he will bring it up himself," Erzi replied.

She gave him two coins and he inserted them into the slot machine for the tickets which, as in most European railway stations, were necessary before you could go onto a platform to meet a train. Erzi always carried their money. When he left their apartment in the morning it was she who gave him exactly what he would need to cover his carfare and the cups of coffee and tips he would need for the day's work.

"On time the train is," Otto said in English.

◆

The vaulted yard filled up with white smoke and puffs of steam, the porters shouted amid a clatter and confusion of moving trucks, the conductor in his pale, dirty sage-green uniform moved along, opening the heavy wooden doors.

Erzi prodded Otto ahead through the jets of steam and he peered along the wall of the train, his very dark darting eyes alert. "Ah, I see him," Otto said. A succession of images floated through his mind. First, on ceasing to be a schoolteacher, he had become secretary-translator to the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper. The Chicagoan knew not a word of German. The Chicagoan lost his job when his publisher, four thousand miles away, died of apoplexy in a bowling alley and the paper was sold, like a ton of potatoes, to a local bank that did

(*Continued on page 75*)

◀◀◀ **They rose to leave the table. "You're certainly a pretty girl," Thorne said.**

give us back our

By LEIGH QUACKENBUSH

READING TIME 15 MINUTES Back when the New Look was new, we were told we would be getting the New Woman—rounded hips, nice curves. What we got was yards and yards of cloth, crinoline, and quilting bunched up where hips and derrières ought to be.

That New Woman business was a hoax. Underneath all the gear she turned out to be the same dreary starveling. She has no hips. To accent her pencil slimness, she cinches her waistline tighter.

Just as the New Look was invented to cover up our scrawny women, so the newly heralded Deceptive Look hikes skirt hems to 14 to 16 inches from the ground to prove that the curve of the calf has been annihilated.

Anyone can see that a man hasn't a chance with Fashion. Too long the hussy has been telling us in stingier tape-measured inches what we have to put up with in the shape of feminine anatomy. Not since the Gay Nineties and early 1900s have we men seen our idea of a dream girl properly glamorized—the girl, that is, not her rigging.

Plumpness, in those days, was devoutly to be desired. Today, while keeping pace with the get-thin Armageddon, our women are wasting away. . . . Slow death. First thing we know, they'll be goners.

It's high time we men demand our own bill of human rights. Our stockpile of authentic feminine charm has reached an all-time low. It's no good waiting for self-corrective measures. Now or never we've got to break the conspiracy of silence that has saddled us with a lath-limbed scarecrow as the newest version of pulchritude in petticoats.

Bless their stony hearts, if the top dogs of Fashion are too preoccupied to care, too tired to notice what really attracts men, I'll tell them. A little opulence of feminine form, that's what—and let wolf whistles shrill as they may.

After all, oughtn't a woman to be desirable?

A man's woman is expressive of the richness and fullness of life. With the magic of proportion, her figure is affirmation, not negation; and, thanks to Nature's prodigal way, generous and wholesome—there's that horrid word "wholesome," the very sound of which is anathema to most women.

The great *reductio ad absurdum* gained its tactical beachhead about the time World War I ended. Soon appeared the hollow-chested flapper with the boyish haircut, cleaver-sharp shoulder blades, and "debutramp" slouch. Hepcat of the 1920s, she was the activated vamp with toothpick arms, forward-and-upward-thrust stomach, who could slip her cocktail gown through her finger ring—and insisted on doing so. The apple-cheeked home girl was as dated as the wood-burning locomotive.

Young and old, in order to "succeed," were being indoctrinated, starved, sweated, massaged, mauled, enemaed, physicked, walked on all fours, and stood on their heads. Next they were being dosed with thyroid and benzedrine pills—the "bellows-on-a-blast-furnace" preparation to speed up combustion in

Rita Hayworth, Columbia Pictures star, an example of the present-day form divine, has curves, but not ample ones such as Maud Odell (opposite page) had when she was the toast of the stage.

buxom beauties

the body. More than 22,000,000 bottles of thyroid-ingredient drugs alone have been consumed by Americans.

Affluent waistlines, Junoesque bosoms and hips, Della Robbia derrières and Raphaelian calves melted away like humility at a cocktail party. Victims—if they hadn't stopped breathing from an overdose of reducing pills—looked haggard, with lines in their faces; some developed a slight cough; many became chronic insomniacs—with a nervous tic. Still others drugged themselves with digitalis, belladonna, and ipecac to destroy appetite and induce nausea; or, imitating a punctilio of the aristocrats of ancient Rome, practiced regurgitation of their meals.

The next couple of decades saw the blitz against feminine substance lay waste to everything that seemed vaguely like a curve. Nothing left but scorched earth, a straight line that somehow assumed a standing position. Here was the clotheshorse upon which to hang layer upon layer of lace-trimmed petticoats—

(*Continued on page 73*)

Culver Service

An impassioned plea for more meat on the bones of America's alleged lovelies which might start a war between the sexes!

something for sis

She said, almost in a sigh, "Anything could happen on a night like this." She was so right

By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

READING TIME 26 MINUTES There was the tight, hard feeling of something unpleasant going to happen, and Donald had no doubt what it was.

Mum and Dad were going to tell him not to go around with Vangie Creedon any more, and then there'd be a row. They were far too old to understand how he felt about Vangie. For Vangie, with her soft dark eyes, her olive skin, and insolent walk, was different from anyone in town. She was like a red thread of excitement running through the commonplace skein of days.

Mum leaned forward across the breakfast table. "Well, who's going to begin?" she said.

It was coming now, and it was horrible to think of three people who were fond of one another suddenly being transformed into raging furies.

Mum didn't seem as if she'd grow furious, with that small sunny face of hers, the laughing gray eyes, the merry mouth, her brown short curly hair that now looked like a boy's. When Mum grew bored or cross or worried, she just took it out in doing her hair some new way. Dad said he often didn't know who she was when he came home and that it was upsetting to live with a succession of strange women.

Dad didn't like being upset, and as he reluctantly put his paper down, he was a plump sandy-haired little man so concerned about something that his thin eyebrows seemed to bristle.

The doorbell rang in a loud peal and Mum said, "I wonder who that is."

"Well, there's only one way of finding out," Dad drawled. "Donald!"

He went dully to the door, for Vangie was still sharp in his mind.

"Telegram for you, Dad!"

Mum became intensely interested. "Now, who in the world would be sending you a wire, Joe?"

Dad tore it open. He said, "Damn!" in a helpless sort of way and the rest of the Thayer family held their breath.

"It's Ellie. She's coming to visit us. She's coming on the nine-o'clock tonight."

Mum's eyes shone. "Isn't that nice!"

"No, it isn't. You don't know Ellie, Lois. She's"—Dad looked around for a word and finally chose a mild one—"she's upsetting!"

Aunt Elinor was Dad's sister and a lady so legendary you lost track of how many places she'd lived and how many husbands she'd had. One of them was most certainly a French count.

Dad had been getting quite a lot of letters from Aunt Ellie now she was back in the United States, but no one had ever thought she'd come to visit.

Mum began organizing as if for some major battle. "Thank heavens, the guest room's all in shape. Donald, I'll want you to do some errands downtown."

"I don't see why Ellie can't stay where she is," Dad said dismally.

Dad was funny, Donald thought, as he walked slowly downtown. Dad always wanted things to remain just as they were, without any change.

The day was warm and soft with the slow languor of late June. Even the prairie wind was full of laziness, and Donald felt, as he always did, content to be here in Clearwater. He didn't believe that it was a dull and dusty little town. A map would have put it in the Midwest, but a map wouldn't show the trim neat houses with their long lawns, the big sycamore trees, nor the flashes of flying fire as the redbirds came and went. He was so attuned to it all, that at seventeen he didn't even look forward to going up to college at Champaign year after next. And it never occurred to him that in some ways he was much like his father.

Out of Maple Street into Washington and this was the center of town: low buildings of red brick, rather old, somewhat ugly, but with a long line of trees beyond still blowing against the high Illinois sky.

The Halliday House with its tall steps and shining brass rails, and Mason Harlow coming across the street with that jaunty swinging stride of his: Mr. Harlow, tall, thin, very dark, very dapper, with a streak of black mustache cutting across his brown and sensitive face; Mr. Harlow's light gray suit, immaculate at this hour in the morning, and a blue flower in his buttonhole.

"Good morning, Donald. I think this day would have pleased even the more particular English poets."

Mr. Harlow was wonderful because he always talked to you as if you were grown up and infinitely wise.

"I guess it would, sir."

Mr. Harlow was at his best right now. In a minute he'd step into the Halliday House bar, and when he went back to his law office again, some of his bright sheen would be dulled. By eight o'clock tonight he'd be dead drunk. Then he'd stagger home and his daughter, Cicely, would look after him. Everybody called her "Sis" and was a little sorry for her, but not too much because she was such a drab colorless sort of girl.

"A bit early for you to be downtown, isn't it, Donald?"

"My Aunt Elinor's coming to visit us."

A little light came into Mr. Harlow's eyes—a light that was nostalgic and a trifle sad. "I remember her. I remember her very well. Would you give her my regards, Donald?"

◆

He went hastily up the steps and Donald shook his head. Mr. Harlow wouldn't even meet Aunt Elinor probably. No one ever invited him anywhere any more; they just said it was a shame that Mason should have turned into the town drunk.

Donald's steps dragged as he reached Kyle's Department Store, for that was where Vangie worked. A clatter of high heels sounded and there she was actually, on the sidewalk, in the sharp sun.

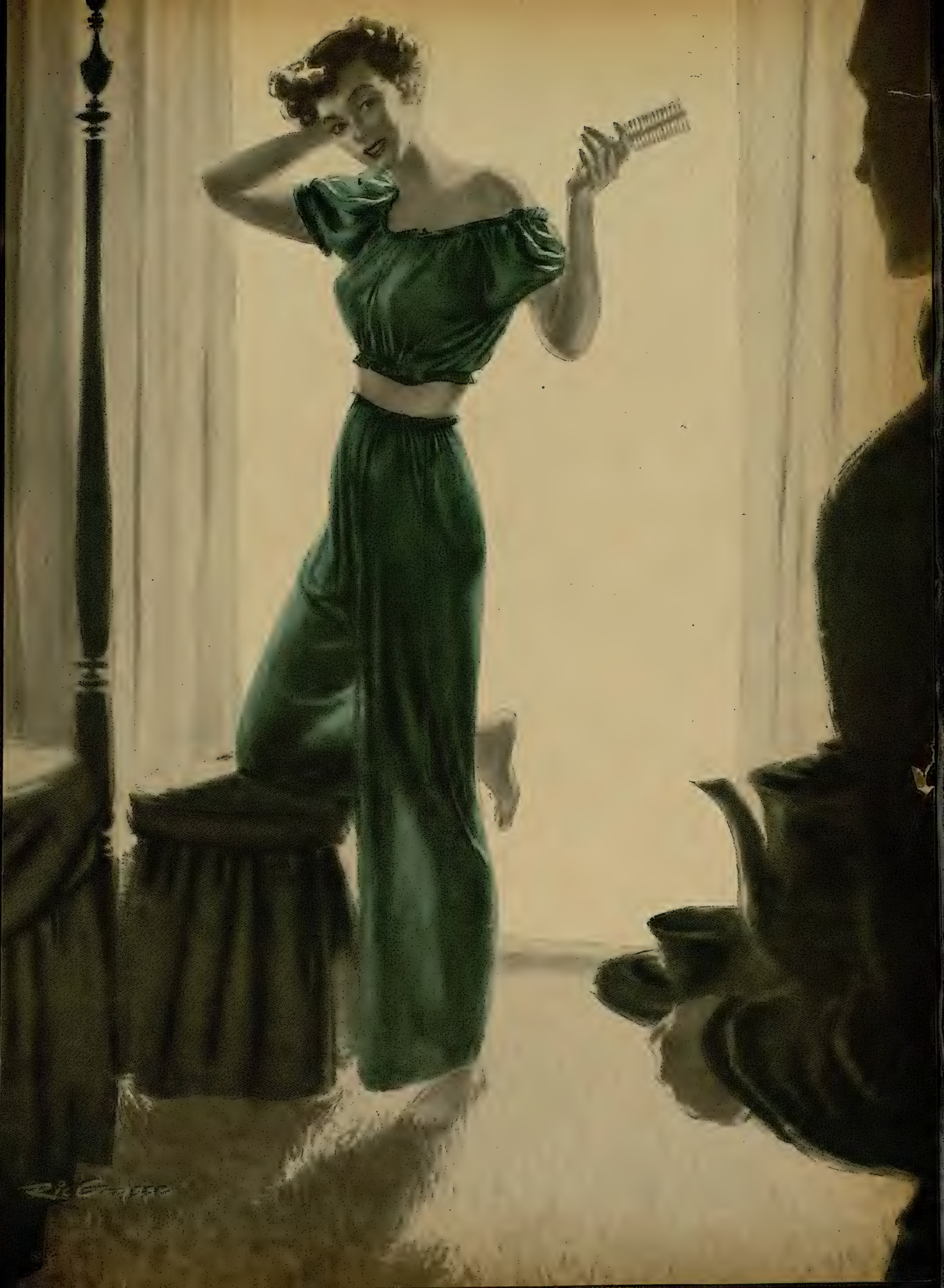
"Hi there, Donny!"

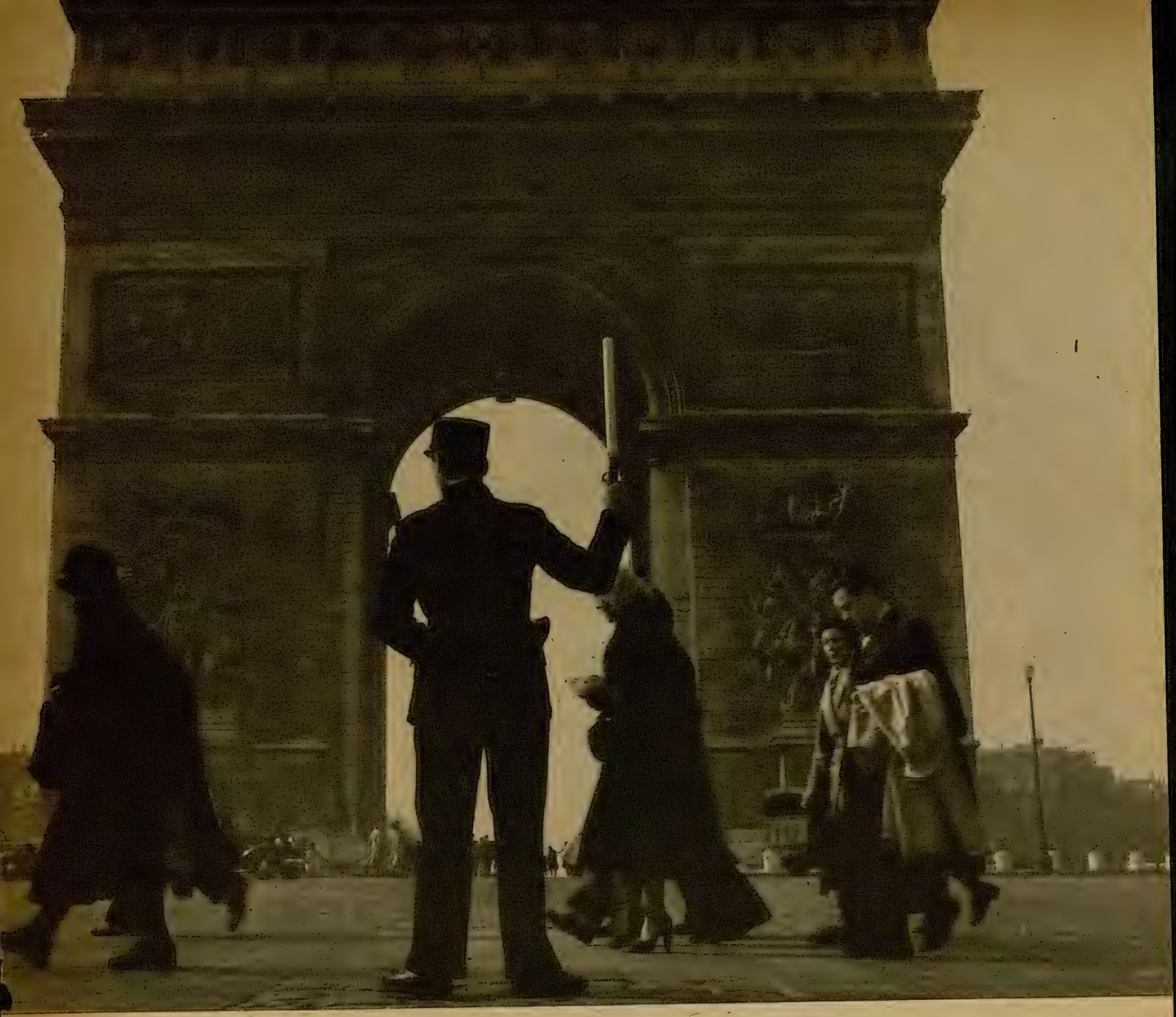
Tall, dark, sultry; jet-black hair swinging in the wind; foreign-looking face that seemed olive over rose; eyes that were full of smoldering mysteries; rich, full scarlet lips. Everything about her was a little insolent and provocative.

She gave him one of her slow enchanting smiles. "Got to go over to

(Continued on page 68)

"Come on in! Didn't you ever see a lady in her pajamas before?" ▶▶▶





THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, always a gathering spot for G.I. tourists in Paris, has fewer military visitors now. Conquerors and liberators passed through it during the war.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Paris to a G.I. on leave in wartime was one city that knew best what fighting men wanted. It hasn't changed much. But a war vet wouldn't know Liége, Maastricht, and most of those other spots that were highly strategic on the long push to Berlin

Photos by Slim Aarons—Pix

RICAN EXPRESS
BANQUE
VOYAGES

FIRST PARIS STOP for most wartime G.I. visitors was the American Express office. Americans still gather there. Some are ex-G.I.s studying in Paris under the G.I. bill.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

By ED CUNNINGHAM

EADING TIME 19 MINUTES *"It was near the Falaise-Argentan pocket. This Austrian lieutenant, who took us over from the Mark IV crew that captured us, asked me if I could lead his company through to the Amer-can lines. He marched us past the German outposts, hen I took over. A sentry with a Brooklyn accent hallenged us. I shouted back 'Sergeant Jimmy Parker, Sixteenth Infantry, First Division, with ninety-nine German prisoners and equipment!' I was afraid he'd hoot before asking any more questions. Our regiment was moving out for Paris when we rejoined it. Only, we didn't get to Paris. . . ."*

◆ Paris on a 48-hour pass was the stuff that G.I. dreams were made of: real beds with white sheets at he Red Cross clubs; hot showers and eating off plates nstead of out of mess kits; bicycle-riding mademoiselles with wind-blown skirts on the Champs Élysées; beaucoup jitterbugs at Mimi Pinson's; sidewalk cafés on Rue Royale, sipping a *vin rouge* while you cased the pick-up prospects at near-by tables; the Place Pigalle after midnight, and insistent Moroccans who mut-ered, "Want good time, Joe?"; the nude chorus at the Folies-Bergère and Varga, the big blonde star of the Bal Tabarin music hall where champagne was $18 a bottle.

And, if you had time left, the Chamber of Deputies, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Luxembourg Gardens. . . . Then back to Crucifix Hill at Aachen, or the flak

COMING: *Ed Cunningham and Slim Aarons cover Italy and North Africa in the next exciting installment of WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY.*

GISY VARGA, who got equal billing with the Eiffel Tower as the No. 1 attraction to visiting Yanks, is now starred as the queen of Bal Tabarin's thirty "pin-up girls."

SUNDAY ON THE SEINE is whatever you want it to be—for sunbathing, fishing, or just a quiet stroll. United States veterans, studying art, have replaced the G.I.s on the Seine.

FOUR YEARS AGO this was the most crowded sidewalk café in Paris. It is the Hôtel de Paris, better known as Rainbow Corner, the Red Cross club on Boulevard de la Madeleine.

10.000
DÉSERTEURS
TRAQUÉS
Le Rire

AMERICAN COMIC BOOKS in French translations do bigger business than the old-time French post cards. This is one development directly traceable to the G.I. influence.

THE U. S. ARMY'S 28th General Hospital, one of World War II's most widely known hospitals, once occupied these buildings near Liége. Belgian Army recruits now use them.

LIEGE, BELGIUM, now sparkles under neon lights at night. The building in the center is Au Phare, formerly the Red Cross club, as seen from the Sarma department store.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODA

Continued

towers that awaited you over Leipzig. It was somebod else's turn to discover that Paris, of all the world' cities, knew best what fighting men wanted in thei all too few hours of liberty.

That was Paris five years ago, in the hectic hell raising months after its liberation, when it was the on nerve-resting interlude on the road from Normand to Berlin. Paris today is still pretty much as ETO veterans remember it—honkytonk or swanky, dependin on your tastes and your pocketbook.

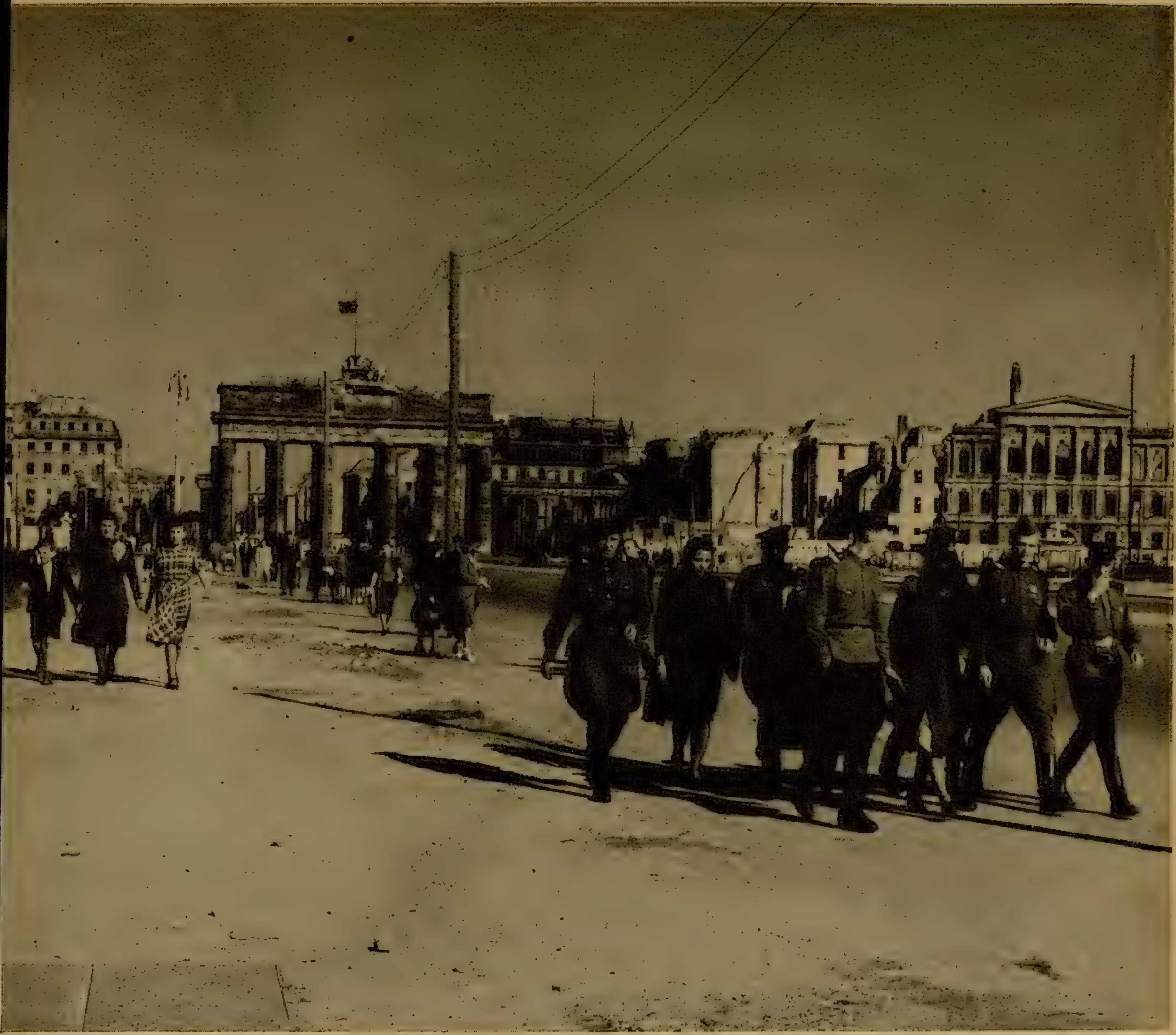
Postwar neon signs add to the honkytonk atmosphere of Montmartre streets, especially that old G.I stand-by, "Pig-alley." Fluorescent tubing all but engulfs Aux Pierrot's, the bistro near the Métro exit o Place Pigalle. Cognac in the Café des Omnibus cost you 90 francs a shot (about 30 cents). Its less ethica neighbors still figure the price on your current alcoholic condition, ranging anywhere from 150 to 500 francs. And five propositions are still par for every ten-minute walk around the square.

The Eve Café on Place Pigalle now features the *Revue Paris en Sambas avec les 24 Pin-up Girls,* following the lead of the froufrou Bal Tabarin. The Tabarin really dotes on G.I.-inspired anatomical art Its revue has *Pin-up girls de l'Océan, Pin-up girls de nos grands-pères,* and *Pin-up Girls de Tabarin*—none of whom, of course, could ever get by the guy who censored Yank Magazine's wartime pin-up page. For old times' sake, the Tabarin also includes *le French cancan* as a concession to 1918 G.I. memories. Thanks to the postwar devaluated franc, champagne at the Tabarin these nights is only $10 instead of $18.

Back in the more subdued sections of Paris there have also been some changes. Rainbow Corner, where 15,000 Americans consumed 30,000 doughnuts and 400 liters of coffee daily during peak periods, is now the civilian Hôtel de Paris. Its sidewalk café, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, has only an occasional G.I. patron from the Germany occupation forces these days. The coke and doughnut machines are missing from the first-floor lounge, but the orchestra balcony is still over the entrance to the basement cafeteria (now a bar). The current band is Andrée Berty's seven-piece all-girl unit, (*Continued on page* 80)

ONLY RELIC of the days when G.I.s frequented a spot they called the Dugout in Liége is this juke box. Next door, Belgians sip their beer in the front room of Au Phare.

ROAD SIGNS like this in Maastricht, Holland, that gives directions to Nijmegen and Antwerp, were unknown to the 30th Infantry which took the city in September, 1944.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS and their German girl friends in Berlin. In the background is the famous Brandenburger Gate, or what is left of it following the Allied raids.

VITTLES
HOWGOZIT
AS OF NOON TODAY

CONNIE BENNETT, the actress, with her husband, Colonel Coulter, at Fassburg Air Base. The group was watching the air lift in action when this photograph was taken.

CHICKENS SCRATCH for feed in the shadow of the wing of a rocket bomb that was never assembled. The German countryside contains many reminders of World War II.

love is a pyknic

Steve's trouble was that his wife did *understand him*

By LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by Casey Jones

◆ After five Scotches at Harry's Bar I usually sing, an original ditty —*ya da da dee, ya da da doo*—no words, but very melodious. Tonight I didn't warble. I drove home the long way, feeling for a way to break the news to Ellen.

At the door, Ellen kissed me.

"Harry's?" she asked. "Two?"

"Three."

"You smell like a dozen, straight." But she kissed me again. "Let's have another one together, Steve. I've got oysters Casino tonight."

"Yummy," I said.

That was Ellen. She mixed them and brought in my slippers and handed me the paper. I heard her in the kitchen, humming over the oysters. The smell of them tickled my nose and almost made me hungry. But not quite. In the newspaper was a small ad I had lettered for old man Hurd:

HURD'S SIGN SHOP
The Place for Signs of
Distinction

"Drop dead, Hurd," I said, and tossed the paper away.

I couldn't taste the oysters. I made a fuss over them, because Ellen expected it, but my stomach was doing a rumba. Even her swell coffee didn't tickle my tongue.

Ellen said, "You're depressed, Steve."

"Not exactly."

"Oh, yes you are, darling," she insisted softly. "I knew it the moment you walked in. Admit it."

"I'm feeling great," I said. "It's just that Hurd—"

"You see, I was right. It's always the same with artists. You were thinking of Mr. Hurd when you came in. That's because you're the pyknic type."

"I'm the what?" This was one from her psychology handbooks.

"You're pyknic." insisted Ellen. "That's because you're short and extroverted. All pyknics are emotional—high one minute and low the next. It's all part of being creative."

"I'm not creative. I'm a letterer, a sign painter."

"You're a creative artist just the same; mad at his boss again. It's typical, darling. All artists want to be free. That's why you resent Mr. Hurd so much."

"I don't resent Hurd," I said. "I hate him. I quit my job tonight."

Ellen was shocked, but she controlled her chagrin. She pulled over the hassock and sat at my feet. I told her about it, up to the moment when I threw the pot of magenta at the wall and grabbed my coat and told Hurd to drop dead. Ellen listened wide-eyed and full of sympathy.

"Hysteria," she said finally. "Even though Mr. Hurd insulted your lettering, you shouldn't have quit your job in the manic stage. You acted under emotional heat."

"I'm cool now," I said, "and I still want to quit. Listen, sugar. What if I quit? I can set up my own lettering shop right in our basement. I've got the customers. Everybody in town knows my work. It'll be easy—"

"We're not ready for it," Ellen argued. She threw the book at me then. She wrapped me in her psychological double-talk and I came out cut and dried. A dried pyknic. She quoted long paragraphs, fresh and sparkling from her latest readings in psychology. She spoon-fed them to me, slow and easy. "You must learn to hold back your antagonisms, Steve. You're suffering from commercial hostility. You can cure yourself, if you try."

That did it. I hopped out of the chair and began to yell. I was definitely in the manic stage. "Nuts!" I roared. "You and your psychology. Nobody on earth can get along with that crackpot Hurd. If you think I'm going back to work for him, you're sure talking to the wrong idiot!"

She began to sob, quietly. The sound of her woe turned my stomach to pulp. We pyknics are sympathetic, the textbooks say. We pyknics are affected by the emotions of others. We pyknics are also a little soft in the head.

◆ The next morning I apologized to Hurd. He took me back with a faceful of lemon yellow. He sent me out to the edge of town to pin up an outdoor sign over Joe Fleek's garage. At four o'clock the temperature dropped to zero. The wind whistled up my spine. My fingers were as iced as fillets in a deep-freeze.

The next morning I dawdled over my coffee.

"A little depressed?" Ellen said.

"Bad dream," I said. "About Hurd. I dreamed I had him tied up on Joe Fleek's garage. I was painting his face. He couldn't move, and I just stood, slapping a brush in his eyes."

Ellen laughed. "Nothing to worry about, darling. It's just your subconscious fighting with him."

"Is that what the books say?" I said. "Then why did I paint his face with prussic acid?"

◆ That night I got home early. Ellen had chicken pot pie, my favorite dinner. I toyed with it. I also only tickled the Nesselrode pie.

"You've got something on your mind," Ellen said. "I can feel it."

"I'm fighting it," I said. "I don't like to believe that Hurd deliberately changed that tire. He sent me to Barrington this afternoon, on a store-window job. Coming back, I almost got killed when the front tire blew. Funny thing about that tire. It was the beat-up spare we usually keep in the luggage compartment. Somebody changed tires on the truck before I left the shop. I hate to think it might have been old man Hurd."

Ellen changed the subject and went in to do the dishes. Afterward we drove to the movies. It was a picture Ellen had been waiting for, an item called The Brain Doctor, a psychological thing in which a man murders his mother-in-law.

Ellen sat entranced, but the movie didn't hold me at all. I fidgeted. I squirmed. I moved around in my seat as though I had a tack in my pants.

Occasionally I sneaked a furtive look over my shoulder.

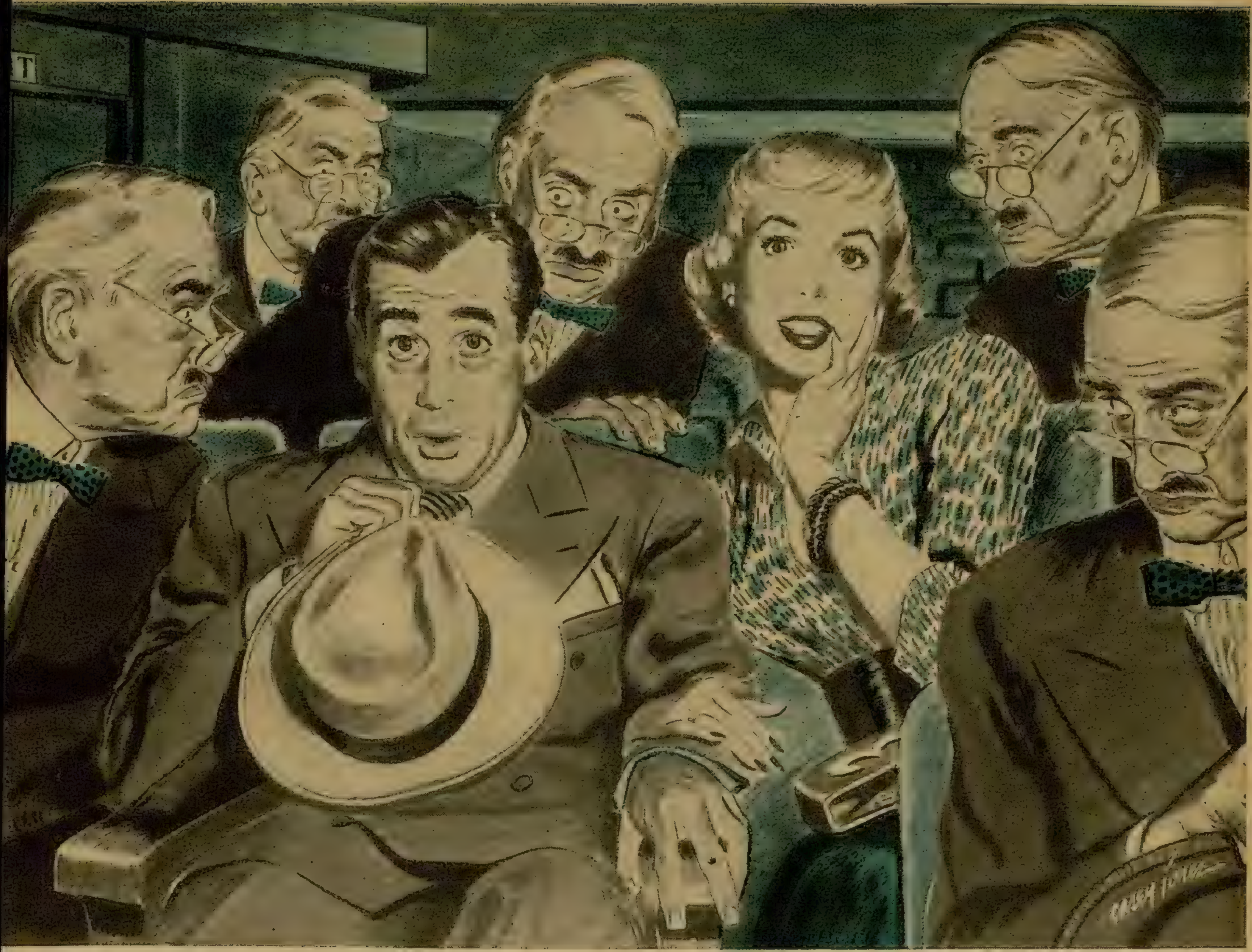
After the show we drove to the Road Roost. I passed up my usual hamburger and onions. I drank weak tea.

"Didn't you like the movie?" Ellen asked.

"Fine picture," I said, staring over her shoulder.

"What are you looking for?" she asked, following my eyes. "You were doing it during the show, too."

"Was I?" I asked, adjusting my collar so that my tie hung loose. "Probably just my imagination, sugar. Still, I'm positive I saw Hurd



behind us in the movies. He followed us in—"

Ellen laughed. "How silly. There's nothing abnormal about Mr. Hurd going to the movies, is there? You mustn't think things like that, Steve."

"I can't help it," I mumbled. "It must be the pyknic in me."

"You're dramatizing it, darling. Let's forget about Mr. Hurd, shall we? Let's rub him out of our minds completely."

"Rub him out," I said to the tea. "Rub him out, eh?"

I drove home quickly, keeping my eye on the rear-view mirror. I played a game with the car behind us. I wouldn't let it pass. I took the turn off the lake road at forty miles an hour. When I pulled into the garage, I forgot to turn the motor off. Ellen didn't remind me. She turned it off herself.

Later, in the bedroom, I sat on the edge of the bed, massaging my head.

"Headache, darling?" Ellen asked

"It will pass," I said.

"It must have been the movie, Steve. There's no reason for you to have a headache. You've been outdoors all day."

"That's what's bothering me, sugar," I said. "I'm afraid of the outdoors because of old man Hurd. Tomorrow morning he and I have to hang a new sign on that factory in Barrington. Up high." I combed my hair with my fingernails. "That's what frightens me. The last time we were up on a scaffold together, a queer thing happened. He was standing near the edge when I got the idea. It was awful. It was a horrible yen to push him—"

"Nonsense," said Ellen. "You're overworked, that's all. I think it would be a fine idea if you stayed home tomorrow and took it easy."

She put me to bed and went into the living room. She began to read, from her shelf of psychology books. I could see her through the door. I watched her until two thirty. Then I dozed off.

In the morning Ellen made me a stack of wheat cakes with bacon and syrup and steaming coffee. I only nibbled at the wheat cakes. I pushed the coffee aside.

"Steve MacAndrew, you're still depressed," Ellen said. "Why don't you go down to the basement and keep busy in your shop?"

I said, "Huh!" because somehow that was the last straw, and I knew Ellen would never understand how I really felt. I got up and looked for my hat. I might as well go back to old man Hurd today as tomorrow.

She came to me and kissed me. She took my hand and we went down the cellar to the dark corner where I had built my workshop.

Then Ellen switched on the light and my heart did a nip-up. On the table, propped against the wall, was a piece of my best board. And on the board, done in Ellen's crude lettering, was the layout for a sign:

STEVE MACANDREW
The Man for Signs of
Distinction

I grabbed her. I kissed her and did a small dance. I began to warble my *ya da da dee.* ◆ ◆

Little Black Sambo

Hearing equipment by Sonotone Corporation

Photos by George Lazarnick

If all the school systems in the United States had a hearing-conservation program as good as Newton's, in Massachusetts, we might halve the number of our two million hard-of-hearing children

HOPE *for hard-of-hearing children*

By ELSIE McCORMICK

SCHOOL ASSISTANCE FOR HARD-OF-HEARING CHILDREN SHOULDN'T ABSOLVE THE PARENTS

Irving I. Schachtel, president of the Sonotone Corporation and an authority on hearing problems, in a booklet, Conserving Our Children's Hearing, says, "Unfortunately, and despite the wide recognition that has been given to the need, only a fraction of the country's children are subjected to dependable, periodic, hearing tests in the schools. Thus in the great majority of cases, the full responsibility remains with the parents throughout the pre-school and school years. . . . It has been estimated by medical authorities that from 50 to 60 per cent of all hearing impairments among children can be cured, or their progress arrested, if discovered early enough. . . .

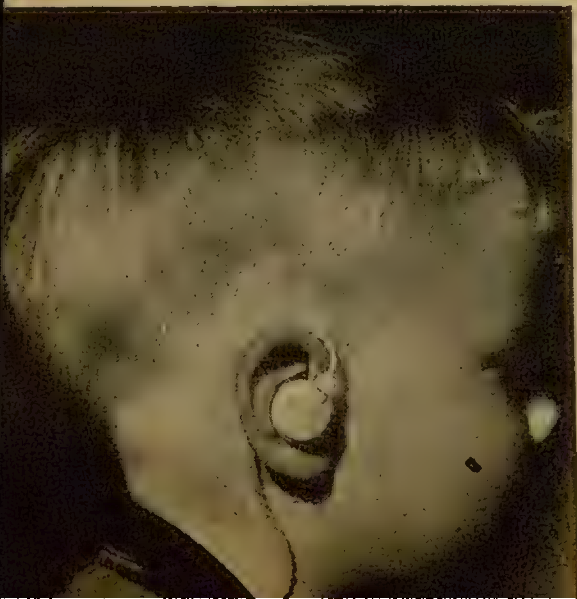
"In the final analysis, the problem of safeguarding a child's hearing is the parent's. If the school assists in this effort, so much the better. But such assistance should not be considered by parents as absolving them from their normal concern over the welfare of their children. Any slightest suspicion of an indication of hearing impairment should be considered of vital importance and an immediate examination by an otologist provided."

READING TIME 11 MINUTES At the first glance, the classroom I was visiting in Newton, Massachusetts, did not seem unusual. Behind the desk sat a brown-eyed, kindly-looking middle-aged teacher with a book in her hand. In the seats facing her was an eager group of boys and girls.

But after a minute or two, I noticed that though the teacher must have been talking—for her lips moved, and there were occasional bursts of laughter from the children—I couldn't hear a word she said.

Then I saw that she and several of the children wore hearing aids. For this was one of the lip-reading classes in which Newton's hard-of-hearing children were keeping step with their normal classmates. Some of the youngsters were only slightly handicapped, but two or three, I later learned, had really severe hearing losses.

Under the creative, understanding leadership of this teacher, Miss Ena G. Macnutt, and with the help of co-operative officials and medical men, the number of Newton school children who are hard of hearing has been cut by two-thirds. Hundreds of handicapped Newton youngsters have regained normal hearing. Others, seriously deaf, have been trained through lip reading and other methods to lead happy, constructive lives.



Hearing aids (note boy enjoying phonograph music) and lip reading help deaf children to regain contact with their playmates. Boy at left shows how he wears a hearing aid. *(Above)* Audiometers determine degrees of deafness.

If all the school systems in the United States had a hearing-conservation program as good as Newton's, we might halve the number of our approximately two million hard-of-hearing children.

There is no magic in Newton's methods and its program is not unique. But the program of this city is outstanding because it makes such good use of every available weapon.

Miss Macnutt knows by hard experience the problem with which she is dealing. After five years of teaching, she was stricken with diphtheria. When she returned to her classroom in Chelsea, Massachusetts, her hearing had begun to fade. It was a hard blow, but through lip reading and a hearing aid she regained full contact with her class.

And now, with new insight, she considered the strained expressions of the children who failed at their work in spite of obvious effort; the others who clowned or sat dejected in a corner. Perhaps they were really only hard of hearing. At the same time, Miss Macnutt became interested in the work of Dr. Franklin W. Bock of Rochester, New York, who launched what is believed to be the first hearing-conservation program in an American public-school system. One of his famous cases was a boy of 16 who had failed so frequently that his despairing parents were about to take him out of school and get him an unskilled job. Dr. Bock tested the boy's hearing, found it defective, taught him lip reading, and helped him get a hearing aid. So far was this youth from being stupid that he later became a professor of mathematics in an eastern college.

When tests made in the Chelsea schools by the old whisper method showed that 15 pupils out of 2,500 had a hearing handicap, Miss Macnutt was by no means convinced

HOPE *for hard-of-hearing children*

Continued

that this "whisper test" figure told the whole story. Using the Bell System's group audiometer, she proved that instead of 15 children with a hearing handicap, there were 169!

Use of the audiometer brought out cases in other cities of deaf children who had been referred to psychiatrists or even placed in institutions for the feeble-minded. Amazingly, it was shown that a child could lose a large portion of his hearing without anyone realizing it. Children often misbehave in order to divert attention from their handicap.

Miss Macnutt went to Newton in 1930, after she was told that the school children there had no hearing problem. With a borrowed audiometer, she turned up more than 200. Impressed, the school authorities appointed Miss Macnutt hearing counselor.

Annual testing is essential, for many of the cases discovered each year are pupils whose hearing was normal 12 months earlier. Any child who is frequently inattentive or mischievous receives a special hearing test, just on the chance that deafness might be at the root of his difficulties. In about one case out of 25, according to experience at Newton, this suspicion proves to be correct.

Parents of Newton children with subnormal hearing are advised to arrange for immediate treatment. For families who can't afford an ear specialist, excellent care is offered by the Eye and Ear Infirmary of the Massachusetts General Hospital and other clinics in near-by Boston.

At this point Miss Macnutt often comes across a cruel and peculiar form of pride. "If a handicap can't be seen and doesn't hurt, many mothers and fathers want to ignore it," she said. "They hate to admit that their children are hard of hearing." Some parents refuse even to have a hard-of-hearing youngster examined by a specialist. For instance, Laura, an eight-year-old, had had scarlet fever as a baby and had been plagued by running ears ever since. When Miss Macnutt warned that immediate treatment was necessary, the child's mother balked. "Lots of children have running ears," she said. Soon the infection had progressed so far that nothing could be done about it. Within a few years Laura may be virtually deaf.

One of Miss Macnutt's best arguments with stubborn parents is that a great many deaf children can be helped by a tonsil, adenoid, or mastoid operation. One second-grade Newton boy who fought with other children and disrupted his class was found, through tests, to have a serious hearing deficiency. His badly diseased tonsils and adenoids were removed last winter. By June, his hearing had returned to normal. "He is a different child now," his teacher said. "He does good work, and the other children like him."

Another frequent cause of curable deafness is wax or foreign objects in the ear such as beans, beads, bits of eraser. A 12-year-old Newton girl with poor hearing was found to have a pebble in her ear. Another girl was hard of hearing because both ears had been blocked by deeply embedded cotton. These youngsters recovered promptly after the objects had been removed.

For the less fortunate children, the answer is rehabilitation. Some children are so nearly deaf that they need more training than an ordinary public school can offer, but a surprisingly large number of even seriously handicapped children can be rehabilitated in a regular class. A hearing aid often causes marked improvement in a youngster's behavior. One boy who had been breaking windows and throwing rocks at policemen simmered down into a well-behaved child as soon as he was able to share in the games and conversations of his schoolmates.

A person who has been hearing badly for years and has just been fitted with an aid, has to learn to interpret dozens of perplexing new sounds. At the Boston Guild for the Hard of Hearing, such children are taught by means of phonograph records to distinguish such sounds as a passing airplane, an electric refrigerator, a faucet turned on, food frying in a pan. In Newton, the children are especially trained to recognize schoolroom noises—the dropping of books, the rustle of paper, the sound of bells, and the scrunching of chalk on a blackboard.

Miss Macnutt believes that, with lip reading and hearing aids, many children now in institutions for the deaf could be getting on well in regular classrooms. Tests with powerful modern hearing devices indicate that more than 95 per cent of the pupils in these schools have some measurable hearing. In a Georgia state institution it was found that, when fitted with hearing aids and taught to use them, 75 out of 400 pupils could enter an ordinary public school. A study of children in Ohio's boarding schools for the deaf showed that almost half of them should never have been sent away from home, fo their hearing losses were no greate than those of people being successfully fitted with aids every day Most of these children were there simply because their own communities had done nothing to help them.

Years ago, Walter, a Newton firs grader, was shown to have a serious loss of hearing in both ears. Schoo authorities agreed that he should be placed in an institution for the deaf. Miss Macnutt asked that he be kept where he was for one year She began to give him lip-reading lessons; later he received a hearing aid. He graduated from senior high school with honors. This young man had adapted himself perfectly to the hearing world. In a boarding school for the deaf where the sign language and finger alphabet were emphasized, he might have acquired a feeling of being different that would have warped his life.

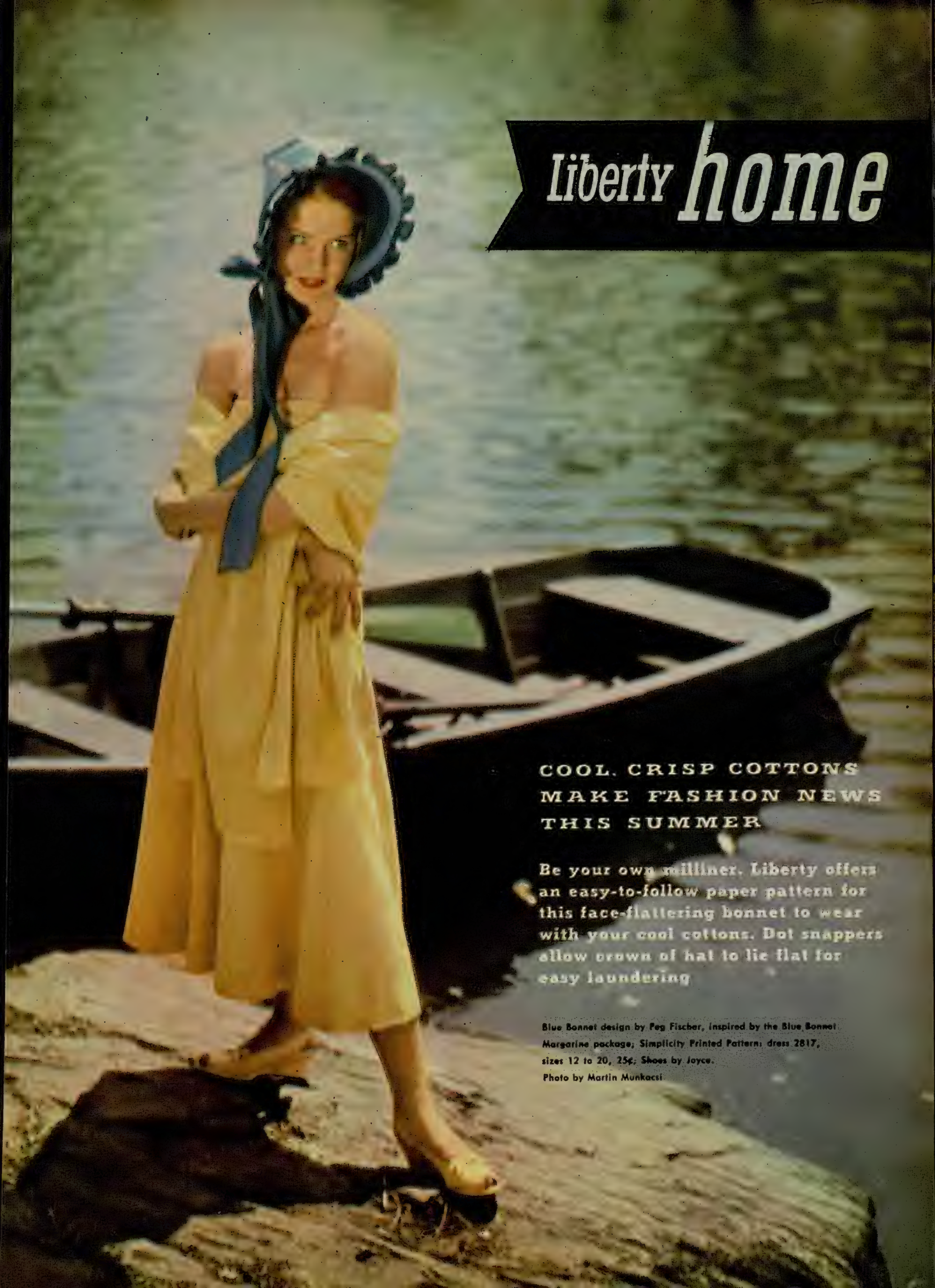
In Newton high schools, hard-of-hearing pupils are offered special vocational advice which emphasizes what they *can* do; not what they cannot. As a matter of fact, there are surprisingly few limitations. With rare exceptions, a career in music is unthinkable, and a young man with a hearing aid had better avoid the stage, but in almost all other fields employers are beginning to realize that a person with a hearing aid is likely to have better concentration and a keener desire to make good than most people with normal hearing. During the war, according to the Federal Security Agency, employees with defective hearing had a low job turnover, less absenteeism, and also excellent records for safety and quality of production.

Unfortunately, only a small proportion of children handicapped by ear difficulties are receiving the attention they need. Some cities —St. Louis, Syracuse, Minneapolis, and Milwaukee, for example—have unusually good programs. An extensive plan covering detection, medical treatment, and educational adjustment has been put into effect in five Maryland counties.

While some 14 states have programs, in too many of them help for hard-of-hearing children is confined to a few large cities. Many communities that give hearing tests provide no follow-up to make sure the child's defect is treated. Some 300,000 school children need lip-reading instruction, according to Dr. Warren H. Gardner, head of the Cleveland Speech and Hearing Center, but only about 30,000 are getting it. Many communities provide no way of obtaining hearing aids for needy children.

Worst of all are the communities that do nothing whatever. In a questionnaire recently sent to 700 school superintendents they were asked, "If a child is found to have a hearing impairment which pre-

(*Continued on page 66*)



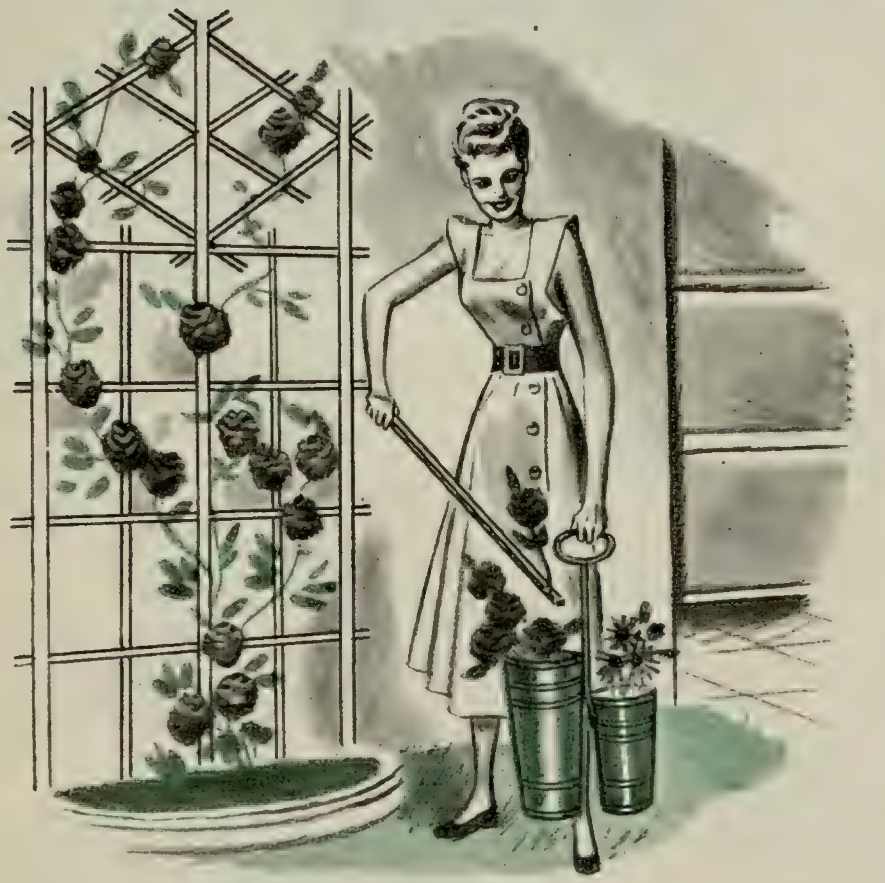
Liberty home

COOL, CRISP COTTONS MAKE FASHION NEWS THIS SUMMER

Be your own milliner. Liberty offers an easy-to-follow paper pattern for this face-flattering bonnet to wear with your cool cottons. Dot snappers allow crown of hat to lie flat for easy laundering

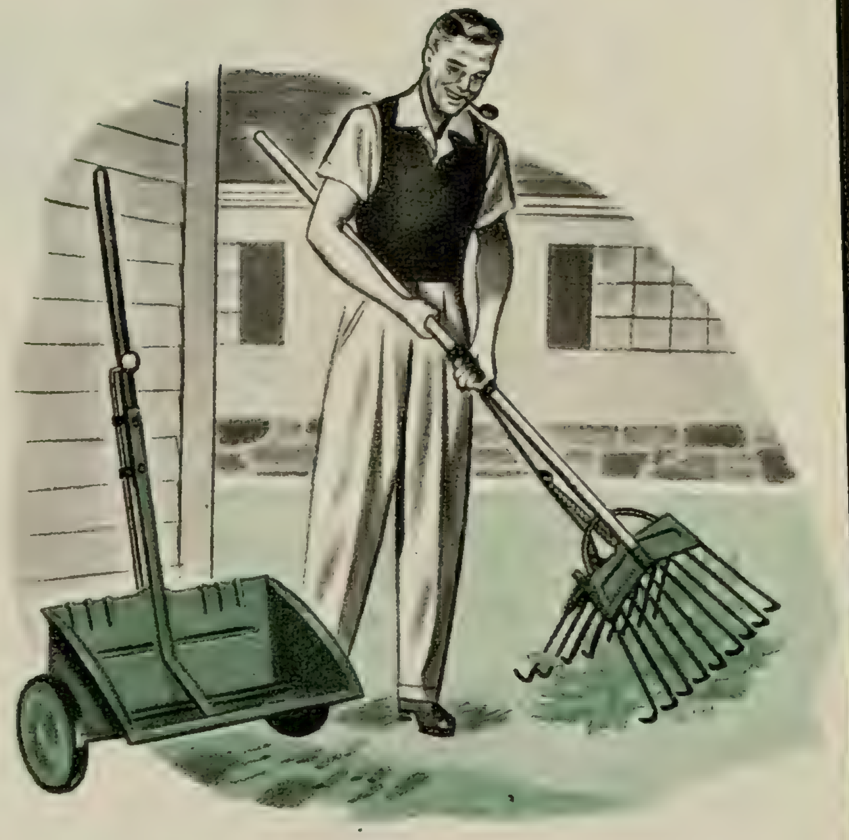
Blue Bonnet design by Peg Fischer, inspired by the Blue Bonnet Margarine package; Simplicity Printed Pattern: dress 2817, sizes 12 to 20, 25¢; Shoes by Joyce.
Photo by Martin Munkacsi

DOING NOTHING



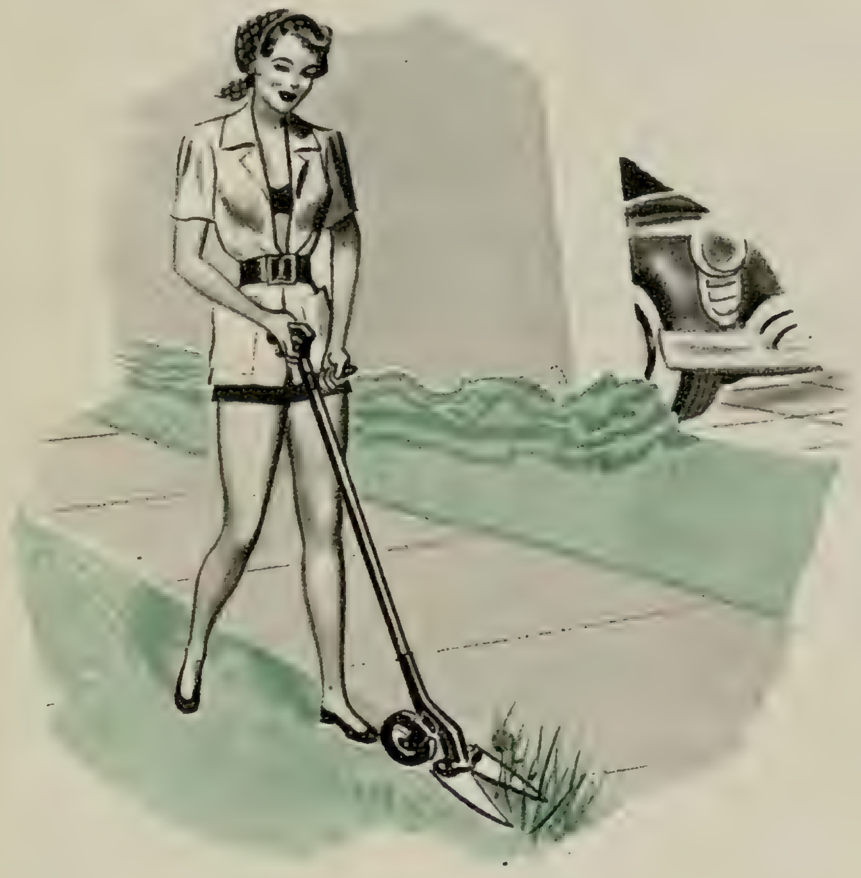
Rose fanciers, experiment with this knock-down aluminum trellis, to be assembled in any one of a dozen patterns. The long cutter-holder reaches out-of-the-way blooms, snips and grasps them, leaves one hand free. Meanwhile, water in the twin carrier keeps the roses fresh until you arrange them.

Hollywood Trellis: Colgate Manufacturing Corp.
Cutter-Holder: J. Wiss & Sons Co.
Twin Carrier: Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.



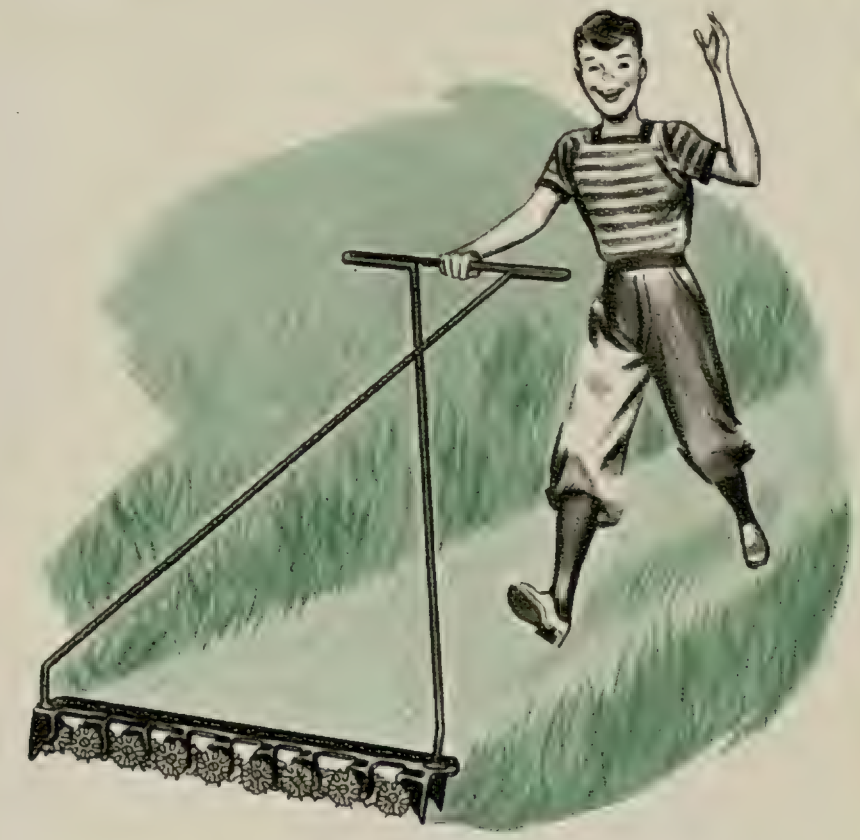
Keep your emerald lawn smooth with a two-fanned rake. Its yawning mouth scoops up grass and leaves; neatly deposits them where you will. It may even intrigue the children enough to set them raking. (That's one way to save you work!) And try this small spreader to sow quickly and evenly the grass seed and plant food a successful lawn requires.

Pelican Rake: Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
Lawnette Spreader: O. E. Thompson & Sons.



As simple as walking—guiding these keen-edged grass shears along borders and beds. Adjustable to Junior's height as well as to Dad's. Wheel can be removed if you want to trim vines or a rock garden.

Stand-Up Shears: Seymour Smith & Son, Inc.

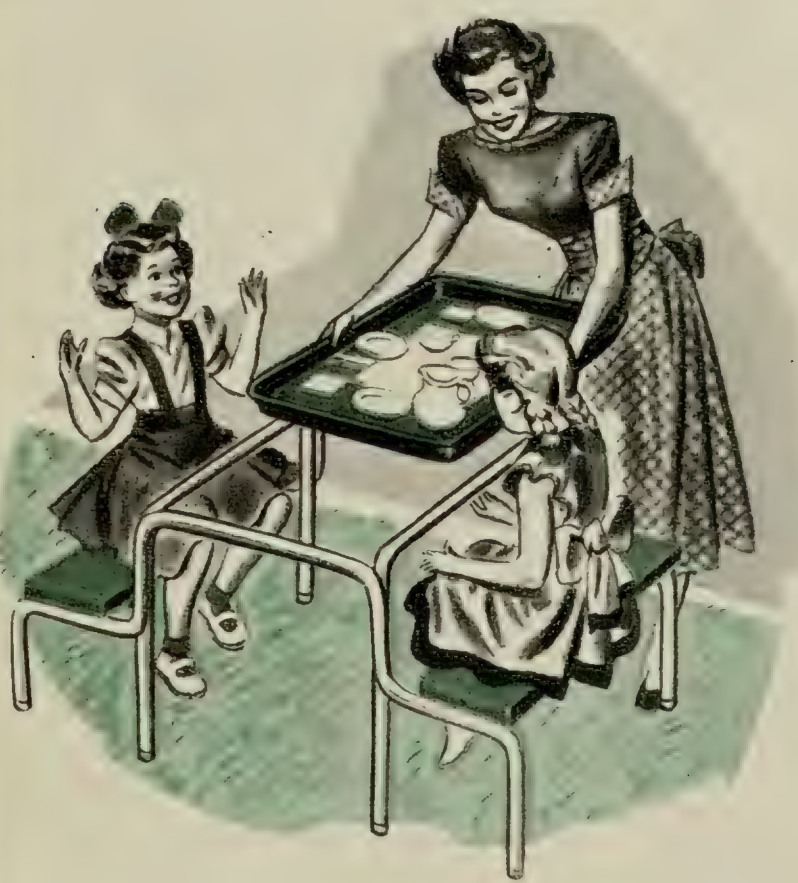


About all you need to do with this lawn mower is point it in the right direction and tag along as it cuts a wide swath through grass or weeds. Cuts right up to the fence or trees, or under foliage. No noise and clatter; no more aching backs or arms.

MontaMower: MontaMower Distributing Co.

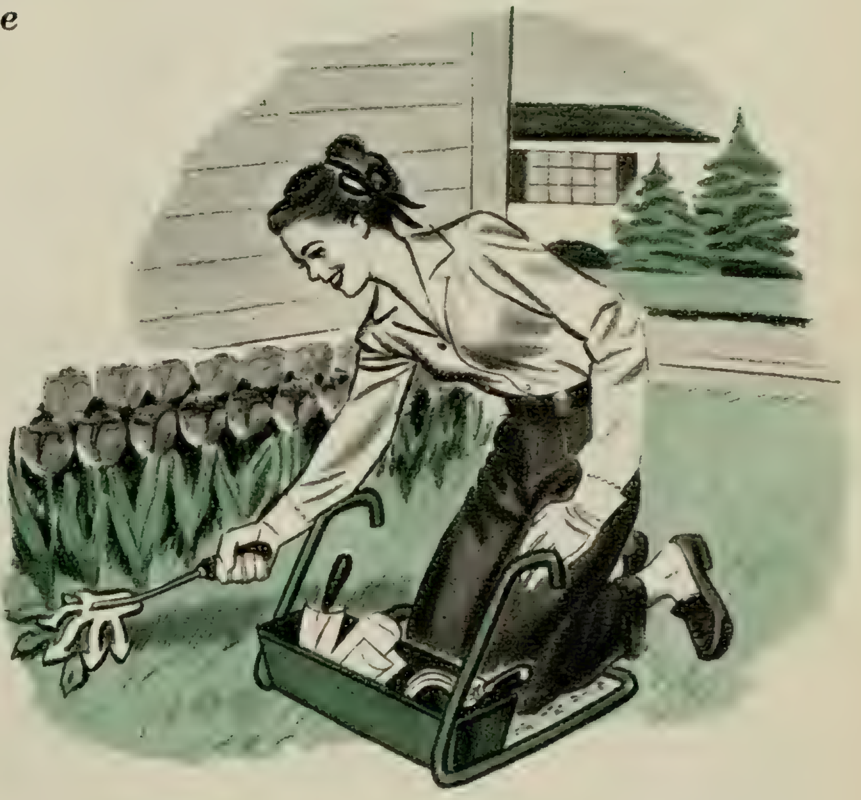
NOTHING DOING

These pages are dedicated to all readers who regard "Doing Nothing" as an ideal summer program, but can't quite get away with it. Get a lazy start with these gadgets



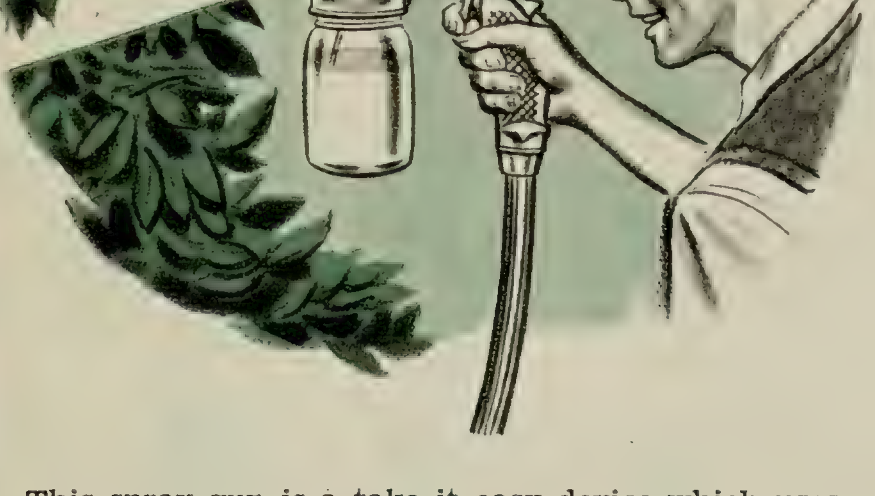
Special for the "school's-out" crowd. A table-bench combination, easy to shift from playroom to yard when the youngsters shout for a picnic lunch. A bright red tray, deep enough to hold spilled milk, is removable for convenient serving. In tubular steel with enamel finish, and wooden seats.

Totsy-Table: Durham Manufacturing Corp.



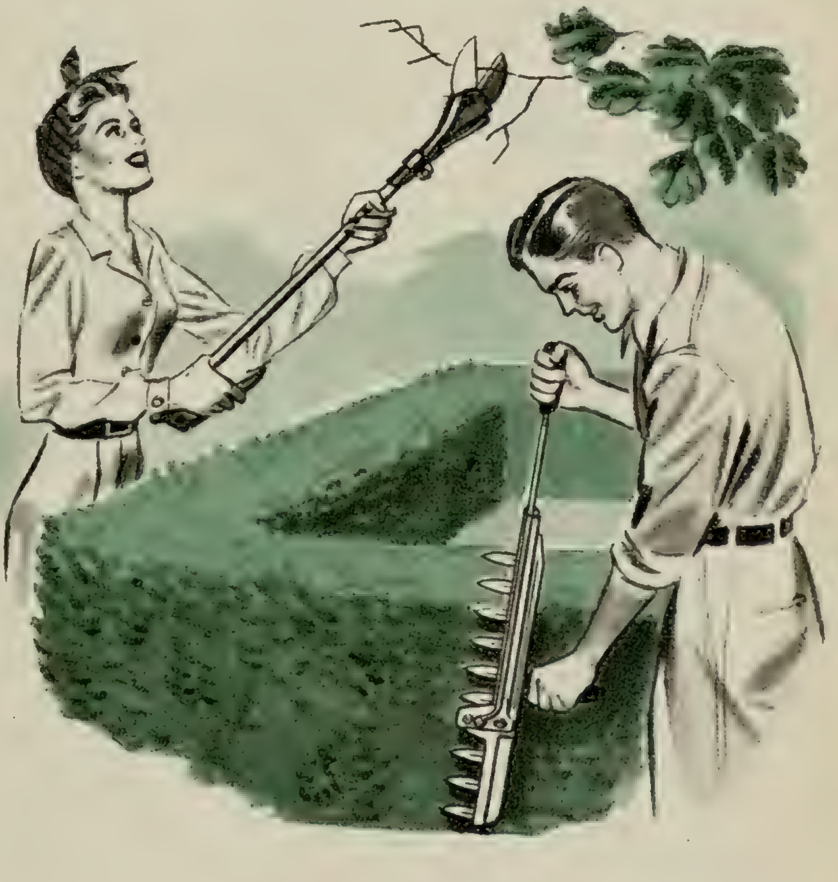
Enterprising manufacturers make it easy, even for those who persist in hands-and-knees gardening. Here's a versatile cultivating tool which works on the same principle as your hand—but produces a weedless garden with much less labor. The rubber kneeling pad is combined with rack for small tools and seeds, and handles to help you up and down.

Weedmasta: Westberg & Johnson.
Gardenade: Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.



This spray gun is a take-it-easy device which uses water pressure from the garden hose. Fill the glass jar with the proper insecticide concentrate, attach the sprayer to the hose nozzle, and pull the trigger. Your tedious hours of pumping are past history.

Insecto Gun: Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.

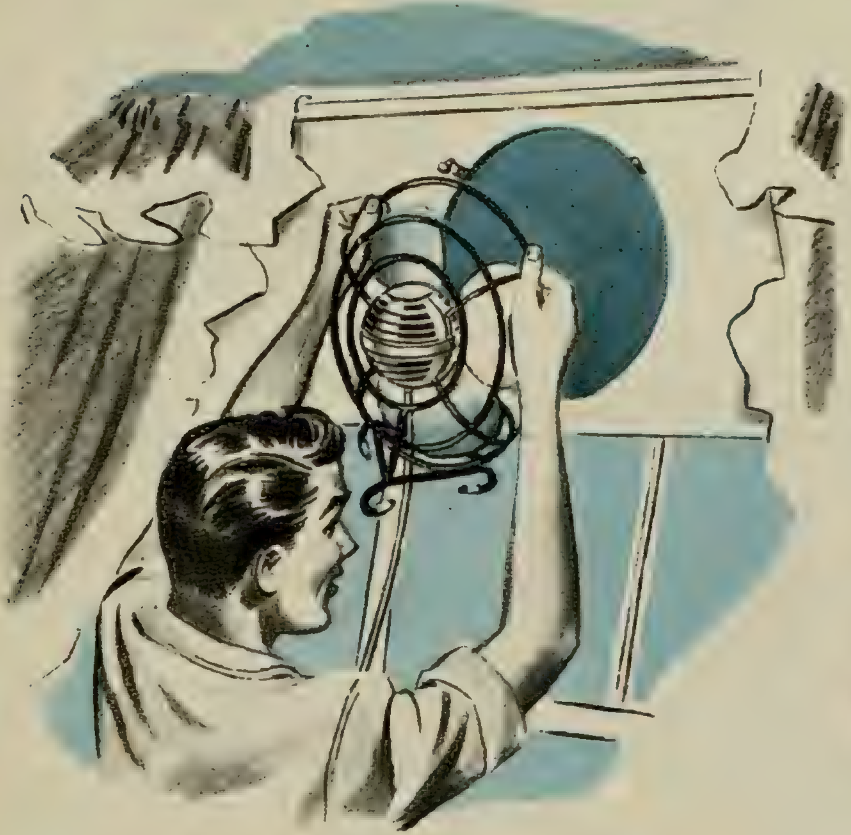


If your privet or barberry hedge is a neighborhood landmark, keep it worthy of its reputation. This trimmer is a miniature mowing machine; its blade and comb action cuts through thick, tough growths in a whistle. To keep pace with fruit trees and climbing vines without stretching, trim with this light-weight pruner in a four- or six-foot length.

Snap-Cut Pruner: Seymour Smith & Son, Inc.
Cyclone Hedge Trimmer: Chandler Machine Co.

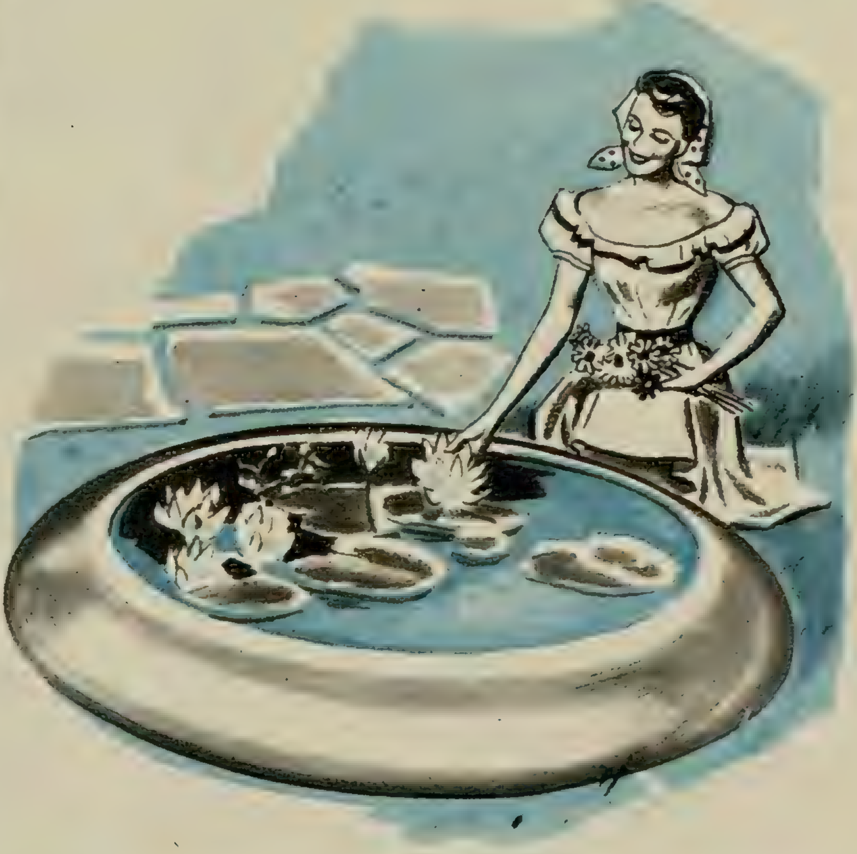
DOING NOTHING

CONTINUED



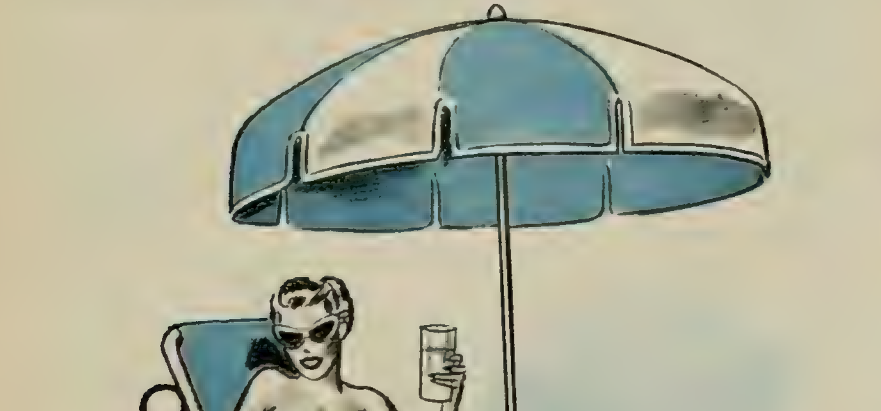
If you demand double duty from appliances, investigate this window ventilator, which adjusts to various windows and can completely change the air in an average kitchen in two minutes. Remove the snap-in fan to circulate air in other rooms, summer or winter (it will come); to dry clothes or hair.

Poweraire Window Ventilator: Westinghouse Electric Corp.



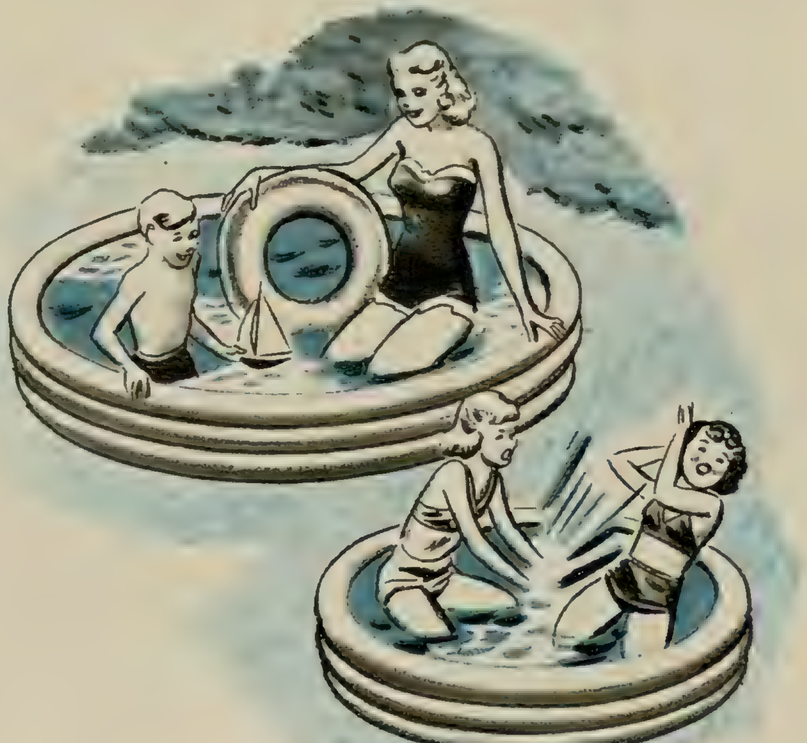
Ever yearned to experiment with aquatic plants in a lily pond? This portable 55-inch plastic pool fits into even a small yard. It inflates quickly with a garden hose, empties when its sides are pressed down, and folds compactly for storage.

Koroseal Portable Plant Pool: B. F. Goodrich Co.



Solve your juggling problems for outdoor meals and snacks with the aid of this enameled metal stand with flip-up plate and glass holders. Plunge it into the ground beside an adjustable chair of tubular aluminum and duck. Then top off your version of summer comfort with an umbrella that clamps on your loafing chair and can follow the sun around.

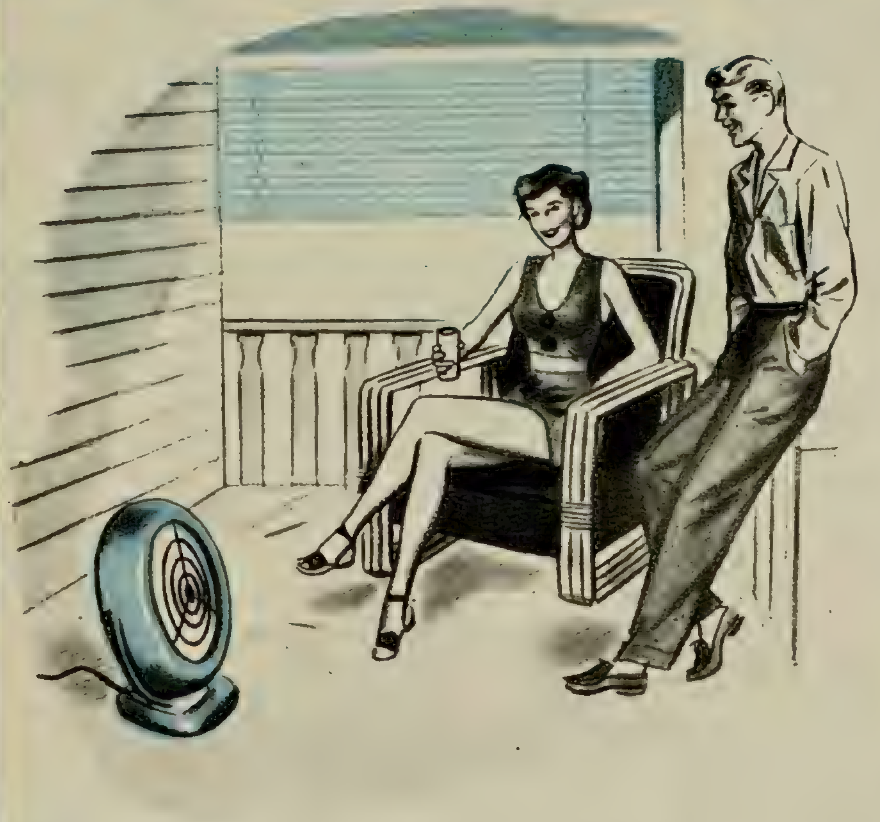
Lawn Butler: Milrose Products Co.
Chair and Atach-Al-Umbrella: Arndt Metalcraft Corp.



Less worry for parents—and more fun—if the swimming hole is virtually at the doorstep. No reason why they can't wade and splash with the kids in this plastic pool, which comes in 40-, 54-, and 72-inch sizes, deep enough for floating. No wood or metal to bruise and scratch. And when the season's over, it folds into a small package for storage.

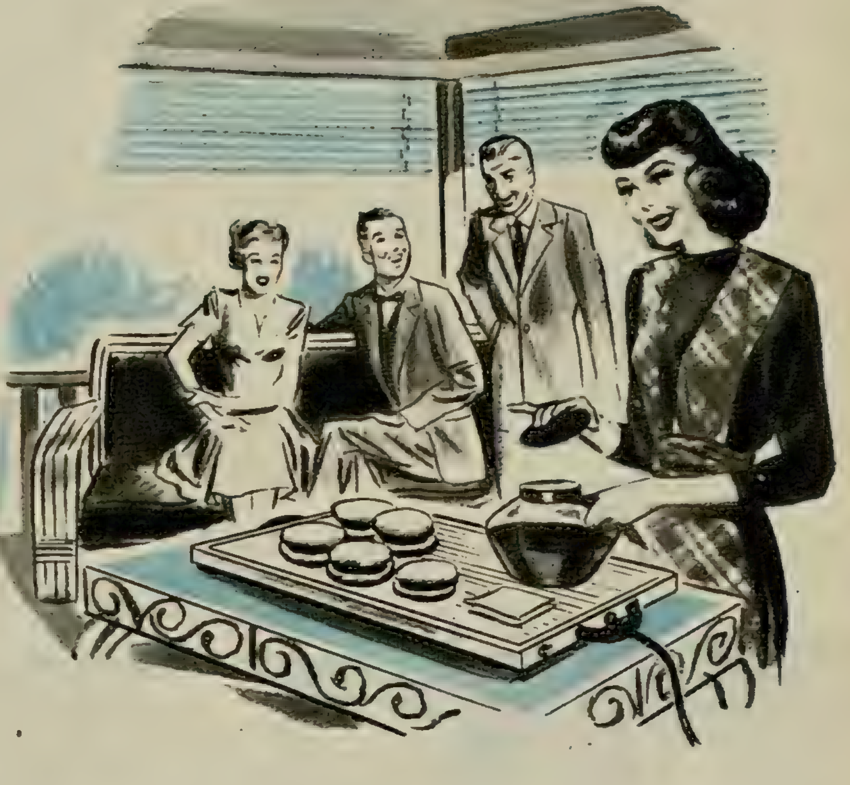
Vinylite Plastic Pool: Bilnor Corp.

NOTHING DOING



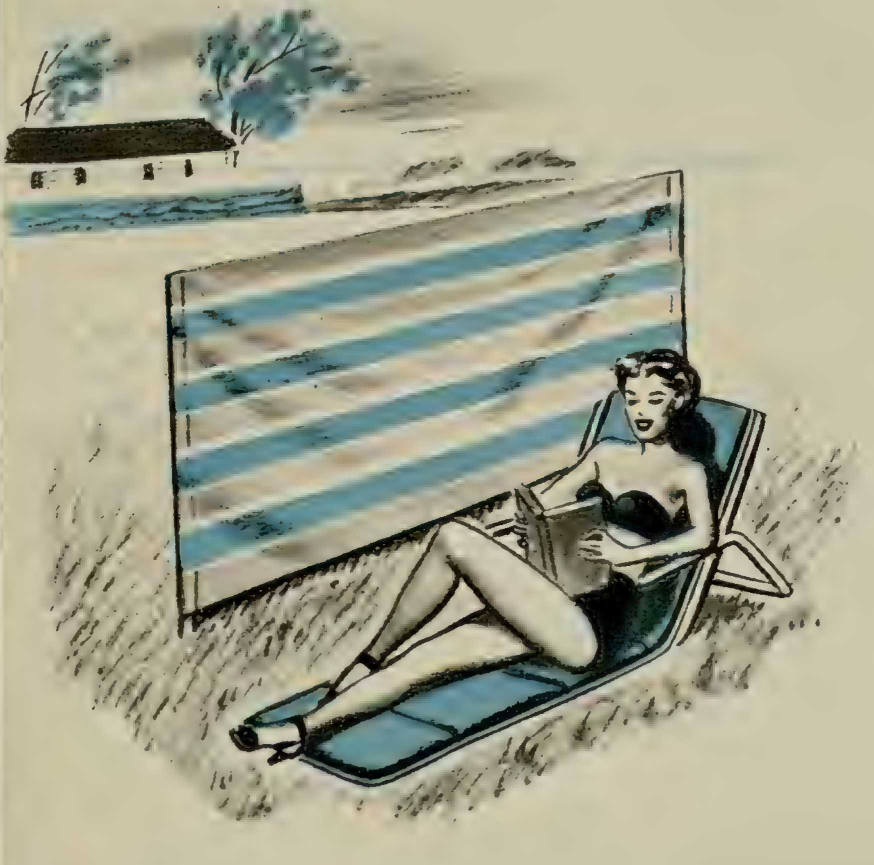
Fans should do more than just buzz and whirl. This one is actually a wind tunnel, engineered to produce more air circulation with smaller blades and less noise. It's light enough to carry around; and safe, even for the fingers of your inquisitive children.

Vernadofan: O. A. Sutton Corp.



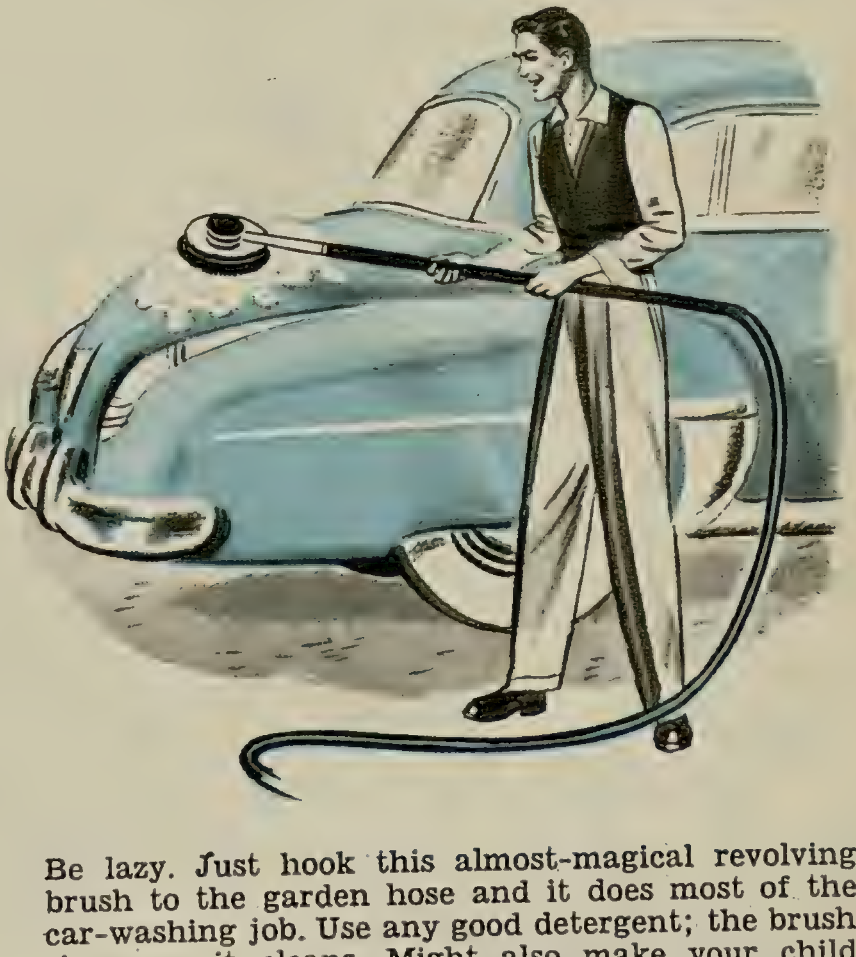
How to be a guest at your own party. Enjoy leisurely teas and worry-free meals with this new electric servant—a tray with radiant-heated glass top—at your elbow. Shatterproof glass and insulated handles keep you and your furniture safe.

HoTray: Salton Manufacturing Co.



For sun-loafing in style on your own lawn, try a padded beach back of tubular aluminum which adjusts to several angles, all of them comfortable. Folds neatly for transportation to the beach. The wind breaker, four feet by thirty inches, shelters you from too-vigorous breezes or curious onlookers.

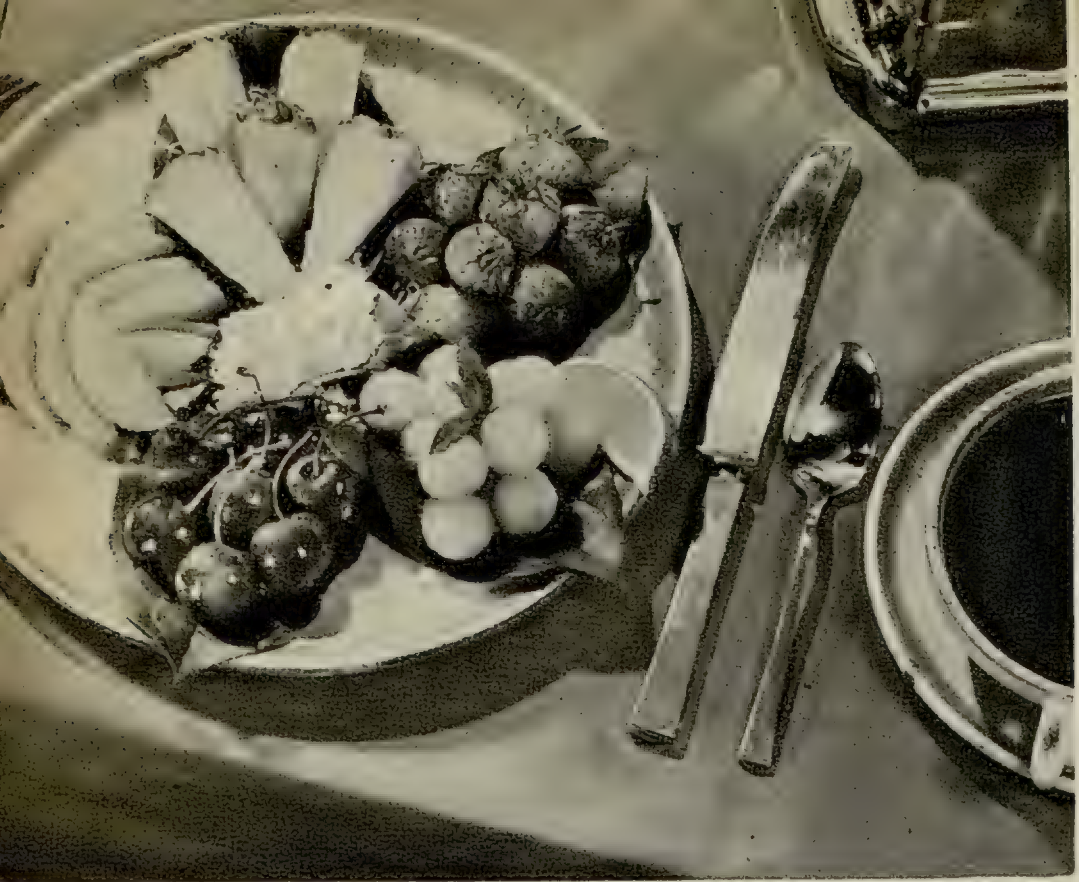
Beach Back and Wind Breaker: Arndt Metalcraft Corp.

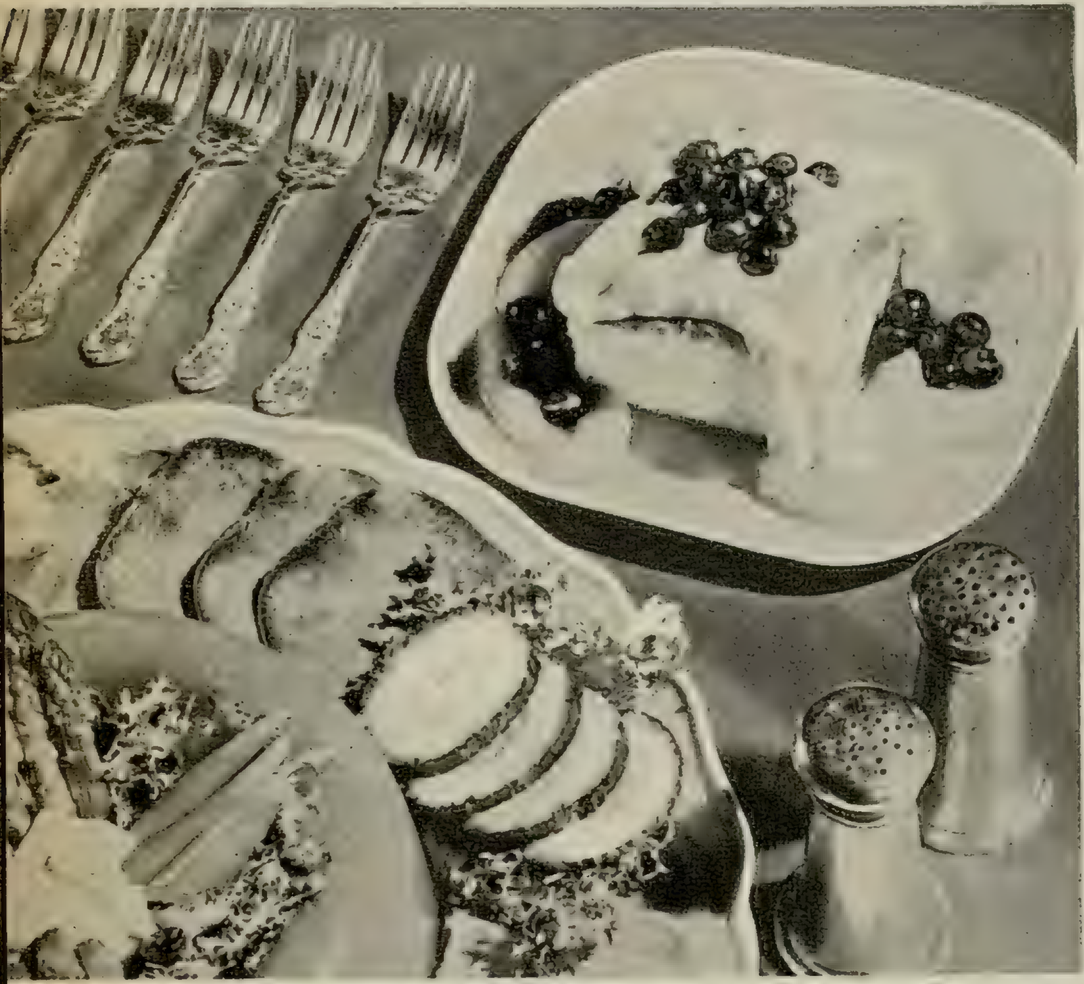


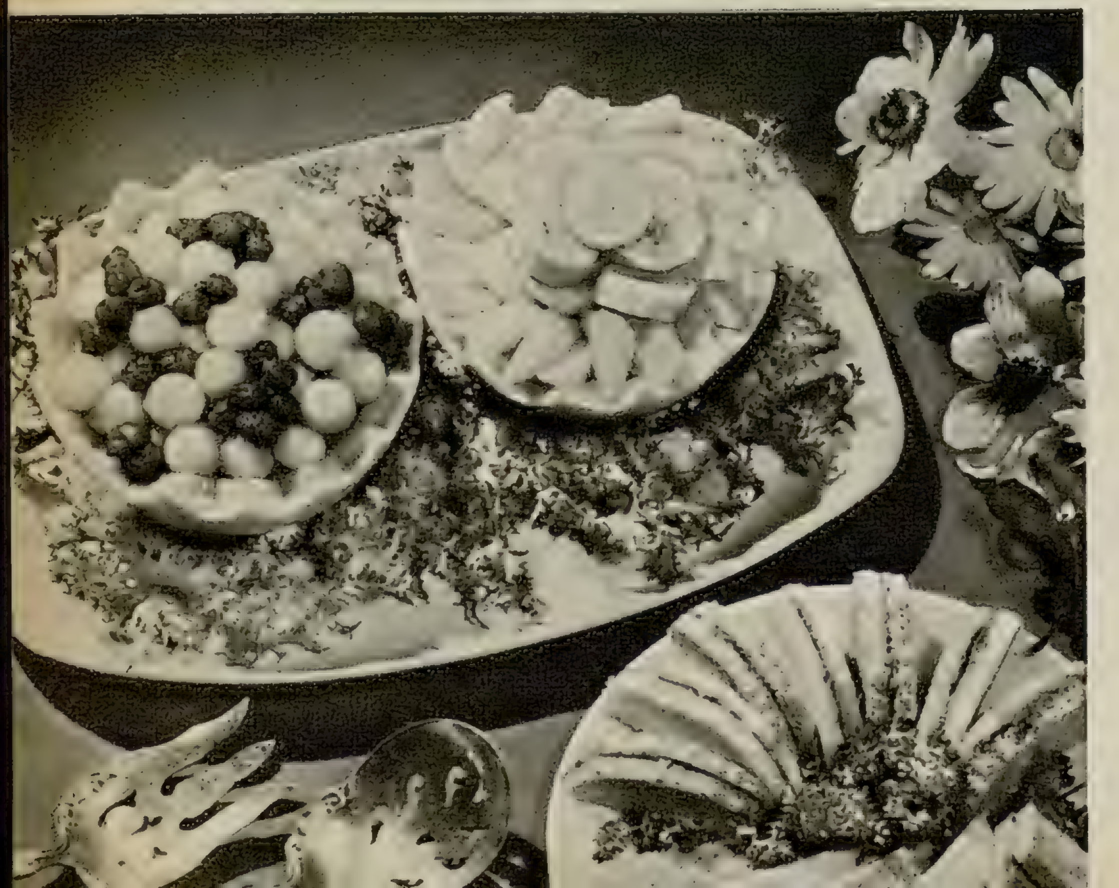
Be lazy. Just hook this almost-magical revolving brush to the garden hose and it does most of the car-washing job. Use any good detergent; the brush rinses as it cleans. Might also make your child believe porch and window washing is just a game.

Swirl-O-Matic: Melaire Distributing Co.

Drawings by Cappello.







Liberty home

SUMMER FRUITS AROUND THE CLOC

By Beulah Karney

◆ Here we are, lazing in the sun, or maybe swingi in the hammock so strategically placed betwe two sturdy trees, but *not* getting our meal wo done. One way to cope with that situation is to modern and serve fresh fruits as they come fro bush, tree, or vine.

Now, shall we plan a fruit plate for breakfas Melon balls, chilled thoroughly, wedges of fre succulent pineapple with peel left on, a mound luscious black Bing cherries, scarlet strawberri with the green hulls left on, and segments of citr fruits. They go great on a fruit plate!

There's an easy way to get membrane-free citr segments. Peel the fruit with a sharp knife. Slide t blade of the knife down along each section wall grapefruit or orange to center, then turn out t center with a twist of the knife.

If you're planning a one-dish luncheon, consid the handsome platter opposite, centered with a aspic and made hearty with salad and cold cuts. you hanker for a dessert that paves the way for fi summer laziness, I would suggest a delicate whi cake of tender crumb (made from a prepared mix covered generously with whipped cream and right chilled sliced peaches (chilled first, then sliced, ar then served, with not much time intervening), wi a garnish of plump blueberries that were put in the refrigerator but taken out ahead of time so th are cool but not cold. They have their best flav that way, I have found.

For a simple summer dinner or supper, choose melon half. They are plentiful now and good fo any meal. But learn to pick a good one. That doesn mean one that's soft at the blossom end. The be way is to see if the skin netting covers the melo thickly and stands out like a whipcord summer sui I like to give the melon a shake, too, to see if th seeds rattle. And the color should be yellow unde neath that whipcord netting. If you have picked ou a good one, chill it thoroughly, using an airtigh refrigerator bag. When ready to serve, cut in hal remove seeds, fill with any fruit and scooped-ou melon balls. If there are raspberries (red or black and if they are to be served as a dessert, add th sugar only a few minutes before serving, not so lon before as to make fine berries watery. For a mai course, all that is needed is an addition of finge sandwiches: comely cheese, or avocado, peanut o olive butter, and served with coffee or tea. I woul say hot, but I'll not quarrel with you if you sa iced, since I, too, probably will make it iced whe time rolls around.

What's a better food than fruit for this time o year? Chilled, of course, to that certain temperatur best for each individual fruit. Use your knowledg of temperature in serving fruit, as it makes all th difference in the world.

There's no need to slave over a hot stove whe July breezes *don't* blow.

Photographs by George Lazarnick.

CHOOSE A CAN OF SOUP FOR JELLIED TOMATO ASPIC

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

◆ Now the thrifty can of tomato soup appears in a completely new role to make an appetizing aspic. Canned condensed soups are being used to add interest to sauces, gravies, and ingredients for entrees.

Tomato Aspic Ring: 1 eleven-ounce can condensed cream-of-tomato soup (undiluted), ¼ cup grated celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1¼ teaspoons sugar, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, dash red pepper, 2/3 cup water, 1 bay leaf, 4 teaspoons gelatin (soaked in ½ cup cold water for 10 minutes), 2 tablespoons distilled white vinegar. Combine first 9 ingredients and heat for 10 minutes. Strain. Add soaked gelatin to hot liquid and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar. Pour into ring mold. Chill. Unmold when firm. Fill center with salad. Garnish with cold cuts. Serves 4 to 6.

Liberty home

COOL DRINKS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

TROPICAL TODDY: Combine 2 cups orange juice, 1 cup cranberry-juice cocktail, 1/4 cup sugar. Pour over ice cubes in 6 tall glasses. Stud orange slices with cloves and float on top. Serve with a plain cooky topped with pink frosting and a pecan nut meat.

ORANGE SODA: Spoon 1 1/2 ounces of frozen undiluted, concentrated orange juice into each of 4 tall glasses. Place a scoop of vanilla ice cream in each glass, fill with sparkling water. Serve with plain cooky topped with vanilla frosting and yellow sprinkles.

SPICY LIMEADE: Combine in saucepan 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon whole cloves. Stir over low heat. Remove, add juice of 6 limes. Pour equal mixture in 6 glasses over ice cubes, add sparkling water. Walnut-topped cooky with soft butter orange frosting.

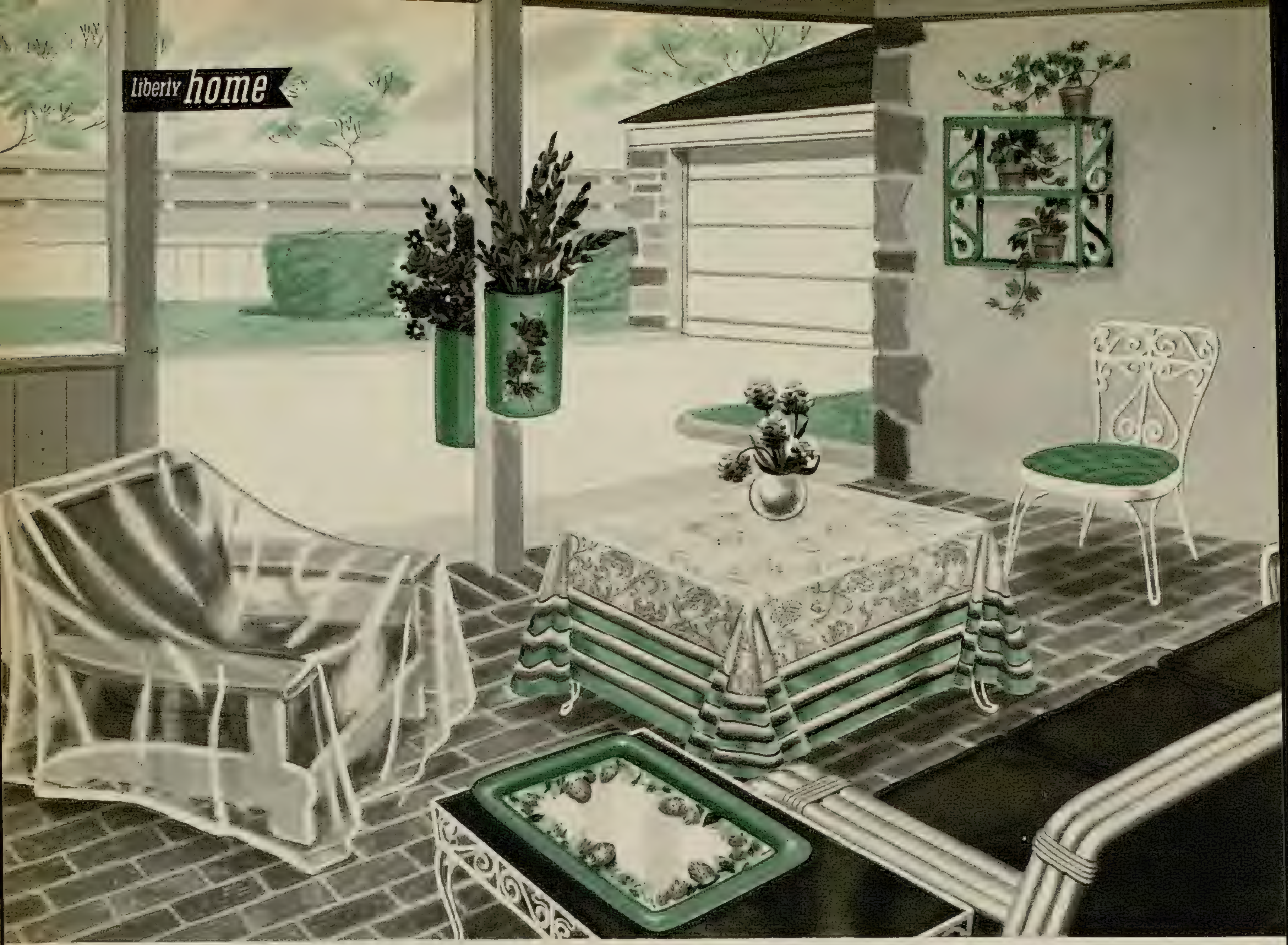
Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

Summer months are great party months for brides, for family gatherings, and visitors. Citrus fruits, tingly bottled drinks, June-fresh strawberries, scoops of ice cream, plus fizz water yield their individual goodness of thirst-quenching drinks for everyone.

COLA COOLER: Pour cola over ice cubes in tall glasses. Add a dash of orange bitters. A slice of orange floating on top lends a festive air. Serve with Cheddar-cheese sandwiches topped with a scooped-out dill pickle filled with soft Cheddar cheese and pimiento.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM SODA: Combine 1 cup fresh strawberries (or fruit in season) with a little mlik. Divide among 5 glasses. Add ½ cup of orange juice to each glass. Top with large spoonful of ice cream and serve with cream-cheese sandwiches tinted green.

PINK "CHAMPAGNE": Combine grapefruit juice and ginger ale to taste. Pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. Add enough grenadine to tint pink. Sugar syrup may be added for variety and according to taste. Serve square-cut sandwiches of peanut butter and honey.



DECORATING for under ten dollars...

By L. L.-Christensen

◆ Transform your beat-up, worn-out, and faded porch into a new, gay, and frivolous outdoor room. Fasten hand-decorated metal containers to a wall, and fill them with the garden's bounty of color.

To complement the containers, hang shelves of similar material and fill with ornaments.

Make use of the new plastic covers. They are almost endless in their variety and are most practical for outdoor living. These covers are made of transparent plastic and, to insure long wearing, the seams are fastened by an electronic heat-sealed method. The bright, fresh colors of your porch slip covers show through the crystal plastic without dimming. The furniture covers tie at the corners so you may sleep calmly if a high wind comes up during the night. Protect a chair or couch with an extra-large moisture-proof cover. For a faded chair that's not good enough to use uncovered, buy a cover that fits. Quilted plastic seat covers are a thrifty answer to mismated chairs. A plastic table cover keeps a table attractive at mealtime and between meals.

The total effect of the rustproof, moisture-proof metal and plastic product is a homey, budget-balanced extra room for summer living at its most delightful.

1 plastic cover for table (54 by 54)	$1.50
1 "Tailor-Fit" slip cover for chair Protective Covers, Inc.	3.98
1 plastic slip-on cover for chair Sealtuft	1.00
1 metal wall shelf	2.29
2 metal baskets at 39 cents	.78
1 metal tray	.39
	$9.94

Prices are approximate.

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice.
- ☐ How to Make a Sunbonnet: paper pattern and directions .... 10 cents
- ☐ Cool Summer Recipes from Canned Soups ..... } 10 cents
- ☐ Cool Summer Drinks .... }
- ☐ Your Porch—How to Add Outdoor Living to Your Home (Available to readers upon request)

Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Please enclose stamps.

ves listed by the Sun in 1947 were ill on the payroll this year.

It is difficult to detect relatives ith surnames different from those the congressmen, and the actual irden of in-laws which the gov-nment is carrying may be much gher than indicated.

The Senate does not make public s clerk-hire records, but the Con-essional Directory reveals that x senators have close relatives as heir administrative assistants at a 0,330 maximum salary, or as their ecretaries. A petition has been cir-ulated this year to give each rep-esentative likewise a $10,330 as-stant in addition to his clerk hire.

Some of the wives nominally arry on correspondence from the ongressmen's homes, or paste up ippings at home or in the office. o doubt some of these relatives re competent office workers and erform a real service for their con-ressmen, but the general effect of epotism is waste and inefficiency.

Mine is virtually the only voice hat has been lifted against nepo-ism in Washington in six years.

There was no word on the subject n the report of the La Follette-onroney Committee (Joint Com-ittee on the Organization of Con-ress) in 1946, although it was uthorized to study, among other hings, the employment and re-uneration of Congressional em-loyees, and brought about passage f the Legislative Reorganization ct of that year. The only reference o nepotism in its hearings came in statement by Dr. Benjamin B. Vallace, member of the committee n Congress of the American Politi-al Science Association, who said he practice was one reason Con-ress receives less popular respect han the Supreme Court.

Nor have I found a single reference to nepotism in the voluminous eports issued this year by the Hoover Commission (Commission n Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government).

◆ As attorney general of North Dakota, as governor of that state, and as U. S. senator, I have never appointed a relative to a job under me. A nephew of mine had been appointed by my predecessor as governor, but I had him removed from the payroll. I succeeded in getting a law passed in North Dakota which prohibited the head of any state executive or administrative department from appointing his wife, son, daughter, brother, or sister to a job. This was one factor that enabled us to cut expenses of the state from $11,400,000 to $5,400,000 per biennium.

The North Dakota farmers used to like an illustration of nepotism which I used in speeches, and which indeed once helped elect me governor. A big Duroc-Jersey sow, as I used to say, has a litter of 17, but she can accommodate only 14 for dinner at a time. You find her lying up against the sunny side of the barn one morning, and three pigs aren't getting any nourishment, so you try to pull off one of the fattest. You pull and you pull. Finally the fat pig comes loose, and it sets up a terrible squealing. That, I used to tell the farmers, is just the way a relative squeals when he is pulled off a public payroll.

A now-forgotten book by the late Raymond Clapper recounts that in 1932 (a time of great unemployment) at least 133 representatives and 37 senators had relatives on the payrolls. In the Seventy-second Congress, of which he was Speaker, John Nance Garner had his wife and son both on the rolls. The son, Tully Garner, president of the State Bank of Uvalde, Texas, drew $91.66 a month as a clerk in the House, and his father explained that his son was his contact man in Texas. Mrs. Garner, who had long worked in her husband's office, drew $325 a month. The Democratic leader of the Senate, Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, had five relatives listed among his secretaries. One was a brother-in-law who was a Little Rock banker, also described as a contact man in the home state.

◆ The late Henry T. Rainey, a Speaker of the House, was another prominent congressman whose wife served as his secretary.

It was discovered that some representatives had an agreement to hire one anothers' wives.

Representative J. R. Mitchell of Tennessee several times introduced anti-nepotism bills. In 1932 he defeated another Tennessean partly because the man had had his wife, two daughters, and a son in government jobs at various times. One of Mitchell's bills got as far as a hearing in 1936, and the transcript is revealing.

The bill would have made it unlawful for the President, any Supreme Court justice or other official to appoint a relative within the third degree, or to swap appointments with others, under penalty of a fine and forfeiture of his job. Mitchell, pressed by hostile committee members at the hearing, admitted that it would throw Mrs. Garner out of her job. Her husband was by then Vice-President. Representative William P. Connery of Massachusetts, who was present, said he had his brother on his roll at $2,500 a year, and defended the appointment vigorously. Representative Simon M. Hamlin of Maine also revealed that his wife was on his roll. The bill, of course, was not reported out.

Poverty is sometimes assigned as the reason for giving jobs to the family. In 1945 President Truman, urging raises for all members of Congress, told a news conference that he had had to make Mrs. Truman his secretary while he was in the Senate in order to meet his bills. He had never attempted to conceal it, and it had been a campaign issue.

Since he spoke, pay of senators and representatives has been increased to $12,500, plus a nontaxable expense allowance of $2,500 and a retirement system has been set up. The Reorganization Bill provided an administrative assistant for each senator at $10,330 a year.

Senate clerk-hire totals vary with the population of the states, from $23,880 to $32,400 as a base, but various increases and allowances raise this considerably, and the actual figure depends on the number of clerks and their base rates of pay. The administrative assistant's compensation is extra.

Each representative has a flat base allowance of $9,500 a year for clerk hire. He is limited to $5,000 base pay for any one individual, but the various increases and allowances raise this $5,000 to $7,352. The sliding scale for the House is applied to base salary as follows:

1. Twenty per cent increase of first $1,200; 10 per cent additional between $1,200 and $4,000, with a further increase of 5 per cent between $4,600 and $5,000.
2. In addition to the increases mentioned in paragraph 1, an additional 14 per cent or a flat $250 a year should be applied, whichever is the greater, but in no case more than 25 per cent.
3. A further additional increase of 10 per cent over all is then added to the total salary arrived at after applying the increases in paragraphs 1 and 2.
4. A still further addition of $330 is then added to the total after applying the increases in paragraphs 1, 2, and 3.

◆ The Civil Service law has, I believe, largely eliminated nepotism from the federal administrative departments. The states have done better than the federal government in curbing nepotism. Nineteen states have anti-nepotism laws. They are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas, and Utah. Indiana and Louisiana repealed their anti-nepotism laws, and Nebraska repealed part of hers. Alaska and Puerto Rico have certain restrictions.

I can only hope that eventually the public will bring pressure to bear on Congress and that my law, or one just as strong, will put an end to nepotism in all branches of the federal government. This should bring more efficient service and eventual savings for taxpayers. ◆ ◆

SECOND CHANCE *Continued from page 17*

with subtlety. "Well," he said, "the day's wasting, and here we sit being metaphysical. Perhaps we're both right."

"From you, that's quite a concession." Bill Morgan's grin was for John Allison and Terry both. He clambered ponderously to his feet. "We'd best get rolling. This kid here can't stand two seconds in the same place." He inspected the brown-and-yellow nymph, the simulated water creature at his leader point, and as he looked down at Terry the humor creases deepened in his face. "Good job, laddie," he said. "When'd you learn the Turle knot?"

"Last winter," Terry said. "Dad kept me practicing."

Bill Morgan grunted. "I'll bet!" he said. "You two will want to fish together. I'll ease up the creek."

He tramped off along the shingle bar, his fine old fly rod wagging in his hand. Looking after him, John Allison knew a pang that was almost a stirring of conscience. He was a man of few friends, and ever since their law-school days big Bill Morgan had been closer to him than anyone save Laura, his wife. Perhaps Bill had been even closer than Laura these last few years. They'd bickered, as friends do, but never with any sharpness, not even the time he'd had the big brown trout of Deer-Lick Pool whipped to a fare-you-well, and Bill, surging in unasked to net the fish, had snagged the fly in his net.

Today, somehow, it had been different. But Terry, he was convinced, had the instincts of an angler, and it mattered tremendously to John Allison that those instincts be steered into the proper channels. Ever since the boy was born, that picture had been in his mind: father and son working Forty-Mile Creek together. The fact that any such comradeship had been missing from his own harsh boyhood made the dream all the dearer.

Terry's voice, taut with anticipation, brought him back. "Can we start now, dad?"

"Yes, Terry," John Allison said, and smiled at his son. "It's time to start."

◆

The alders above the freshet-scoured bars still wore the pale and tender green of early season. John Allison, his own rod grounded between his hobnailed wading brogues, stood well back from the water and watched Terry take position in the shallow riffle below the bridge pool. Terry's chest waders were custom built. So was his bobtailed brown fishing jacket, its multiple pockets bulging with fly boxes and minor paraphernalia selected in the course of the winter. His rod was a made-to-order marvel of split Tonkin cane, seven feet long and scarcely three ounces in weight.

His equipment was the best, and John Allison had no doubts as to his son's capabilities. Terry could already lay a good cast—hours of instruction and practice on indoor pools had insured that. Still, the tension in him sent his hand groping for cigarettes. Live water was different, and it was Terry's first cast over live water, and John Allison wanted it to be good.

And it was going to be. Terry worked out line expertly. His back cast unrolled gracefully behind him, there was the instant of timed check; then the tapered line drifted forward, loop opening, leader straightening to lay the fan-wing Royal Coachman lightly on the water.

◆

It was early for the dry fly, but John Allison had wanted it that way too. In later years Terry would be glad to remember that his first cast had been made with a floater. The fan wing coasted down a glassy slick, past the dark and fishy shadow of the bridge buttress. A slant of heavier current caught it, and it bounced saucily, wings cocked. Terry let it finish its ride, then at the precise instant for recovery, picked line and leader neatly off.

His second cast was laid with the same well-ordered precision, and John Allison drew comfortably on his cigarette. A rise here at the edge of the highway was not to be expected, but that was just as well. A slow start would help the boy learn patience.

In his narrow and rather lonely life, John Allison had found that few of his hopes reached fruition unmarred. He had believed his marriage would be the exception, but the years had brought an increasing sense of lack and disappointment. This time, though, he was not to be cheated. Sunlight filtering through the alder tops laid a frayed mantle across the boy's shoulders. The riffle around him ran molten sunlight, the shaded pool above was near black by contrast. It was the picture John Allison had carried in his mind since Terry was a baby, and its realization was faithful to the dream.

Almost faithful. The boy had turned his head and was searching the far branches while his fly drifted past the shadow of the buttress. Under it the dark water blossomed suddenly, but his rod wrist gave no answering lift. Current carried the drowned fly past the hot spot, and John Allison flicked away his cigarette.

"Terry," he called, "you missed a rise."

"Huh?" The boy looked startled, guilty. "Gee, I'm sorry. I was watching a squirrel over there."

"One has to concentrate." John Allison walked down toward him, careful not to silhouette himself against the pool. "Remember what I told you, son. Fishing a stream is like piecing a puzzle together. Yo can't afford to let your wits wander, not for a second."

"I'll remember," Terry said. "I was a black squirrel, dad. I neve saw a blacky before." He was wading out, rod slanted across his forearm. "You try here. Maybe he'll bit for you."

"Bullheads bite," John Alliso told him. "Trout rise. No, Terr I'm not fishing today. I'll stick t coaching you." They stood in th edge of the riffle with minnows bol around their brogues, and Joh Allison said, "That fish you rose It might come to a smaller, darke pattern, say, in a quarter hour. W can rest it and try again, or w can move on. It's for you to decide.

"Then let's move on," Terry sai promptly. "I'd kind of like to watc how Mr. Morgan fishes."

It was the wrong answer. Bil Morgan, with all respect to his lov of the game, could never be calle a stylist. His fly boxes were alway in a chaotic jumble, his castin was a joke in which he share heartily. When they found Bill h was likely as not to be drowning worm or kicking a mess of bai grubs from a rotten log.

Still, he had given Terry freedom of choice.

It was a minor flaw in the picture, but irritating enough to kee John Allison silent as they mounte to the creekside trail and trudge west on packed and footfall-deadening black earth beneath the lac alder shade. Bill Morgan was ahea of them somewhere, sloshing hi way from pool to pool, and h couldn't quite rid his mind of Bill's pronouncement at the bridge. He had said nothing, even to Bill, of the widening breach between Laura and himself, and he knew his wife well enough to be sure she would drop no hint. Bill's words had only their surface meaning. He was simply indulging his sentimentality with one of his overflorid comparisons.

◆

A stream and a woman—foolish talk, to be expected of a man who took lodge ritual seriously, who, in spite of his boasted hardheadedness in his profession, had spent money and time fighting the move to keep this choicest stretch of Forty-Mile from club ownership. Such an attitude was mere silliness in men who, like Bill Morgan and himself, could well afford club fees, and he had told Bill so.

"Sure," Bill had answered. "We'd have a lot better fishing. But how about the Sunday sport with the five-buck outfit? How about the young ones? Dammit, man, they've got to have somewhere to fish!"

"You talk like a politician," he'd told Bill, half amusedly but with more heat than he usually displayed.

"Maybe I do," Bill had come back

him, "but I remember what it s like to be a kid, and sometimes, help me, Johnny, I'm convinced u were born forty years old."

They'd let it go at that, and the ue was still hanging fire. But en it came to a decision, John ison knew how he would vote, let l Morgan flourish his overideal- ic concepts of democracy as he st certainly would.

One thing—even if the Sunday ng continued to enjoy the free- m of the stream, the big brownie Deer-Lick Pool was unlikely to l victim to their tactics. He had rvived five seasons in the great stream hole he had made his n, and had a veteran's wisdom in e matter of baits and lures.

Terry's voice startled John Alli- n: "There's Mr. Morgan, dad. Up the bend."

They found Bill sunk to his belly a churning run. He had switched a wet fly large and bright enough be visible at fifty feet, and was otting it on a short line into the e of boulders that ripped froth om the stream. Even as they came vel with him; his rod arched and e backed shoreward clumsily, tow- g a half-pounder behind him.

Bill unhooked the fish, a stripe- ded rainbow. He broke its neck ith his thumbnail and admired s wet-shining green and black nd crimson in his hand. His rich huckle rumbled out. "Nice start oward lunch," he said, with a grin r Terry. "How are you two doing?"

"Blanked so far," John Allison aid. "Terry missed one rise at the ridge. We came straight up from here."

Quick color tinged Terry's face. ill said surprisedly, "You should ave fished along. I skipped two oles out of every three for you."

"We can fish them on the way own," John Allison said and forced smile. "Terry decided he wanted o watch you in action, Bill."

Bill's grumble could not conceal his self-conscious pleasure. "Ba- oney," he said. "Laddie, you'll learn lot more watching your old man. He's the original trout-catching machine." He laid down his rod, carelessly, so that the reel clattered on the pebbles. "Come on. You splash in here with Uncle William. I left a couple of nice ones behind those rocks."

"Can I, dad?" Terry shook his blond cowlick back from his forehead. His eyes were shining.

"Of course," John Allison said. "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

◆

They shoved their way quartering into the rush of current, the bulky bear-shaped man and the boy, slight even in his heavy waders. As the full thrust of the rapid met them, Bill Morgan closed a steadying hand on Terry's elbow, and Terry tilted a spray-wet face to laugh up at him. John Allison felt a stab of sharp and simple jealousy. Terry was his. Training him wasn't Bill's privilege or duty. It should be his father whom Terry laughed up at with the spray shining on his cheeks.

The aloneness which had always haunted John Allison closed around him again. He lit a cigarette and was smoking it without pleasure when Terry's excitement-honed yelp swung his attention back to the stream.

The boy was into a fish, and all instruction, every scrap of precept and training, had deserted him. He was surging toward shore with a foot-long rainbow dancing and bouncing like an animated sliver of sunshine at the end of his leader. He staggered, thrown off balance by a rolling rock, and his rod whipped into a hoop, then straightened abruptly. With a feeling oddly akin to pleasure, John Allison saw the boy's mouth pull down at the corners, ecstasy changing in one swift transition to despair.

"I—I lost him!"

"Tough luck, kid," Bill Morgan told him comfortingly and whacked the drooping shoulders. "But don't let that throw you. Happens even to the best of us sometimes. Let me tell you 'bout the day at Deer-Lick your old man and me lost—"

"You held him altogether too hard, Terry." John Allison knew his voice was oversharp, slicing like a knife across Bill's drawl. "You pointed the rod straight at him. Son, fine gut won't stand that treatment. You lost your head, forgot all I've tried to teach you."

"Me," Bill Morgan said, "I still lose my head. Bet there isn't a trip I don't at least once r'ar back on a fish." He scrubbed Terry's scalp with heavy knuckles. "Don't scold him, Johnny. It's bad enough, losing your first trout."

It was spray on the boy's cheeks. John Allison was sure of that. Baby him as she might, Laura hadn't been able to turn his son into a sissy. But in the moment he yearned unreasonably to go to Terry, where he stood disconsolate, to sling an arm around him, knuckle his head as Bill had done and tell him it didn't matter. Instead he said stiffly, "All right. There will be others. Tie on a new fly."

"Should I put the same one back on?" Terry asked. He did not look up and his voice was curiously thick. "The fan-wing Coachman?"

"Wasn't that what you were using?"

"I switched flies for him out there," Bill said. "Floater isn't worth a damn in those potholes. I put him on a good big juicy wet Alexander."

◆

Tinsel body, wing of garish red and green. A minnow imitation so poorly regarded by proper anglers that on the well-ordered English streams the man who fished it was considered no better than a poacher. But it wasn't the fly, or the minor vexations of the morning, or even the sense of another flaw in the cherished picture. It was much more than these, John Allison knew. It was regret, galling and bitter, for what life had denied him, for the harsh years that had crowded him early into a mold from which he seemed never quite able to break free.

"He's my son, not yours," John Allison said sharply. "Bill, I know you mean well, but I wish you'd mind your own business!"

He knew he would regret those words as long as he lived. But they were out now, and it was a strange, even frightening thing to see their effect on the loud hearty man who had been his friend for over fifteen years. Bill Morgan's face lost some of its bricky color. The humor grooves seemed to flatten slowly, leaving him with the look of a younger, much harder man.

"I'll do that, John," he said in a

LIBERTY

"Will you put another worm on for me, dear?"

ROY WILLIAMS

LIBERTY

"I'm sorry, darling!"

gentle, very quiet voice. "I'll start as from now."

He picked up his fly rod and plowed cross-stream.

Go after him, John Allison urged himself. *Tell him you're sorry.* But his own stiff and uncompromising nature held him there, while Bill lumbered into the brush without a backward glance.

Terry had made no move to replace the fly. He said, out of the heavy silence, "Maybe you'll fish the next hole, dad." His face wore a wooden guarded expression which John Allison had seen it assume often before. "I guess I shouldn't have come," Terry said. "I guess I'm sort of spoiling your day."

"You're not," John Allison told him vehemently. "Please don't think that, son. It's only that I want to get you off to a good start—you know I've been looking forward to this for years."

"Me, too," Terry said, without conviction. "But I wish you'd fish the next hole all the same."

John Allison did fish the next pool. It was a rectangular basin, nicely overhung on the opposite bank, with an even flow of current through its length. He took a ten-inch brown on his second drift, a match in size for Bill Morgan's rainbow, then dried and oiled his fly and began to cast again, without enjoyment or anticipation.

Three floats later the fly disappeared in a quiet dimple near the end of its ride. The surging weight as he cocked his wrist told John Allison he was into what might well be the trout of the season. He played it precisely, giving line when the safety of his leader demanded it, allowing no unnecessary slack. When the fish was beaten and exhausted, its broad side gleaming on the surface, he shrugged his landing-net loop off his shoulder. But as he raised the rod higher the hook disengaged without wrench or flurry, and the heavy brown wavered away into the sunshot crystal of the basin. Small compared to the Deer-Lick trout, but an easy three-pounder for all that.

A judgment on me, John Allison thought, reeling in his slack line. *A judgment, and I deserved it.* Perverse satisfaction displaced the automatic pang at a good trout lost. For Terry to see that his father could also lose a fish was much better than any awkward apology he might make to the boy. And perhaps Bill Morgan might even accept the account of that loss as a peace offering.

"Now we're even," John Allison called to Terry, behind him somewhere on the bar. "We've each fluffed one."

He turned, smiling, and Terry wasn't there. The bar was empty, shimmering in noon heat.

John Allison clipped his draggled fly into the keeper ring on his rod butt and plodded on upstream. The boy was nowhere in sight along a three-hundred-yard stretch of fairly open creek. He tried to keep his anxiety down, but it swelled in spite of him. There were rapids ahead too heavy for a ten-year-old's legs, and if the boy should be tumbled into one of the deeper holes, the weight of his flooded waders would drag him down. He thought of Laura, seeing her face at the news, and broke into a stumbling trot.

Around the next bend he saw Terry's rod leaning against a stump. His leather-bound creel was beside it, with his jacket pushed under the lid. An apprehensive glance cross-creek picked the boy up immediately. He had found a late trillium patch at the edge of the alder swamp and was filling his hat with the blooms.

Terry got up from his knees at John Allison's shout. About him was the look of a wary and startl fawn. Then, slowly, holding t hatful of wax-white flowers in bo hands, he splashed through t thin-spread glitter of the riffle.

"I thought mother'd like thes he said. His face was still wood and he spoke defensively, in h voice the coolness of a hurt n yet forgotten. "She asked me watch for some."

"Look," John Allison said, reli sharpening his own voice. "You here with me to fish, Terry; not wander about like a baby, picki posies." He said curtly, "If you mu take those things home, dump the here by this stump. You can r cover them on our way down."

"I don't want to fish," Terry sai He was standing solidly, faci John Allison squarely. "Mother to me it would be fun, fishing wi you. I thought it would be too, b it isn't." His voice rushed on, brok and breathless. "You're—you're ju like you are in town. All you do boss people around." His eyes fill and his face crumpled sudden and he sobbed with a bitterne that made each word a blow again John Allison's heart: "You're nev happy just letting people have fu I wish Mr. Morgan was my fathe not you!"

He swung up his creel. His han small and square, groped for h fly rod. The carefully chosen tra pings looked out of place on hi suddenly—man's gear on a chil Head down, he blundered off.

◆

There was a weakness in Joh Allison's knees and his mouth wa cotton dry. The boy was an ingrat he tried to tell himself. He lacke appreciation or even a son's natur affection. Any boy who spoke s to his father should be whipped a a matter of duty. It was Laura fault, her softness was responsibl a barrier to proper discipline an training.

But it didn't work. He lowere himself to a ridged root at the bas of the stump and sat there wit sunshine bland on his back. He sa Bill Morgan's red fishing shirt a the next bend, watched Terry com up to him and the two move on to gether out of his sight.

Sitting there, more alone tha he had ever been in his life, Joh Allison forced his thoughts bac from this day's catastrophe. In hi past were doors he preferred t keep barred because of the pai that lurked behind them; deliber ately now he opened the door o the most hateful memory of then all.

He had been five years older tha Terry, well grown for his age, anc his father had put him to hayin in the creek meadow with the hirec man. At noon—a hotter noon tha this, with thunderheads piled hig in the south—he had slipped off t the creek, unable any longer to resist the pull of amber water singing through the shade. Time was fortten there. He caught three trout, d returned to the meadow with e sun well over his shoulder, cer- in of punishment as he was of under to come. His father had me down with the wagon and was iting for him. He saw the hired n's sadist grin, felt his father's ger rushing out to envelop him ile he was still a wagon's length om that flinty pious man.

He remembered the cracking of e belt across his shoulders, the dden hardness of sweated ash in s fists, the hired man's urgent ll: "Watch 'im! He's got the rk!"

There had been no more beat- gs. When his mother died the xt year, he left the farm and ver returned, not even for his ther's funeral. He had laid his osts, or so he thought, trans- uting his deep-grained rebellion to the drive which made him a ccess in corporation law while e was still young. Now, though, he ew his ghosts had marched with m, reaching out for those things ost precious to him. They had anged a trout stream into a prob- m to be solved pool by pool rough single-minded application. hey had stripped Forty-Mile of e magic which had made running ater his solace and delight as a oy. They had given his friendship ith Bill Morgan what might well e a mortal twist, and Laura was lipping away from him, and he ad lost his son.

◆

It was a bitter total. The weight f it kept John Allison there, care- ss of the passing of time, until he long shadows of the alders were ver the stream. Terry and Bill hould be coming down.

He was not concerned about the oy's safety. *He's in good hands,* ohn Allison thought as he got up tiffly from the root. *In better hands han mine.*

Still, the loneliness in him goaded im on up Forty-Mile. That and a ope that having at last taken full easure of his failure, he might till recover something from the reckage.

Bats were a-wing when he stepped ut of the tunnel of the trail to water-worn rock at the head of eer-Lick Pool. He heard Bill Mor- gan before he saw him:

"Over here."

Then he located Terry, ten feet farther down the opposite beach. The boy stood motionless, leaning back a little, and against the green sky of evening his rod showed in a straining bow. The line ran tight and straight on a long slant to mid-pool, as if it were fast out there to a snag.

"Terry!" Bill Morgan called. "We have to get him moving. I'll heave a rock. That'll stir him, if he hasn't tied you round a root." Briefly he said to John Allison, "Kid's into the big guy. Been working on him a quarter hour."

"Let me," John Allison said. He stooped and scrabbled up a stone the size of his two fists, and lobbed it toward where the thrumming line cut the stream.

The boy's reel began to tick, slowly at first, then with a rising clatter, for toward the other side the great trout rolled heavily, shattering the surface.

"Too tired to jump," Bill Morgan said. "We'll land him yet, by golly!"

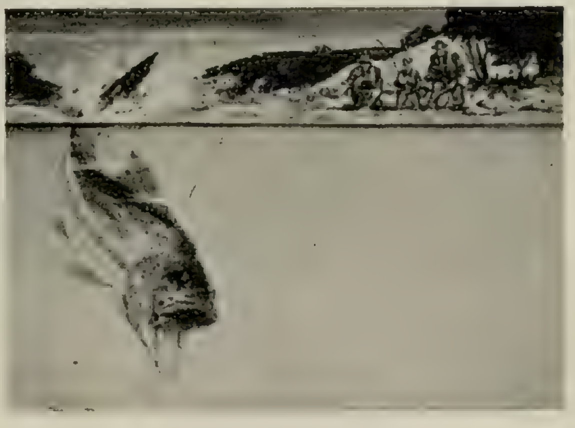
Advice and admonition bubbled in John Allison, but he kept his mouth tight. He moved down closer, till he was standing near enough to see his son's intent white face, upper lip nipped in his teeth, scowl deep between his eyes. Terry must have fallen. His waders bulged with their weight of water.

In a shaking voice Terry said, "I'm scared to pull him in. I'm going to lose him."

"We'll help you." John Allison heard his own voice going out to his son. "But it doesn't matter, Terry. If you lose him, it doesn't matter."

"Slap it to him, kid," Bill Morgan said hoarsely. "Hard now! He's just about pooped out."

The boy leaned into the slim rod, and the big brown surfaced again. His tail flapped once like the abrupt clapping of hands, then he came in unresisting till his canted side scraped gravel.



All his weight and the last of his strength went into a final panic flurry. John Allison heard a tiny sound, the *ping* of the breaking leader.

He flung himself forward. Bill Morgan was wallowing beside him, flailing with his landing net, and Terry's voice was a screech behind them. John Allison stabbed yet again with his right hand. He felt the slippery cold of the trout's flank, then his hooked fingers were through its gills. The weight of the fish dragged his arm down as he floundered toward shore.

"You got him!" Terry was shouting. "Dad, you got him!"

Bill Morgan, wringing water out of his hat, said, "Nice fielding, Johnny."

They drained their waders and sat on the beach with the Deer-Lick brown before them. Bill Morgan found dry matches. By the flare they saw the deep butter-yellow belly, the fiery spots, the speckled dark of the heavy back. John Allison saw, too, just before the match burned down, the big hook bedded in the jaw corner with a shred of worm still clinging to its shank.

"O.K.," Bill Morgan said. "So I rigged him up the heaviest bait leader in my kit. So we hunted us a gob of worms. You can't make a boy into a man in one jump. Personally, I wouldn't want to, if I had a son of my own. 'Nother thing. A kid has the right to go home from his first fishing trip happy. It's one of the inalienable rights of democracy."

John Allison laid a not-too-steady hand on his friend's knee. He said, "Terry, you skunked me. You did well, boy." His eyes were smarting. "I'm proud of you," he said.

He fumbled for a smoke, but his cigarettes were a wad of pulp in his jacket pocket.

"Here," Bill Morgan said, and handed him his tobacco tin. "You always were a deep wader, Johnny."

◆

It was all of five years since John Allison had gone over his waders. But Bill, who smoked a pipe, must have kept those cigarette papers in a succession of tobacco cans, thoughtfully handy. It was a full profession of friendship.

"I've been thinking," John said. "Bill, on this posting of Forty-Mile. I've decided to go along with you."

"Hoped you'd see it that way." Bill was quiet for a moment, then he asked bluntly, "How's things with you and Laura? Been wondering lately."

"Not good," John Allison said. "I'll try to make them better."

"Do it," Bill Morgan said. "Man deserves one good wife in a lifetime. I've had mine. You've still got yours, Johnny."

Nighthawks traced their intricate patterns in the winding lane of sky above Forty-Mile as they trudged downstream toward the highway bridge. John Allison carried both rods. On the difficult places his hand was firm around his son's arm. After a while Terry said to him softly, "I'm sorry, dad. I guess I like fishing with you. I had a dandy time."

"We'll have plenty more," John Allison said. He knew he could never fully change his nature or lay his ghosts. A man might as well hope to prevent a hill farm from bringing new granite to its surface before the thrust of frost. But he had a sense of release and freedom, and the old magic of running water was reaching out to him. It was as if the stream, womanlike, were giving him a second chance.

He saw the crest of a familiar stump against the sky, and called to Bill Morgan where he lurched and grunted ahead of them, "Hold up a minute, Bill. We've got something cached here."

"What, dad?" Terry's great hour at Deer-Lick had effaced all else from his thoughts.

"Those trilliums," John Allison said, "for your mother." ◆ ◆

HOW TO

GET THAT COAT OF TAN

Dr. Sol keeps office hours every sunny day and he can do amazing things to improve your health if you don't get burned up *over his treatments*

READING TIME 3 MINUTES When your cat finds a sunny spot, curls up in it, and goes to sleep, he is far from a dumb animal. In fact he is seeking one of the greatest remedies known to modern science. Instinctively your four-footed pet is taking advantage of a treatment known to the medical profession as heliotherapy. The sun offers health benefits which make even the fastest-talking medicine man sound like a small-time operator.

According to Dr. Richard Kovacs, prominent New York physician and author of the well-known book, Nature, M.D., sun cures are playing a tremendous role in present-day medicine and will be even more important in the future.

Even present-day benefits of sunlight are almost too numerous to list. Rickets, bronchial asthma, secondary anemia, neuritis, sciatica, some types of arthritis, psoriasis, prickly heat, and impetigo are a few of the ailments which respond favorably to sun treatment. Heliotherapy has also been of tremendous help in tuberculosis of the bones, joints, and glands. Medicos warn, however, that no person with tuberculosis should ever administer sun treatments to himself since, in some cases, too much sun can be actually harmful.

When you're getting your ultraviolet first hand, you have to use your head as well as your sun-tan lotion. Too much sun is not good for anyone. Dr. Kovacs and Dr. Iago Galdston of the New York Academy of Medicine both agree that many people can't take the sun without aid of chemical "umbrellas," as they are known. These are lotions and creams that screen out injurious sun rays and stimulate tanning. Sunburn, Dr. Kovacs points out, is *never* beneficial. Contrary to general opinion, you can get a burn even when you already have a coat of tan. "Heatburn" can penetrate even the natural protection of a good tan.

If you're supersensitive, avoid the sun between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. in midsummer, especially on days when the temperature skyrockets. However, the sun isn't of much benefit, either therapeutically or radiometrically, before 9 A.M. or after 3 P.M. since ultraviolet components diminish then. Also—alas for city dwellers!—city soot and smoke screen out many of the sun's beneficent rays. If you want to get the best out of the sun, you *won't* get it on a city rooftop. And city dwellers are warned to take their time in acquiring a tan.

Even on cloudy days, when the sun is not visible, "skyshine" can contain ultraviolet rays and hand out a mean burn.

However, a good tan is well worth the effort you may put into acquiring it, since it offers more than just a healthy look. That warm bronzy covering also creates a filter for ultraviolet rays; acts as a natural screen—so that once you've got your tan, you can take larger amounts of sun without burning, provided you're reasonable about it.

A good schedule to follow in acquiring tan-without-burn is this, recommended by Dr. Kovacs:

Face downward two minutes, then cover body with robe or towel five minutes, and follow the same timing for your right side, front, and left side.

Very fair blonds or redheads should reduce this by half. Dark brunets may double it. Time may be increased five minutes a day.

For those of us lucky enough to enjoy good health, sun benefits can be almost limitless. Even husky teen-agers come in for a share of the good, for the scourge of the be-bop set — adolescent acne — is often cleared up entirely by a few good doses of sunlight, Dr. Kovacs points out. If you're past teen-age, far enough past so that you are subject to aching back and an occasional stiff neck, the sun has a three-way treatment for you.

Here's how old Dr. Sol goes to work: (1) Sun warmth increases the diameter of your blood vessels, resulting in an increased flow of blood through your body. This alleviates stiffness and aching. (2) Since pain is a result of an irritation of so-called sensory nerves, mild heating quiets irritation, reduces pain. (3) The blood stream, passing through heated areas, takes on heat and carries it to other parts of the body. So you get the over-all warmth of a thermostatic blanket!

As if this weren't enough, Dr. Sol also steps into the field of dentistry. Aside from strengthening bone formation, the sun also helps defective teeth. The vitamin D content in sunlight aids in building healthier teeth. This powerful vitamin D content also increases general powers of resistance, promotes mental and physical development.

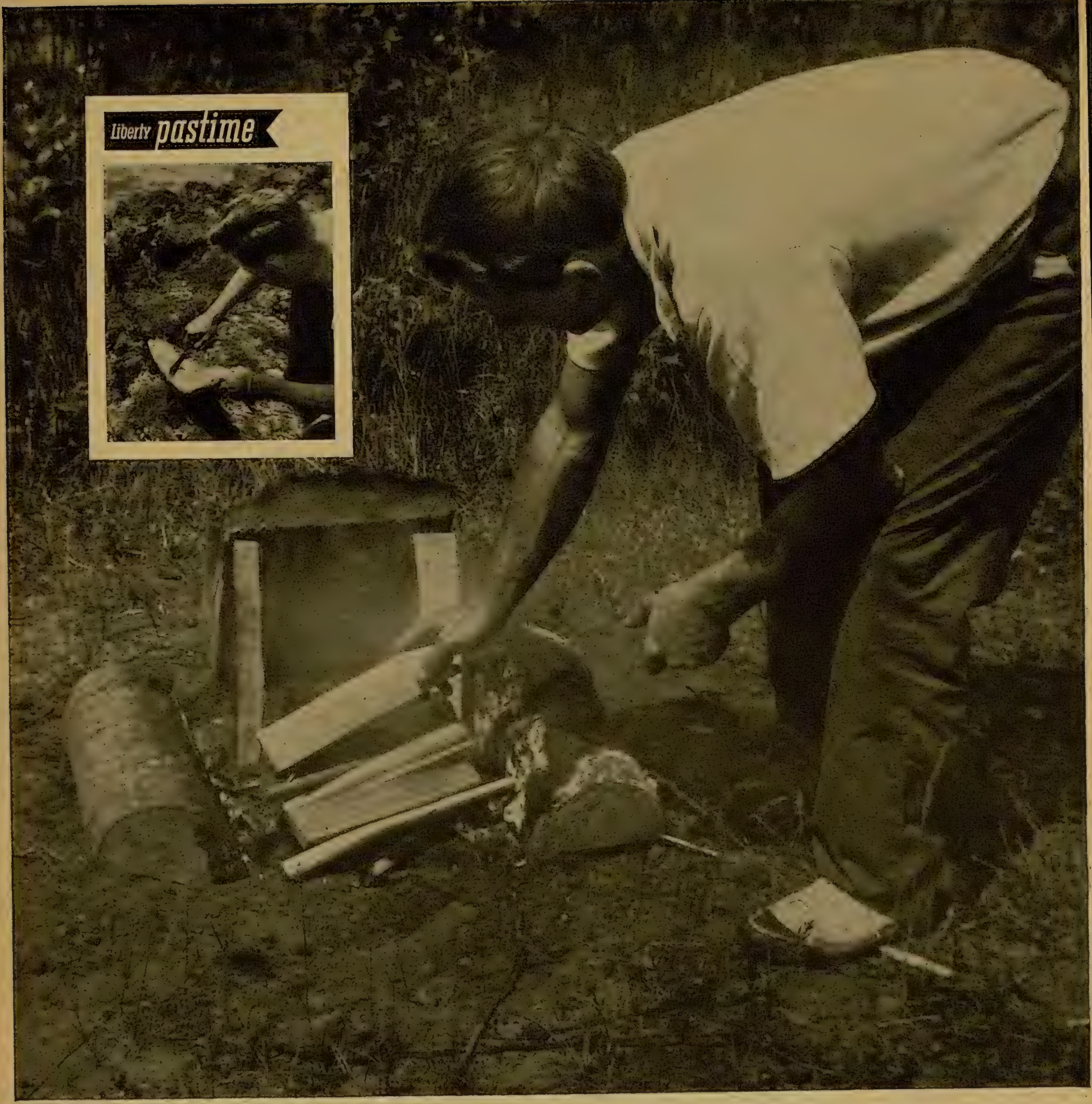
◆ A British army medical department bulletin, issued during World War II, offered ample proof of sun benefits. Sun-bathing parades on ship deck brought truly amazing results. Among them: improvement of general health of all men participating; diminution of skin disorders such as scabies, impetigo, and prickly heat; and more resistance to rigors of tropical climate.

Recent tests have also proved beyond question that sun increases your resistance to the common cold.

Aside from the physical benefits of sunlight, Dr. Galdston points out that the psychological effect of sunlight upon sick people is not to be overlooked. In most large hospitals it is a well-known fact that patients show more improvement in the daytime than they do at night, and correspondingly greater improvement on sunny days than on dreary ones.

Remember, Dr. Sol keeps office hours between nine and three every sunny day. If you're not feeling up to par, see him soon. ◆ ◆

Photograph by Dave Peskin



Fish, split open *(see inset)*, pegged to a slab of wood, and cooked on an outdoor fire is delicious. Peg fish to the slab, with scales down, prop against fire, and cook.

PICNIC AS YOU GO

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Try leaving the picnic basket at home and ferret out your appetizers, main courses, salads, and desserts from their hiding places in woods, fields, lakes, and streams

◆ Unquestionably the most popular piece of outdoor equipment owned by the average American family is the picnic basket. Some individuals hunt, fish, play golf or tennis, but *everybody* knows the old-fashioned enjoyment and relaxation of packing a lunch and taking ease and good eating in some peaceful shady spot.

Most of us, however, don't get half the fun out of picnics that we might if we tried now and then harking back to pioneer days, leaving the picnic basket at home, taking just the bare essentials, and letting the country itself furnish the food. The fun of finding, gathering, and preparing the delicious dishes packed

You'll rave about clams steamed in seaweed on heated stones and eaten out of the shell. And you have fun and work up an appetite while digging for these morsels.

Woods, streams, and fields provide picnic meals that you never dreamed about. This picnicker is cooking pond lily bulbs, which make a good substitute for potatoes.

An iron kettle, especially one that can be tightly covered, is handy on a picnic. Use it over a fire that is built in a hole partly filled with rocks. Try beans boiled outdoors.

These small brook trout, caught by the youngsters, were cleaned with heads left on so they could be speared with sticks and roasted like frankfurters over hardwood embers.

by Nature in her own picnic baskets is a real sport, and one the whole family can enjoy.

Eating off the country has been a hobby of mine for some years, ever since necessity forced me to prepare one of the most memorable meals of my eating experience. It was the sort of meal which admirably illustrates how easy and enjoyable a nature picnic can be. And this particular menu gleaned from the country would make a good starter for anyone who'd like to try this pleasant summer pastime.

Returning from a cottage vacation, I had driven down an untraveled sand road to fish a back-country trout stream. Late afternoon found me with no fish, a car that refused to start, and a ravenous appetite Luckily, I had skillet, coffee pot, and coffee, cooking oil, salt, pepper, canned milk, a small piece of salt pork, a bit of sugar, flour, and a few utensils. The stream bank furnished the main ingredients as follows.

I had noted large green frogs along the stream as I fished. I now caught a dozen. They can be cleaned quickly and easily by severing the legs and simply peeling the skin off as you'd peel off long underwear. The meat is delicious and would cost you $1.25 a pound in the markets. Shake the legs in a paper sack in which you've put flour, (*Continued on page 78*)

An old flame (Lucille Ball) hadn't seen Sorrowful Jones (Bob Hope) in years, but recognition was easy—he had on the same old suit.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

SORROWFUL JONES

Bob Hope was never better than in his new film version of a Damon Runyon story of a Broadway bookie and a little girl

Mary Jane Saunders as a sweater girl.

SORROWFUL JONES (Paramount), starring Bob Hope, is a successful remake of Little Miss Marker, the Damon Runyon yarn of a pinchpenny bookie and a little orphan girl, as entertaining today as it was then. A six-year-old newcomer to the screen, Mary Jane Saunders, who has natural acting talent, plays the role that made Shirley Temple famous in 1934. As Sorrowful Jones, the bookie who holds a little girl as security for her father's $20 bet, Hope gives a great performance, combining excellent straight work with his own brand of buffoonery. He gets able support from Lucille Ball, William Demarest, Bruce Cabot, Thomas Gomez, Tom Pedi, and others. Skyboy, a race horse, is cast as Dreamy Joe, an animal whose track performances are controlled by the use of "speedballs." There's a whirlwind and hilarious climax when Shorts, the little orphan, ill in a hospital, repeatedly calls for Dreamy Joe. It seems that by a bit of race-track chicanery Dreamy Joe has been given to Shorts. The horse is supposed to drop dead in a fixed race, but Sorrowful Jones steals the animal and rides him to the bedside of Shorts. Seeing her horse does the trick and the little girl recovers. Sorrowful decides to marry his old flame (Lucille Ball) so that they can legally adopt Shorts. The picture opens with a narration by Walter Winchell.

Sorrowful brings a race horse into a hospital to help the little girl get well. Some crooks have other ideas.

Gangsters killed the little girl's father, and Sorrowful finds himself thrust into the role of foster papa.

little figure and looked as though she had been born unsophisticated and always would be that way.

Her career read like a Cinderella story. She had started in radio as a singer, and today her voice was one of the most popular on the air. Experience in summer stock had developed unsuspected qualities as an actress. She had teamed up with Oliver Sherman, another unknown. They had written and produced a gay little sketch which went on a daily sustaining spot during the winter of 1946-47. At first the show had been built around Judy's singing—and the singing was still important—but gradually they had built up a charming story show: the intriguing story of a young married couple very much in love.

Oliver was cast in the role of a drawling, goofy, idolatrous young husband—which wasn't too far from what he was in life. Judy was the keen young wife who knew all Oliver's shortcomings and still loved him.

Their sponsor was now the company which manufactured a tasty soft drink called Deliciosa. The show moved from New York to Hollywood in June of 1948, and my agency, which handled the Deliciosa account, sent me along to supervise. The sponsor had had a brain wave: He inaugurated a contest to hypo the show through the hot-weather doldrums: one hundred thousand dollars in cash to the person who could guess the answer to a riddle. Each Wednesday night approximately twenty million people listened to the show and to the guest who had been selected to make a pitch for the hundred thousand. The money was still there, waiting.

◆ Valerie asked what Judy and I were doing in Las Vegas. She asked her question in such a way that any answer would fit. Judy laughed and said it was nothing like that. She explained that the president of the Deliciosa Company was visiting in Vegas and had summoned us from Hollywood for a conference. She said:

"Keith and I flew up. We're flying back tomorrow morning."

Valerie thought that over. Then she said, hesitantly, "I've got an idea. I'm driving back tonight, alone. Why don't we make it a threesome? Have fun? Eat hamburgers and drink coffee all the way from here to L. A.?"

Judy went for the idea. It sounded O.K. to me, too. Valerie said, "Suppose we have dinner here at El Rancho together. We'll start about ten or eleven and take it easy on the road."

Judy and I checked in with the idea. Judy said we'd have to run over to the Flamingo, where we were staying, to freshen up before dinner. We made a date to meet at El Rancho at seven.

Judy looked as cute as a little candy rabbit. Her eyes were as soft as a summer evening, and the little dress she wore seemed to have been made for her—which it had been at a not inconsiderable cost. It was pink and white, without at all looking like that sounds. It was one of those off-the-shoulder things, and Judy's shoulders were definitely designed for a dress to be slightly off of.

I knew that she was twenty-two years old, but right then she looked eighteen. I told her she looked lovely, and she flashed me a smile and said she hadn't known that I was paid to dish out compliments.

◆ Back at El Rancho we walked through the casino toward the cocktail lounge, intending perhaps to grab a quickie before eating.

Then Valerie appeared. She came in through the back door, and although she was adequately clad, you still got the impression that she wasn't. The dress was black. She was as noticeable as an exclamation point in the middle of a sheet of white paper. She was wearing just a shade too much make-up, and her lips were too red.

Oddly enough, Judy did not blank out alongside of her. You could see them both as individuals, both attractive but different.

Valerie had reserved a table for three right up against the raised floor where the show would be held and dancing might be enjoyed. Halfway through dinner an elderly gentleman, flanked by two cuddly little cuties, entered and took a table not far from us. Judy looked at me and winked. That was Mr. L. Joshua Quincy, president of the Deliciosa Company and Judy's sponsor. He was a pudgy little man who had passed his fifty-fourth birthday and was friends with all the world, especially that portion of it which was of the feminine persuasion.

Pending the last act of the floor show, the emcee took over. He mentioned the name of Judy Overton, directed the spotlight at our table, and walked across the floor with his hand out.

There was nothing for Judy to do but take it and be dragged up on the platform.

The emcee then said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at a girl who is not only lovely and amazingly successful, but she is a young lady who also has the power to make any one of you rich. Through her, the whole country has learned a new poem which means something, and everybody is trying to guess what. Let me see: How does it start?

"Black, white, paper, stone—
By these things I shall be known—"

He paused and looked out over his audience. "What comes next?" he demanded.

The answer came in a roar from all over the place:

"Immortal I, of mortal born,
Hope of the weary and forlorn."

"Right, folks! Right!" He waved them down. "Tell you what I'll do, Judy. Tell me the answer and I'll go halves with you."

Judy said, "I'd take you up on that, but I don't know the answer."

The emcee said, "What do *you* think, folks? Don't you think she really knows?"

Finally she escaped amid a thunder of applause and came back to the table. People flocked over to request her autograph, to make corny cracks about the hundred thousand. I leaned over and whispered to Valerie, "I don't see how the kid takes it. This goes on all the time."

Valerie looked at me in amazement. "I'd love it," she said.

◆ As we were getting ready to leave, two men got up from a wall booth and bore down on us. One was a big husky guy with a face like granite; the other was slender, shorter.

"Miss Overton," the husky one boomed. "Imagine meeting you here!"

Judy took the big hand and said, "Howdye, Rocky." Then she turned to Valerie. "This, Valerie, is the famous Rocky Moran. You've heard of him."

Valerie said yes; she'd even met him. She was looking straight at Rocky, and if her expression meant anything at all, it meant that Mr. Moran was not the most popular person in the world with her.

Rocky took it in stride. "Meet Stanley Bishop," he said expansively. "Maybe you all already met him. He's my manager now. He come up here to repossess a car."

Bishop seemed a trifle ill at ease. He said he'd met Judy and Valerie, although they might not remember him, and both girls hastened to assure him that they did remember, and that they appreciated the service he'd given them at the Rocky Moran Used Car Lot. Me, I shook hands with Bishop and wondered how a nice guy like that ever happened to associate himself with a roughneck like Rocky Moran.

Mr. Moran was by way of being a character. He was the owner of a used-car business a block from the studios where Judy worked. He also operated a service station on the same lot. He was supposed to be one of the biggest and most important operators in the new used-car racket. He had a cockiness that is usually associated with small men, and on them it sometimes looks

(*Continued on page 58*)

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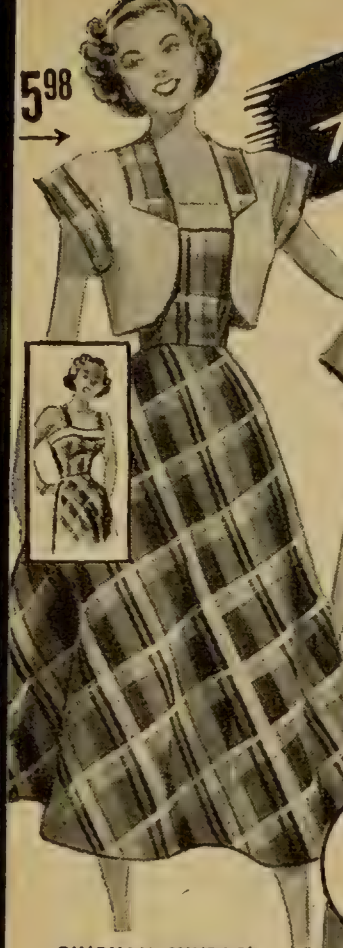

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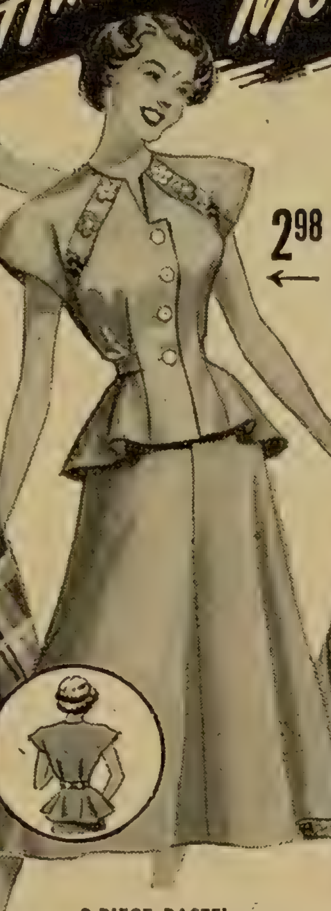

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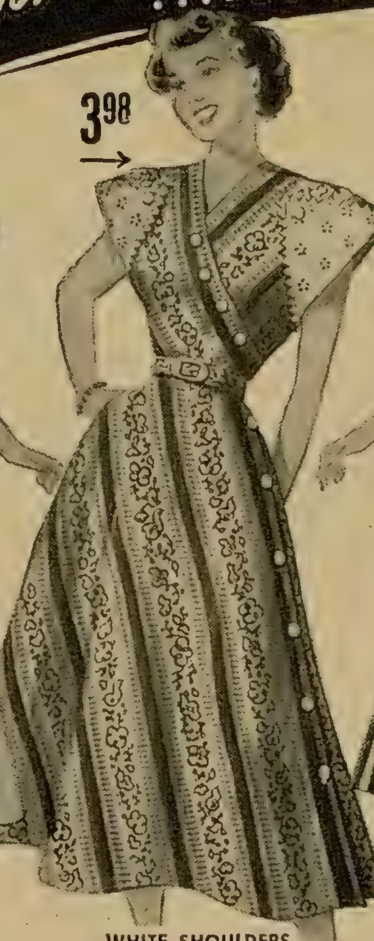

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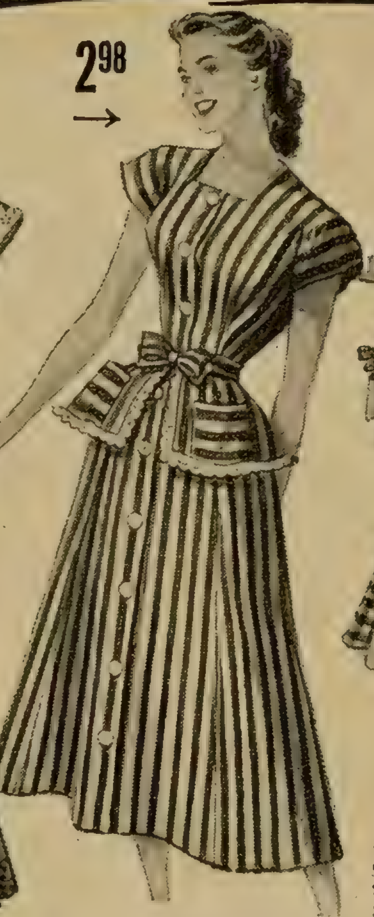

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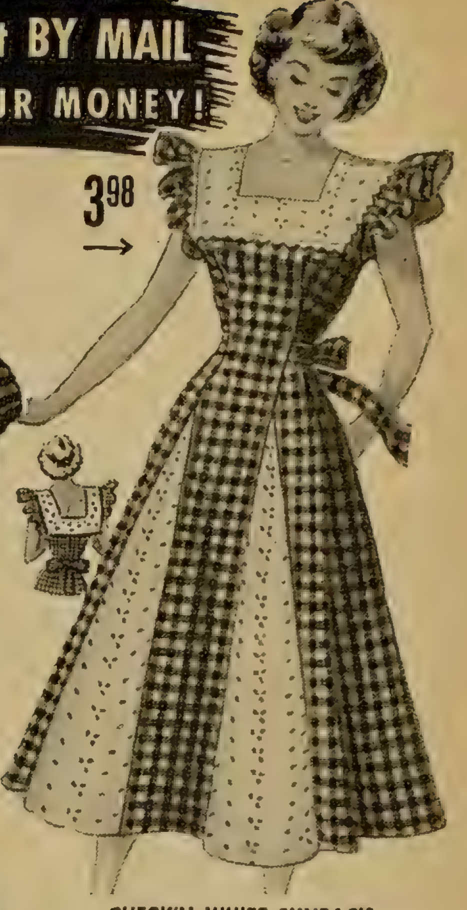

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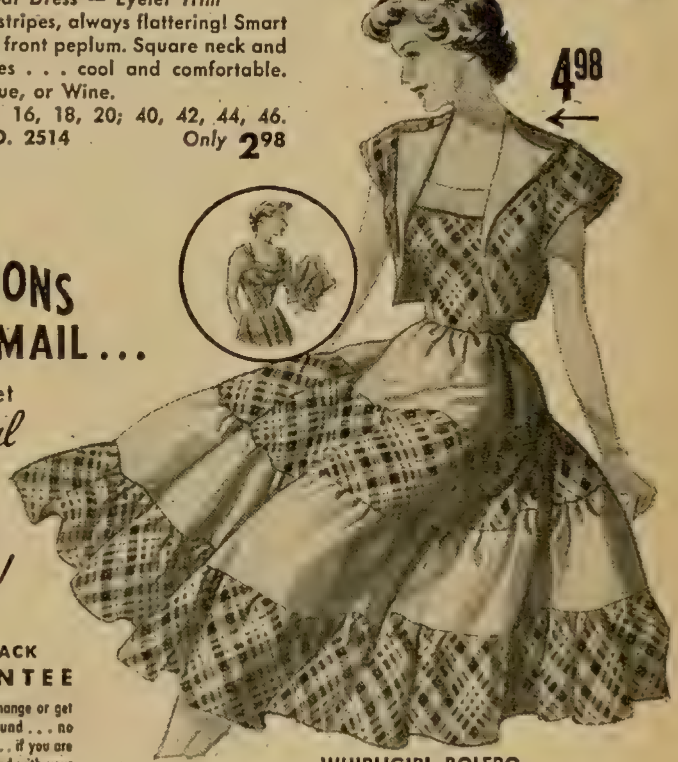

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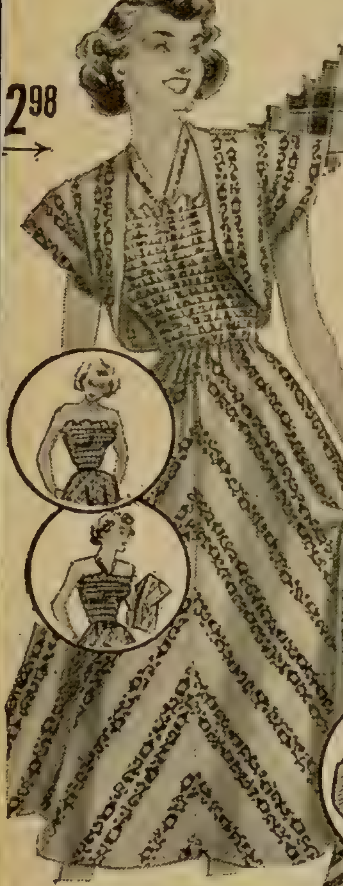

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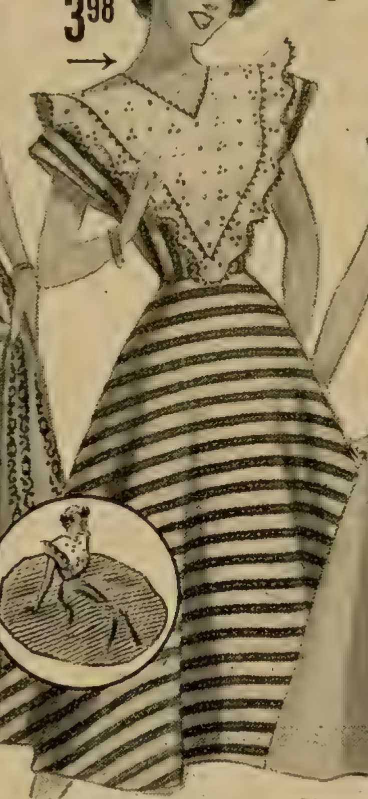

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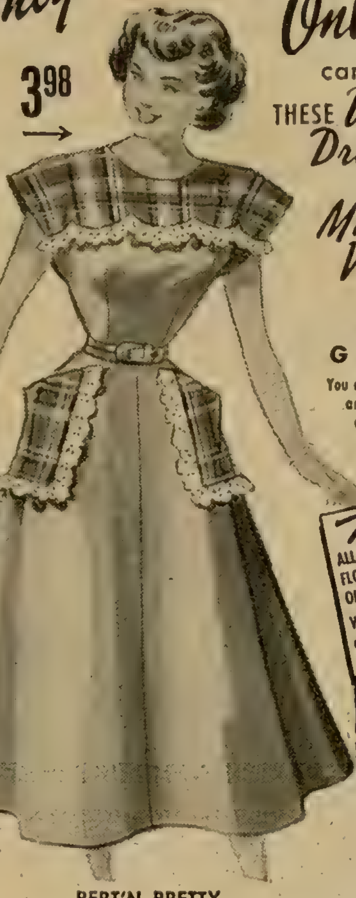

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(*Continued from page 56*)

good; but on a giant like Rocky Moran, it was unpleasant.

Rocky addressed himself to Judy. He said, "How's Miss Dunbar like that car I rented her?"

"She likes it."

"Smooth-runnin' buggy. She oughta buy it."

Judy shook her head. "She's just visiting California, and she says she doesn't need a car in New York."

Rocky was persistent. "Tell her I can make a good deal on it."

Bishop began to fidget. I was sorry for the little guy. He was O.K., but I didn't want Moran around. They finally drifted away and said they'd see us later.

As they got out of earshot, Valerie said, "If I never see Rocky Moran again, it'll be twice too soon. He's been gypping people for years. Now he's not having things so soft. He even wanted me to invest in his crummy business."

"Why didn't you?" I knew she expected me to ask.

"Not because the used-car racket is washed up," she said, "but because I wouldn't have anything more to do with that man if I starved to death." She put emphasis on the word "more."

We walked out of the dining room. Valerie opened her purse and took out a wad of hundred-dollar bills. She was smiling again. "We're not leaving for a couple of hours," she said. "Mind if I press my luck a little?"

We told her to go ahead and have fun. Personally, I thought she was crazy. Three thousand to the good, and now she had to throw it back. But that was her business.

◆

A crowd gathered. Standing behind the table, not too far from Valerie, I spotted Rocky Moran and Stanley Bishop. Rocky was watching Valerie with an odd intentness. She played for less than an hour and a half; then reached for her chips and said, "I'm quitting."

The manager followed us to the cashier's cage. He asked her how she wanted it, and she said, "In cash." We were standing near Rocky at the time, and I thought he looked interested. But, for that matter, so did lots of other people. The manager asked why she didn't leave the money as a credit in the safe, and she said she was leaving right away to drive to Los Angeles. They handed Valerie a shade more than nine thousand dollars in hundreds. That made around twelve thousand dollars in her handbag, not counting whatever she may have had before she started her afternoon session. It made me nervous to think of it, but she took it in stride and invited us to celebrate with a drink.

She was on the crest. It wasn't the liquor. In the first place, she'd had very little. In the second place, she looked like a gal who could take plenty and never show it. But she had been a focus of attention. She said this was the most fun she'd had in an awfully long time.

I said I thought we ought to be taking off, and she said, "You two grab a taxi to the Flamingo and check out. I'll throw my things into my bags and stow 'em in the back of my car. I'll pick you up at one ten."

I said, "Why so late?"

The smile left her face. For just an instant she looked older. She said, "Sorry. That was just a slip. My husband and I used to have a private code—I suppose all married couples have. Whenever we wanted to make an appointment in front of other people—and didn't want them to know the exact hour we meant—we'd say it that way. One ten used to mean—to us—ten hours after one o'clock. In other words, eleven o'clock." She pulled herself together and the smile reappeared. "Old habits are hard to lose. At any rate, I'll pick you up at eleven sharp. O.K.?"

We said that would be fine. She followed us to the taxi stand and watched us roll away.

En route to the Flamingo, Judy said, "She's the most incredible woman I've ever met, but I like her."

"So do I."

Judy laughed. "That makes it mutual, Keith. I think she's on the verge of going for you."

"Sure," I said. "I'm practically irresistible. Women hound me. And Valerie looks like a good investment. I'll tie up with her, let her gamble for me, and sleep on goofer feathers for the rest of my life."

Judy said, "I'm not kidding. She likes you. If I were a man, I'd be interested."

"I'm not a man. I'm a mice."

She said, "I've often wondered—"

We were waiting outside when Valerie drove up in a sleek shiny convertible a couple of years old but looking newer than new. She offered me the wheel and I took it. Valerie moved over so that she was sitting next to me. Judy was on the outside.

We started southward. We were in the wild country almost instantly, because the Flamingo is the last big building on that side of Las Vegas. In less than no time we were way out on the desert, no lights but the stars and the silver sheen of a three-quarter moon. We weren't talking much, and most of what we did say was inconsequential. Valerie suggested that we take it easy: the three hundred miles could be done in six hours or it could take eight. She thought the eight would be more fun.

◆

Valerie was sitting close to me. I could feel her body against mine, and I knew that she meant me to feel it. I'll even admit I liked it. I was only afraid Judy would notice and the next day maybe start kidding me about it. Judy and I are swell friends, but she loves to ri me about my monastic existenc Sometimes I think she's got something. Other times I feel like pinning her ears back.

The byplay continued halfway t the little town of Baker. That woul be our first refueling stop, our firs pause for coffee and sandwiches Two cars passed us, headed north Maybe headed for Las Vegas, maybe for Salt Lake. The desert fragrance drifted into the car, conversation was almost at a standstil yet I knew we were all having fun

Then Valerie Palmer commence to fidget. Two or three times sh turned to look back over the roa we'd just traveled. After a lon time she spoke. Her voice was tigh and none too happy. She said, "Ste on it, Keith."

I glanced at her in surprise an asked why.

◆

"We're being followed," she said

I looked into the rear-view mirror. Way behind us I could see the headlights of another car. It was coming up fast, though it still ha a good deal of distance to cover before it would be close.

I said, "Just another car."

"It's following us," Valerie insisted. "I'm sure of it."

I caught a glimpse of her face She looked frightened. It didn't make sense. Sure, there'd be othe cars on the road. There always were. Some of them would be hitting seventy right along.

Suddenly, inside me, there was a nervous feeling, the same sort of feeling I'd had a couple of times in the South Pacific. It wasn't exactly fear, but more like apprehension.

Judy was the only one of us wh didn't seem to be concerned. I was watching the road pretty closely We were passing through wild country and there were shallow dips every few hundred feet, so that at high speed you got the sensation of riding a gigantic roller coaster But Valerie Palmer was getting more and more nervous by the moment. She kept twisting around and staring behind us. She had forgotten that she'd just recently been giving a demonstration of finding me irresistible.

There's a sort of minor pass that you cross before you start the long downgrade that leads you eventually into Baker. It was difficult to tell what was on either side of the road, because the headlights made everything else darker than it actually was. There was just us and the desert and the car behind us.

I said, "He's a crazy driver anyway. We'll let him pass us."

She didn't protest, but she didn't like it either. Maybe she was thinking about the twelve thousand in her handbag. Judy said, "That's a good idea, Keith."

As I slowed, the pursuing car accelerated. It was on us before I realized. I pulled over to the right

(*Continued on page 60*)

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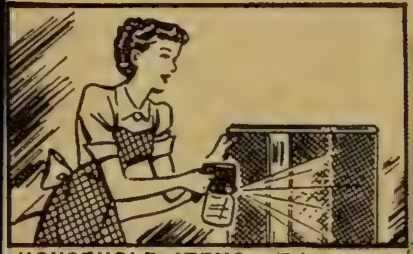

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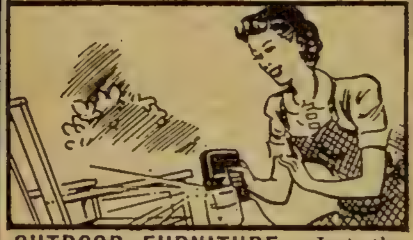

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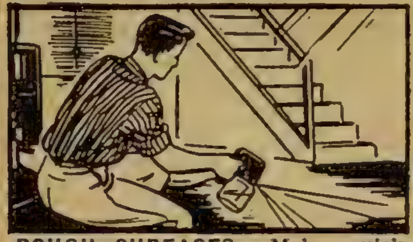

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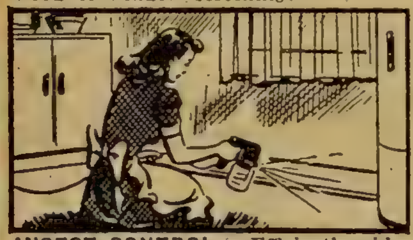

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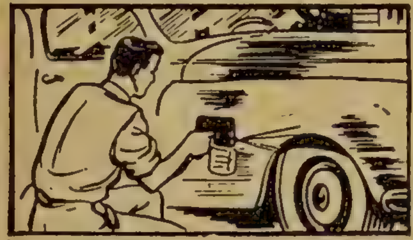

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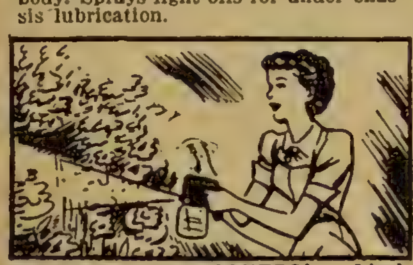

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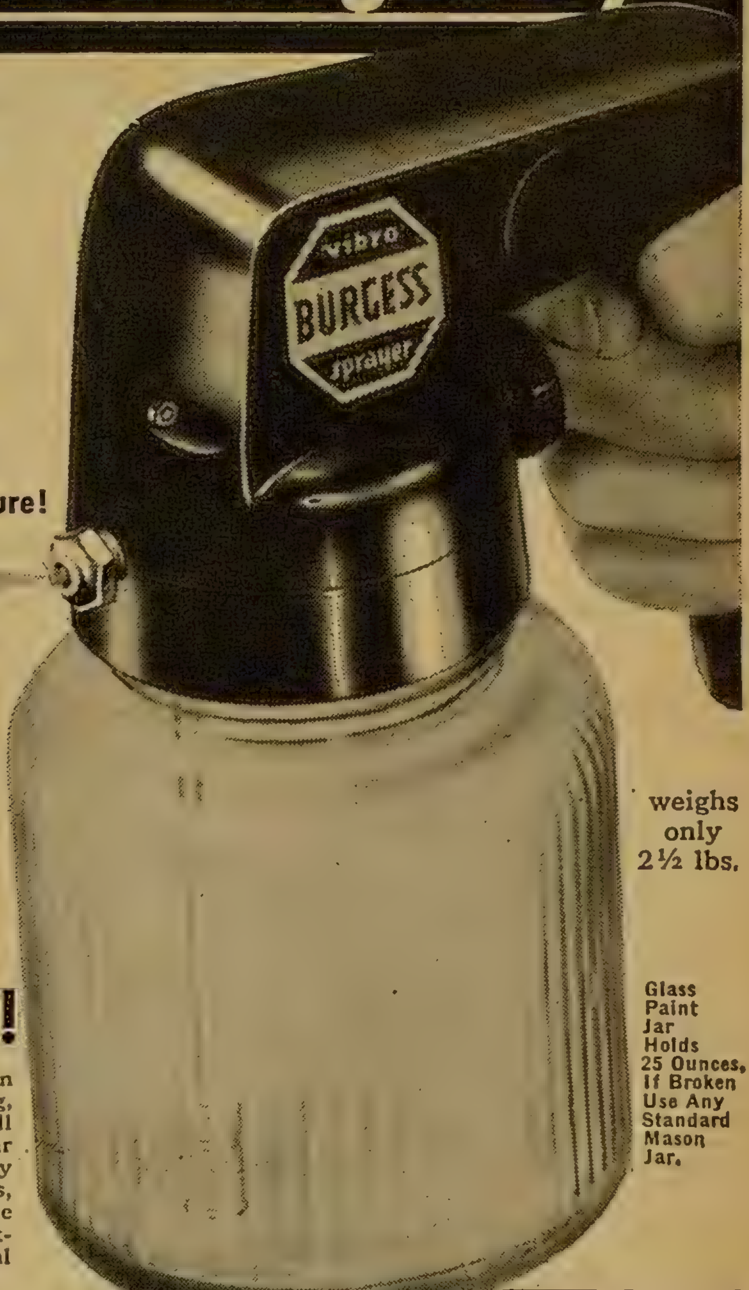

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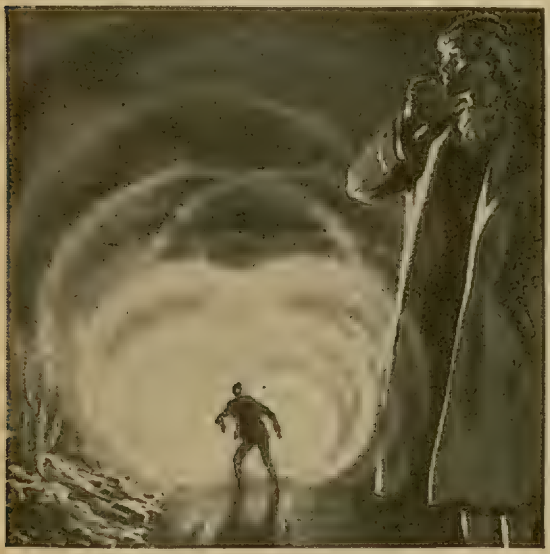
(*Continued from page 58*)

to let him by. He pulled even, and could have passed us in a few seconds, but he didn't. He slowed down deliberately and dropped behind us again. I heard Valerie say, in a frightened voice, "I knew it!" It occurred to me that she carried more than her share of intuition.

I speeded up. So did he. I slowed down. He did the same thing. I stepped on the gas and pushed her up to fifty-five. That seemed to be what the other car was waiting for. He came up swiftly, and then slued almost across our path. I couldn't tell whether he planned a collision or was trying to drive us off the road. I jammed the accelerator right down to the floorboard.

It takes a lot to make me mad, but now I was mad clear through. I was perhaps two hundred feet ahead of him by this time. I applied my brakes, and heard his brakes screech as he followed suit. I said a few profane things to myself and stopped the car. Valerie said, "Keith! Don't!"

I jumped out and into the glare of the other man's headlights. I heard a door open and looked over my shoulder long enough to see Judy and Valerie climb out. Judy stood calmly by our car.



Valerie followed me for perhaps twenty feet and then stopped.

I got within about sixty feet of the other car, thinking of some beautifully profane things to say, when a vicious little spurt of orange flame stabbed from it. I'd been around enough during the war to recognize the sight and sound of a gun. I also knew enough to stop short. I probably looked neither brave nor gallant, but it seemed to me that—all things considered—it was a lot better to be a live advertising man than a dead hero. The tableau held for a few seconds. Then the other car moved. It backed violently, making half a Y turn. A clashing of gears, and it leaped forward, completing the Y. As its nose swung back toward Las Vegas, the driver switched off his lights. He drove away from us fast, but not too fast. When he was certain that I couldn't see his license tag, his lights went on again, and he speeded up.

I walked back to our car. The two girls hadn't moved. Valerie said, "You scared him away."

That struck me as funny. I started to laugh. "Maybe he was just mad at me and didn't want to play any more."

The girls got back into the car. I slid under the wheel again. I stopped long enough to light a cigarette. Nonchalant. Like hell I was. I was limp as a badly used dishrag. I stepped on the starter, slipped into gear, and started rolling on toward Baker. I wasn't feeling too pleased with myself. When a man has played a somewhat inglorious role, he doesn't appreciate an audience, especially a female one. I took a final deep drag on my cigarette and tossed it out into the desert.

"I wouldn't trust my own conclusions," I said, "but if I had to guess, I'd say he was after your twelve thousand bucks."

"And that he saw me drive away from El Rancho alone."

"Could be that way," I conceded. "He could have memorized the license number of your car. He'd start long after you did, so nothing would be noticed. What he probably didn't know until he tried to run us off the road was that you had a big strong man along."

Valerie said quietly, "You've probably got it figured right, Keith. Holding up a lone woman is different from doing a job on three people."

I said, "Well, I didn't give him any trouble."

"You were sensible," she said. "I like sensible men. And he's gone—which is the important thing."

I said, "Did you get a look at him?"

"No. How about you?"

"Ditto. I'm reasonably sure it was a man, though."

Valerie shook her head. "I'm not even sure of that. Do we report it to the police?"

"That's up to you, though I don't much see what we have to report. Attempted hold-up; man or woman? We're not sure. Haven't even got the license number of the car. It was a sedan, probably dark in color. That wouldn't get them very far. Nothing taken. No damage done, except to our nerves."

"You're right." She moved slightly so that once again her body was touching mine. I thought she'd forgotten that. I also would have thought I might not like it any more. I was wrong on both counts.

◆

It occurred to me suddenly that Judy hadn't said a word. I looked around and said, "How you feeling, Miss Overton?"

Judy didn't answer immediately. And when she did, her voice was far from steady. She asked, "How far are we from Baker?"

"Probably twenty miles. Why?"

"I'd like to get there pretty soon."

The way she said it brought me up short. It hit Valerie too, because she turned to Judy and her voice was full of solicitude. She said, "What's the matter, honey? It's all over now. The man didn't hold us up, actually. He shot at Keith, and missed."

Judy said, "He didn't shoot at Keith. Stop the car a minute."

I did. She reached over her shoulder and turned on the ceiling light. She said, "You were about fifty feet away, Keith. Valerie was a full twenty feet away from me when the man fired."

"So what?"

"Look."

She was wearing a white box coat. She turned so that we could both see her. Her eyes were big and frightened; she was trembling. She pointed to a neat round little hole in her coat. Two little holes, one in front and one in back. The bullet had made them both. It had missed her heart by perhaps four inches.

Judy said, "Whoever fired that shot knew how to handle a gun. I wasn't anywhere near either of you. I think the bullet was intended for me."

We were rolling down a long grade, and the lights of Baker became brighter and brighter. They looked awful good, if only because they made us feel less alone. I wasn't talking. Time enough for that later, after Judy had gotten a grip on herself.

◆

Baker is a metropolis in its own insignificant way. It squats on the edge of the desert. It consists of a couple of big service stations, two forlorn motels, and a few scattered houses.

We selected one of the service stations which had a big brilliantly lighted lunchroom, and sat down at a little table. I asked Judy if she was feeling better, and she said yes.

"Better than what?" I inquired.

"Better than terrible," she told me.

We ordered coffee and doughnuts. We drank the coffee and I took out a little tin aspirin box and passed it around. I looked at Judy and said, "How about it, kid?"

She said, "I'm all right now. Honest. We may as well drive on."

I drove at a moderate forty-five and tried to think of something to say which wouldn't remind Judy of what she'd been through. Valerie was doing the same thing, until Judy said, "Look, you two. It's ridiculous to avoid talking about it."

Good ol' Judy. I said, "The guy was just a crummy shot is all."

Valerie said, "Could there be someone who likes Judy, and who was sore because she went to Las Vegas with you?"

This time Judy laughed. "Our trip to Vegas wasn't that sort. It was business. Strictly."

"But suppose the other fellow thought different?"

I said, "If he knew Judy well

(*Continued on page 62*)

LOST ALL MY HAIR and re-ined totally bald for two years," ates Mrs. Amy Clevenger, age 62, of ntral Point, Oregon. Above, Mrs. evenger after using Brandenfels' alp & Hair Applications & Massage r several months.

"WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS MY HAPPINESS," says Mrs. Clevenger, "and I am sincerely grateful to Carl Brandenfels for having developed his wonderful Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage." Above, Mrs. Clevenger with her first permanent.

ATISFIED BRANDENFELS USERS REPORT

- **RENEWED HAIR GROWTH**
- **No More Excessive Falling Hair**
- **Relief from Dandruff Scale**
- **Improved Scalp Conditions**

By certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received 12,438 letters from men nd women who report from one to all of the above results after using RANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE. These tters come from every state and almost every city in the nation. They are from veryday people like yourself—perhaps from your own neighbors. Some are from ien and women who were totally bald . . . others from people who had just egun to notice loss of hair. Some are from folks in their 80's . . . and on this page re pictures and the heart-warming story of a little girl 7 years old.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW

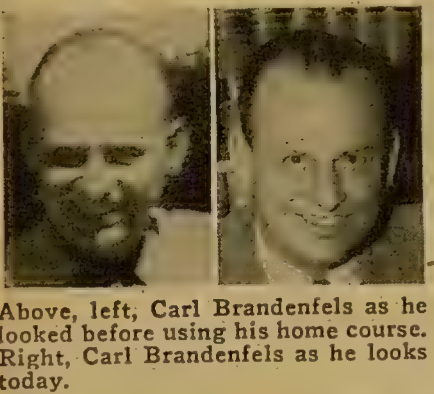
Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle emains undamaged and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to he scalp. Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, believes that in many bald r partially bald people, THE HAIR FOLLICLES ARE STILL ALIVE EVEN HOUGH NO HAIR IS GROWING FROM THEM.

Carl Brandenfels has developed a convenient home course designed to bring bout a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and to increase he blood supply to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee o promote new hair growth because he realizes that not every user has grown new air. He does not classify his home course with the so-called "hair-growers." Carl's formulas and massage have been used by more than 40,000 men and women luring the past three years, and Carl believes THE RESULTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage will, in many ases, bring a condition which will help nature ALLOW HAIR TO GROW.

EASY TO USE IN YOUR OWN HOME

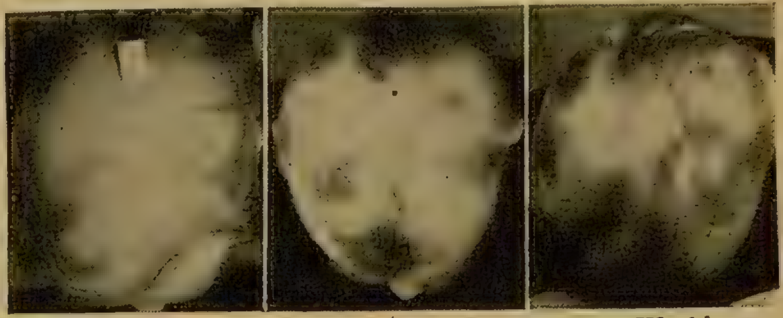
BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE must not be confused with any other product. Carl's PRESSURE MASSAGE is completely different from the rubbing and scraping to which many people have subjected their scalps for years. One of the two formulas contains, among other ingredients, the important agent lanolin. The other contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide. Each of the two formulas is expertly compounded under strict laboratory controls. The formulas are not sticky, and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens.



Above, left, Carl Brandenfels as he looked before using his home course. Right, Carl Brandenfels as he looks today.

SEND TODAY for BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE. Send $15 plus $3 Fed. tax (total $18.00) to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, and a five week supply will be shipped at once. Take this important step TODAY.

"MY FIRST HAIRCUT SINCE TOTAL BALDNESS was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," reports Eldon Beerbower, of 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Ore. Eldon was totally bald, without eyebrows or eyelashes, for three years. Above, Eldon after 8 weeks' use, after 44 weeks' use, and getting his first haircut since baldness.



Mr. E. "Al" Liefson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Washington, is now using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation. Above, left, top view of Mr. Liefson's head before using; center, after 17 weeks; and right, after 24 weeks.

"OUR LITTLE NANCY HAS HAIR AGAIN," writes "Smoky Joe" Martin, former big-league baseball star of 817 Jennings Ave., Santa Barbara, California. "We were heartbroken when Nancy lost all her hair when she was two years old. We did everything we could for more than three years, but nothing helped until we used Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage. We are deeply grateful, and are pleased to recommend this home course."

CASE NO. P-19, one of an experimental test group which is using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation. The above photographs were made: left, August 12, 1948; center, January 12, 1949; and right, March 30, 1949.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS VERIFY TESTIMONIALS

An impartial audit of the 12,438 result letters in the files of Carl Brandenfels has been made by a recognized firm of certified public accountants. This file of result letters is open for public inspection at any time. ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE ARE UNRETOUCHED TRUE LIKENESSES.

"A HAIR RAISING STORY"

by the noted author, Milton Cronenberg

You probably read the editorial feature, "A Hair Raising Story" in the June issue of LIBERTY. Carl Brandenfels is the man and BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE is the product described in Mr. Cronenberg's impartial and unbiased account.

The men and women described by Mr. Cronenberg as well as those whose pictures appear on this page and thousands of other Brandenfels users *took positive action* to protect their hair health.

What are YOU doing about your own falling hair or baldness problems? SEND TODAY FOR BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE. Right now is the time to act. Mail this coupon NOW!

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM,
SEND THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO A FRIEND.

MAIL THIS TODAY

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon Li 749

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of **Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage** with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15 plus 20% Fed. tax ($3), total $18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman $18 plus postal charges.

Name..

Address ....

Town.......................................Zone ....State.......................

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

Puzzle 050 7/1/49

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 If brevity's the soul of wit, this's a scream! (fem.; two words)
11 Was Adam glad he got this off his chest?
14 *Al* is *A-1*
15 Why does a woman take so long to get ready to go out?
16 This poor dodo's lost his head
17 Easy to give, hard to take (fem.)
19 You can pin down a fat woman with this
21 What few houses are to
22 It looks black in France
24 Agent that fixes the rent
25 Damettes
27 Miss Ferber's kinda Big
28 Mr. Churchill's low-down kind of English
31 What onions come in, and socialites go in
33 Le Palm Beesh de France
36 Muscled mama
38 Grants with you-alls
40 .
41 Next fall Yale expects it'll be in the hands of a receiver
43 Medical meal ticket—there's an opening in one for a sharp young doctor
45 His name's well known, yet UN-known
46 The safety razor m'fer's son
48 He's simply ferocious!
49 Kind of quick, short ant
51 Twisted tales
53 Down-in-the-mouth victim of the old grind
54 Almost ill
56 Vacancy in upper story
58 Flavor inspector (it's got to suit him to a T)
62 "This heat is kiln me!" it cried
63 The Alcohollers (abbr.)
66 Yakataed monotone-ously
68 Six ingredients used in a Brookalyn cocktail
70 City is blind in one eye
71 A pushemin
73 High things Iowans have
74 Magnet which causes two opposite bodies to be attracted to each other
75 People just can't get along without them

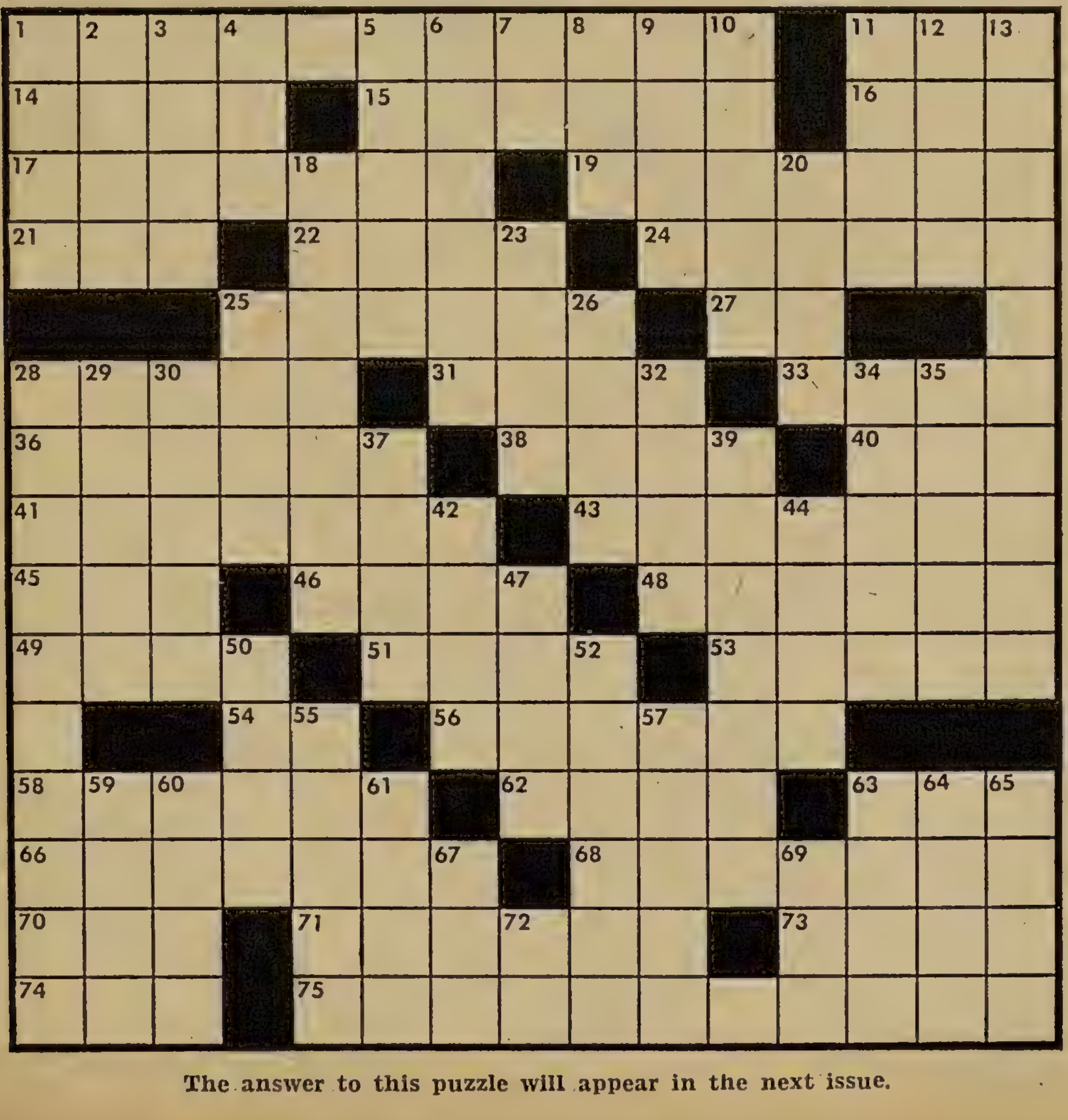
VERTICAL

1 Men put on uniforms and chase it all over the lot
2 In a soft spot
3 The right thing at the wrong time
4 Ted Wms.' daily double
5 They burned Rome to get away from whose violin-playing?
6 Kind of gals geologists like
7 What everybody says to Franco
8 Yuma yakata; Choctawk
9 How to begin a message to the gods (two words)
10 Wicked how these weeds do grow

M	I	L	■	T	A	X	I	D	E	R	M	I	S	T
A	L	E	■	F	E	R	R	I	S	■	E	R	I	E
I	S	I	S	■	S	A	I	N	T	■	D	A	R	N
D	E	S	T	R	O	Y	S	■	O	P	I	N	E	D
■	■	■	R	A	P	S	■	S	N	O	C	■	■	E
F	A	C	E	T	S	■	S	C	I	M	I	T	A	R
I	D	E	A	S	■	S	T	O	A	S	■	A	N	N
L	I	N	K	■	C	L	O	W	N	■	H	I	K	E
I	E	T	■	B	O	I	P	S	■	P	A	L	L	S
B	U	S	T	A	R	D	S	■	P	U	R	S	E	S
U	■	■	O	B	O	E	■	D	A	M	E	■	■	■
S	U	L	L	E	N	■	P	Y	R	A	M	I	D	S
T	R	E	E	■	E	R	I	N	S	■	S	O	O	T
E	G	A	D	■	T	E	P	E	E	S	■	N	R	A
R	E	P	O	S	S	E	S	S	E	D	■	S	A	G

June Answer

11 What the uncouth surveyor was
12 The clay-footed one
13 Tibia mechanic
18 Old-fashioned one-horse-power vehicle with a horn on it
20 Mehihan soil manicurist
23 Whirlythingamajig
25 Johnny the Jiant Jolter
26 What not to do out of an airplane in flight
28 Science of bores and things that shoot off the mouth
29 It's at full speed
30 What the appetizer never does
32 Oversized waterholes
34 He's a dream, girls!
35 One-two-three-BUMP, one-two-three-BUMP
37 This contains millions of little scratches but is pretty shiny (fem.)
39 They're enclosed in flowery envelopes
42 XXXXXII
44 Mr. Novello
47 Wild West bingo!
50 Man between the red devil and the red, white, and deep blue sea
52 They say: "A Benny stashed away is a Benny earned!"
55 Godski
57 The retort discourteous
59 A bit for the kitty
60 Charon's swimmin' hole
61 O Frenchie, O Frenchie!
63 Front half of John
64 One of the Washington higher-ups
65 Sibilant boo
67 Dept. of Highway Manicuring (abbr.)
69 Twitch, twitch, twitch—and get an edge on
72 Fuse-box fusilier (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(*Continued from page 60*)

enough to be jealous, he'd know that much."

Valerie was persistent. "Somebody's bound to be in love with Judy."

I thought of Oliver Sherman Judy's radio partner. He was in love with her, all right; but Oliver was a big, gangling, shy lad who had been harvested off a Kansas farm and who was still bewildered by his success. He was twenty-four years old—two years older than Judy—and he had a blind forlorn worship of his partner which she appreciated but didn't reciprocate.

I explained all this to Valerie. I told her even more: that part of my job was to ride herd on Judy and keep the men away. "Our sponsor has funny ideas," I said. "Inasmuch as Judy and Oliver, on the air, are a married couple, very much in love with each other, he feels that a lot of the illusion would be destroyed if she married somebody else. He'd love it if she married Oliver, but let her fall for any other guy and he'd hold me responsible. In other words, I know all about her love life, if any."

Valerie thought that over. Her comment was typical: "All men are stupid, Keith. Especially you. You wouldn't know whether or not Judy was in love. If she went overboard, she'd keep it a secret from you."

"You been holding out on me?" I asked Judy.

"Not yet. I would—if the right man came along."

Valerie said, "Where was Oliver this weekend?"

We both said we didn't know. "Then," she went on, "you're not sure he wasn't in Las Vegas."

"Oh, for the love of Pete!" That was me talking.. "Wait till you meet Oliver. You'll see how ridiculous that is."

"Somebody shot at her."

"I won't buy that," I said sharply. "I think our man wanted your twelve thousand."

◆

We rolled right through Barstow and stopped at Victorville for some more coffee. Then we climbed back into the car for the last leg of the journey, which was to carry us around the outskirts of San Bernardino and into Los Angeles along Highway 66.

Valerie had pepped up a lot. She remembered the original routine of playing as though she thought I was something extra special, and I didn't discourage her. Judy caught a little of it, and twice she winked at me when she was sure Valerie wasn't looking.

Valerie took a card and a pen out of her bag and wrote something. "There's my name and phone number," she said. "The phone isn't listed to me because I'm in a rented house, and the owner kept it in his name. I think it'd be fun getting together some time. It's a tiny place," she explained. "In the Hollyood hills. It's a sort of hide-away. o any time you feel like escaping our public—either of you—"

"I'll be there," I stated, and Valrie gave my knee a little extra ressure, "with Judy."

Judy started to put Valerie's card n her bag. She glanced at it, and hen looked up in surprise. She said, You were Mrs. *Michael* Palmer?"

"Yes. Of course, since my husband ied—"

Judy said, "Helen will be sorry to ear about that. You've heard of Heln Dunbar, haven't you, Valerie?"

The other girl shook her head. I'm afraid not."

"She's the song writer. She wrote You and Me and the Stars, and hree Kisses Mean I Love You, and t Isn't What You Think. She's isiting me now." She caught the nquiring look in Valerie's eyes. 'She stayed on at my house when I vent to Vegas. Said she had lots of things to do, and one of the hings Helen planned to do was to ee your husband, Valerie."

◆

Valerie was silent for a moment. Mention of her husband seemed to make a different woman of her. She said, "Michael died of cancer last February. The months before that were rather trying. I've been working hard at the job of forgetting." Then she said, more brightly, "Any idea of what she wanted to see Michael about?"

"Not exactly. It was something about her music, that's all I know."

"If there's anything I can do, you've got my address and phone number. Tell her to call me."

Halfway between San Bernardino and Los Angeles dawn began to break. The vineyards and orange groves were cool and fresh and lovely against a background of mountains.

Valerie insisted on driving Judy home. We stopped in front of the little white stucco house just north of Los Feliz Boulevard, and I carried Judy's bag inside. Judy said she didn't know whether to say good night or good morning, and suggested that I let Valerie drive me straight home.

On the way to my place, Valerie talked mostly about Judy and how much she had enjoyed meeting her. I told her that Judy liked her, too, else she'd never have accepted the invitation to drive down. Valerie gave that a going over in her mind. Then she said she was sorry anything had happened to spoil the trip.

"It didn't spoil it, really," I said. "I'm only sorry Judy got a scare. The more I think of it, the more certain I am that she had a miraculous escape from a wild shot that wasn't meant to do any harm."

Valerie looked at me steadily. "Somehow, Keith, I can't help but believe you're wrong."

I figured I'd sleep until well into Monday afternoon, but I didn't. I was up, dressed, shaved, and full of coffee by noon. I started for the studio, and decided to leave my car for servicing, including a lube job.

I drove into Rocky Moran's lot, left my car with an attendant, and strolled into the office. A husky, pleasant feminine voice said, "Good morning, Mr. Williams," and I said, "Howdye, Bonnie."

Bonita Clayton was just the sort of secretary you'd expect a man like Rocky Moran to have, except I had heard that she was also a darned good secretary. She was about five feet six and weighed perhaps one thirty-five. Her poundage was distributed where it was calculated to do the most good. She was blonde as a June sunrise and as sexy as the Kinsey Report.

When I went into the office, she was talking to a tall skinny guy who looked like a frustrated intellectual. Over in the corner Stanley Bishop was working. He looked up and nodded vaguely at me, then went back to his work.

I told Bonnie what I wanted done to my car and when I wanted to pick it up. Then she asked how I was feeling. I said I was feeling fine.

"What happened last night must have been awful," she said.

That brought me up short. I asked her what she meant and how she knew. In answer, she introduced me to the tall sad-looking young man who was hovering over her, gazing at her with idolatrous eyes.

"This," she announced, "is Mr. Robert Ellsworth Abernathy. Mr. Abernathy," stated Bonnie, "is studying to be a doctor."

"Ph.D.," he explained; "not M.D."

I'd known Bonnie Clayton for quite a while. At first I'd figured that she and Rocky Moran were playing games. Then I'd seen other men of various ages and sizes hanging around her desk, but I had never expected to see her dangling a potential Doctor of Philosophy on her line.

"Mr. Abernathy," Bonnie went on, "lives with Valerie Palmer."

"Wait a minute!" That was Mr. Abernathy making a correction. "You make that sound wrong, Bonita." He handed me a boyish, apologetic smile. "I go to U.C.L.A. For three years I've been living in a little apartment over the garage in the house Mrs. Palmer is renting. When she and her husband leased the place, I went with it. Mrs. Palmer told me about last night. She didn't say I wasn't to mention it, so I told Bonita."

"He tells me everything," she said.

"And"—this was the quiet, amused voice of Stanley Bishop—"I'll bet six, two, and even that she does the same for him."

Miss Clayton blushed. "You're always kidding, ain't you, Mr. Bishop? You know, you're a right guy. When you first came to work here, I figured you might be a drip."

LITTLE LULU

KLEENEX
marge

Now — all you need is Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: FOR BIBS -- FOR SOOTHING BABY'S SNIFFLES -- PATTING POWDER ON HIS TENDER SKIN, NO OTHER TISSUE IS "JUST LIKE" KLEENEX. SOFT! STRONG! POPS UP! KLEENEX SAVES, SERVES SO MANY WAYS.

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★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bishop seemed to be amused. "I probably am, but even drips have ears."

Bonnie and I talked about the attempted hold-up. She knew little and said a lot; I knew a lot and said little—which gave us a sort of balance. When I finally left, I was worried. It seemed to me that Valerie Palmer hadn't made a very smart move.

Turning into Vine Street, I ran into Rocky Moran. He clapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hi, fella! What's this I hear about you attacking an armed bandit?"

I never had liked Rocky. I said, "It wasn't anything. I just walked straight into his gun, said 'Shoo!' and he ran like a jackrabbit."

"Public Hero Number One, even if that ain't the way I heard it."

"Mrs. Palmer been talking to you, too?"

"Naaah! Not any more than she can help. In the good ol' days it was different. But Valerie talks."

I said I was busy and had to get to the studio. He got cute with me. "Just one thing, Williams—what's the answer to that riddle on your show?"

"I wouldn't be knowing."

"Like hell you wouldn't. Geez! I'd like to guess it. I could sure use a hundred thousand in my business." His hard, deeply-lined face took on a melancholy expression. "Everybody makes money except me. Look at the way Valerie nicked that dice table at El Rancho."

"Maybe she'll finance you, if you need money."

"Time was, brother—time was. But not now. You may not believe it, but that broad don't throw her dough around. It just looks that way. Her husband left her three hundred thousand, and she's still got every nickel of it. I'd sure like to get my hands on some."

"Maybe you're not her type."

"Any man's her type. Even you." The thought appeared to amuse him. "You got somethin' good there, fella, if you play it right. From my angle, it seemed like she was goin' for you in a big way."

I shoved past him and walked on up Vine Street.

◆

Monday passed swiftly, and on Tuesday I was twice as busy. Wednesday night, seven to seven thirty, was showtime.

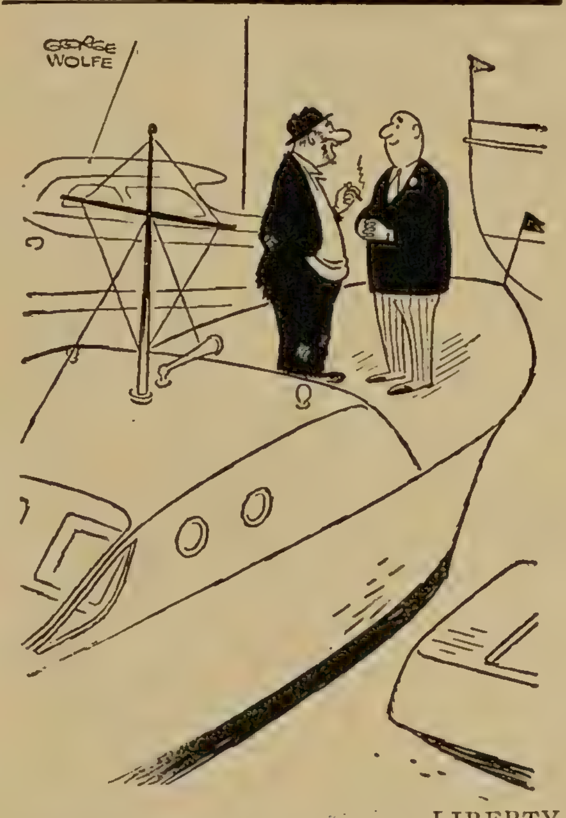
At five, Tuesday afternoon, Judy knocked off and suggested that I do the same. She invited me to share a home dinner with her and Helen Dunbar. I accepted eagerly.

We drove to Judy's home in Los Feliz in two cars. I parked at the curb and she nosed hers into the garage. Another car was already there. That would be the one that Helen Dunbar had rented from Rocky Moran for the duration of her Hollywood visit.

I liked the Dunbar girl. She was just under thirty, about medium height and weight. She had dark brown hair and eyes so brown that they were almost black. She had been born in Gadsden, Alabama, and still had more than a trace of Dixie drawl. She was attractive without being in any way pretty. I could understand why she and Judy liked each other, aside from the fact that Judy had given her first song its initial plug.

Finally we finished eating, washing dishes and putting the kitchen shipshape. We gathered in the den with coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes. Helen Dunbar leaned back in her chair and stretched out her long, rather shapely legs.

"I have a tale to unfold," she said. "This afternoon I went calling, by appointment, on Valerie Palmer. I liked her," Helen went on. "She's probably screwy, but we're all more or less psychiatry bait. Incidentally, she is pretty keen about the pair of you."



LIBERTY
"No, thanks. Just looking."

"Especially Keith," smiled Judy. "She was giving him the works every minute we weren't being shot at."

I said, "You should try it some time, Judy. Biology is a great invention."

"I wouldn't be knowing," she said; "I'm too wrapped up in my career."

"Getting back to where we were before I was so rudely interrupted," Helen continued, "I went to see your passionate Valerie because I figured she might be able to give me some information. It's something that couldn't be important to anybody but myself. Her husband would have known the answer, I'm sure of that. One of the reasons behind my trip out here is to locate a man named Clifford Harrison. You wouldn't know him, but he and I were pretty good friends. We wrote music together. He worked for Michael Palmer in New York until Palmer's wartime business folded in 1946. Palmer and Cliff Harrison had been pretty goo friends. I figured he would kno where I could find Cliff."

"And—"

"When I heard that Micha Palmer was dead, I thought tha his widow might know. After a hour or so of chitchat, I asked he whether she knew anything o Cliff Harrison's whereabouts. Sh said no. But something happened— something which convinced me tha Valerie was lying."

She took her time about going o "Cliff Harrison and I," she sai "were friends, and then partner He worked for Michael Palmer a through the war. Like a lot of me who have poor health, he was lonel as the devil. He told me tha Michael and Valerie Palmer wer his only friends in New York— until he met me. What drew u together was music, if you can ca it that. Our ambition was to writ pop stuff. We wrote it. Gobs of it I acted as business agent and trie to peddle the material. No soap. W didn't even bother to have it copyrighted. We kept working togethe because it was fun. After Palmer' business folded, Cliff Harrison tol me he was leaving New York. He mentioned several places he migh be going, but the one he mentione most was Los Angeles. He said he' write me when he got located. That was the last I ever saw of him.

"O.K. In March of this year a song-publishing house took a chance on one of our numbers called You and Me and the Stars."

Judy looked surprised. "I thought you wrote that alone."

"Everybody thought so—except the publisher. He couldn't find Cliff, so he brought it out and copyrighted it in my name.

"Every cent paid to me for that song was divided equally. I opened a special account in my own name, but containing money which was rightly Cliff's. The fund mounted pretty fast. Then the publisher made me dig into the trunk. I came up with It Isn't What You Think and Three Kisses Mean I Love You. They went even bigger than the first. Wherever Cliff is, he's got enough money salted away in my special account to take care of him for the rest of his life.

◆

"The primary purpose of my visit here was to see Michael Palmer, figuring that Palmer might know where Cliff Harrison could be found. Palmer's dead, so he can't help. On the other hand, Cliff told me he'd been friendly with the pair of them. That's why I went to see Valerie Palmer this afternoon. She said she hadn't seen or heard of him since she and her husband left New York."

"What makes you think she lied about that?"

"Did you ever hear of a pop tune called A Kiss Is a Kiss Is a Kiss? It isn't one of mine."

We said we remembered.

'I happen to know that A Kiss a Kiss Is a Kiss was copyrighted d published in November, 1947. ile I was at Valerie's this afteron, she went into the kitchen to some cocktails and sandwiches. ere was a piano in the living om. It looked as though it hadn't en used for some time. I walked er to it and started thumbing rough the music. There was a py of the Kiss number. On the st page there were three blank affs. You'll find them every once a while in published music. In ose staffs had been written some usic—written by hand—and unrneath the music were some ords, the end of a melody and the nd-up of some lyrics.

"Here's the point," she explained. Valerie returned to the living room nd I asked her where she got the iss song. She said she'd bought it a Hollywood music store right fter it was published. I knew that as true, because the name of the rm she bought it from was rubberamped on the back. I asked her gain about Cliff Harrison, and she epeated that she hadn't seen or eard from him since leaving New ork in January of '47.

"So here, at last, is the point: he words and music written on the lank staffs of that piece of pubshed music were written by Cliff Harrison. He was finishing up a umber we'd never been able to omplete. We had planned to call t Why Don't You Say It to Me? Valerie bought that piece of music ome time after November, 1947. t didn't exist before that. That vas eleven months *after* she moved o California. Therefore Cliff Harison must have been a guest in ier house often enough—and on sufficiently intimate terms—to have fooled around with music-writing at her piano. So she lied to me when she said she hadn't seen or heard of Cliff since '46."

Judy said, "Did you tell Valerie about the written music?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, since she had lied at first, she'd be bound to stick to it."

Judy said, "But you're not going to let it drop there, are you?"

"No. I'll probably hire a first-rate private detective to do some investigating for me. I owe it to Cliff to find him and give him his money."

◆

We started rehearsing Wednesday morning at eleven. From the beginning, things went wrong. My chief headache was Norton Van Hoven, our announcer. Van Hoven was a big husky handsome guy who thought he was God's gift to the women and to everybody else in the world. He'd worked himself into a regular role in the show. He was never satisfied with his acting lines; he was continually interrupting rehearsal to suggest changes. He was tough to take and too valuable to get rid of. Our writers, Bob Haggerty and Artie King, hated his guts. I ran a close second.

At two o'clock we figured we had the show pretty well grooved, so we went down to Studio B and cut a record: the whole show, so we could listen to the playback and hear for ourselves just how lousy it was. Then we broke for late lunch. We were back at three. When we finally broke for the second time, at five o'clock, we were wrecks. Everybody was to be back at six.

Judy sent out for sandwiches and coffee and we ate them in her dressing room. She telephoned Helen Dunbar and suggested that she drive herself to the broadcast. Helen said she'd been downtown shopping all day, and if Judy didn't mind, she'd take a rain check.

Judy and I ate swiftly, and I got out so she could change clothes and do things to her face.

Despite the agonies of the day, things moved fine once we hit the air. The music was good, and the guy we'd flown in from Akron, Ohio, as the contest guesser was a mile off the mark, but very funny.

The dinner party at the Casa Linda was the usual dreary thing, though most of the burden there rested on Judy. By ten o'clock we were all washed up and reaction and exhaustion had set in.

We used my car and drove our guest to his hotel. Then we took Oliver Sherman home. After we left him, I suggested to Judy that we drive for about a half hour through the hills to clear the cobwebs out of our brains and to try to forget the show.

◆

It was eleven fifteen when we got to her house in Los Feliz. There was a light on in the guest room, but the veranda was dark. Judy said, "I've told Helen always to leave the porch light on when she's alone, but she forgets."

She gave me her keys and I opened the door for her. She invited me in for a nightcap, and I said I thought it'd be a swell idea. I suggested that maybe Helen would like to join us, and Judy said she'd wake her and see how she felt about it.

Judy left me in the den. I dropped into an easy chair and tried to think about absolutely nothing. I was having quite a bit of success, when I heard a scream. I ran down the hallway, my heart pounding. That scream had come from Judy.

She was standing just inside the guest room. Her eyes were wide. She was pointing at something.

Helen Dunbar was lying on the floor. She was wearing a negligee over a nightgown. Right over her heart there was the sort of hole a bullet would make. There was blood all around it.

Helen Dunbar wasn't ever going to write any more music. Helen Dunbar was dead.

To be continued in the next issue.

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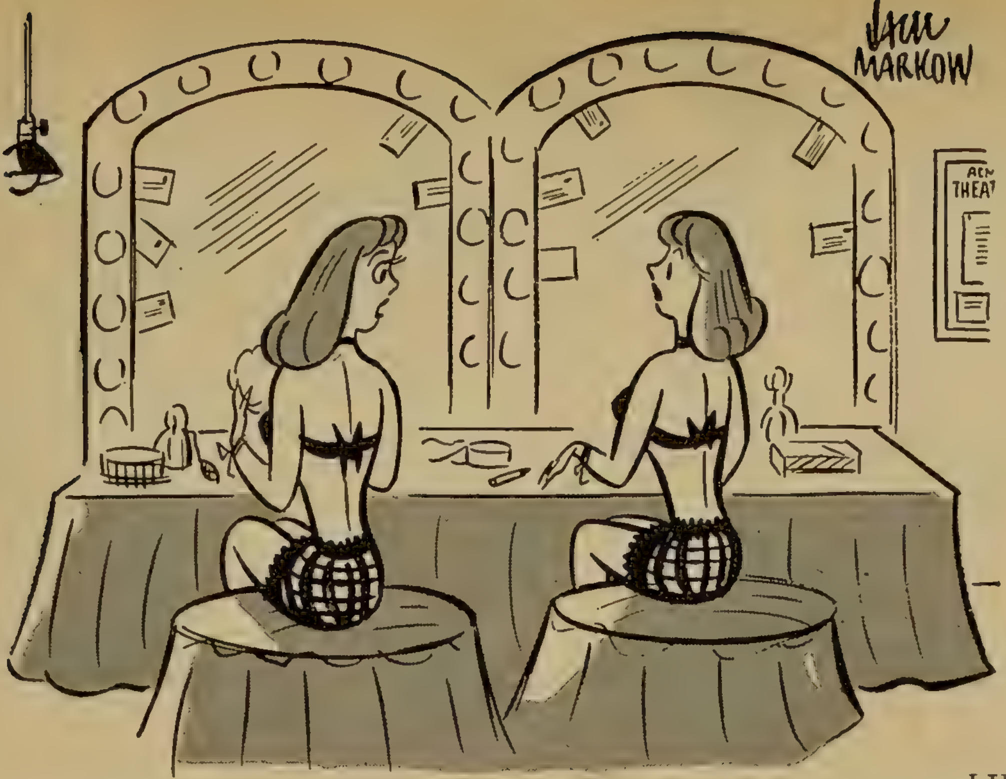

LIBERTY

"The only thing standing in the way of my getting a divorce is I'm not married to him yet."

HOPE FOR HARD-OF-HEARING CHILDREN

Cont. from page 34

cludes his progress in school, what is done for him?" A third of the superintendents answered, "He is referred to the State School for the Deaf."

There is no excuse for any community offering this as the only solution.

To be sure, Newton is especially lucky in having Miss Macnutt, but there are thousands of other intelligent and devoted teachers in the country who, with study, can qualify to serve as hearing counselors.

Women's clubs, the Parent-Teacher Association, and the men's service organizations can undertake to wake up the community and spur public agencies into taking action.

What an average community like Newton has done brilliantly and successfully, can be done by others also.

Where to Get Assistance in Drafting a Program for the Hard of Hearing

Leader in this field for nearly 39 years, the American Hearing Society can give assistance in drawing up a program. Its headquarters is in Washington; local chapters, sometimes called Leagues for the Hard of Hearing, exist in 172 cities.

A source of help for smaller communities is the Audiology Foundation, 510 Madison Avenue, New York City. Under the leadership of Dr. Edmund P. Fowler, Jr., director of the Department of Otolaryngology at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, New York City, and Dr. Norton Canfield, associate professor of otolaryngology at the Yale University School of Medicine, this nonprofit organization helps communities set up adequate programs for the hard of hearing, both children and adults. ◆ ◆

HOW SAN FRANCISCO SOBERS 'EM UP

Cont. from page 15

couldn't stop drinking. Two others, one a newspaperman, were in the same predicament.

Brown, of necessity, had to walk around the drunks who lay in his path as he went from his office to the Hall. With his friends, he tried tactful advice. When that failed, he decided something had to be done, both for the street drunk and for the alcoholic who is coming apart in a less public but equally fatal manner.

He began by persuading a friend, Emmet Daly, a former F.B.I. agent and recently released Naval Intelligence officer, to become a special assistant to the district attorney, with the job of finding out how drunk San Franciscans get, how they are treated, and what should be done about it. Daly, in his oldest suit, headed for Skid Row, a stretch of several bottle-clustered blocks south of San Francisco's broad Market Street.

Even the most cloistered clubman on plushy Nob Hill is vaguely familiar with what happens to the men on the wrong side of the Market Street trolley tracks when they panhandle 30 cents for a pint of wine and proceed to gulp it down. But a district attorney needs more than a notion to win a case. Daly went out after the equivalent of the *corpus delicti*.

He had no trouble finding drunks in Skid Row. They were sprawled in doorways and some lay in the gutters. He stood near one who had collapsed in a doorway and waited until the paddy wagon arrived to haul the man to the precinct station. He followed to see what would happen. He learned that the custom is to lock up drunks at th station house until another wago arrives from downtown to tak them to the drunk tank.

If the drunk can pull himself together in the interval between hi arrival and that of the wagon fro headquarters, he goes free. Other wise he faces a night in the tan At times there have been alternat results, as happened one nigh when two drunks, collected a separate places, were lodged in single station-house cell. The jaile observed they were too stupefied t engage even in the jail-house chatter. He expected no trouble. Bu later, one of the two made a noos out of his shirt and hung himsel while the other stared glassily a the proceeding.

But the drunk whom Daly followed to the station house had n suicidal intentions. Neither coul he pull himself together. The wagon from the Hall arrived and th drunk tank automatically becam his destination.

The tank is not a single enclosure, as its name suggests. It consists of a block of 14 cells, each si by seven feet. Frequently seven o eight men are put in a single cell for the average drunk catch a nigh is more than 100. There are no cots for the reason that a drunk migh roll off and fracture his skull o the hard floor. The men flop o mats, some of them sitting u against the walls of the cell, thei legs overlapping their neighbor's i a spectacle of Dickensian bleakness.

◆ The morning after Daly had watched his particular drunk from the Row placed in a cell in the tank, he went to court to see what would happen next.

"The drunk tank was bad enough, but what I saw in court the next morning was even worse," he remembered. "I took one look at what was going on and called the district attorney, telling him to come over and see for himself."

Tank occupants are herded into a corner of the courtroom and their cases disposed of ahead of the day's regular calendar. The clerk of the court rattles off a half dozen names, and their owners shuffle inside the railing and stand before the bench. There is a low-voiced mumbo-jumbo during which pleas of guilty are entered and the panel is dismissed with a brief admonition not to return. The second panel is called, and so on until the last drunk has been disposed of.

"Drunks are not fingerprinted," said Daly, "so there is no way to keep track of how often they come back. After talking to several hundred of them, I'm satisfied nine-tenths of those sent to the drunk tank are repeaters. The average drunk can be in and out of court two or three times a week and still nothing is done for or against him."

But it was the handling of the

nks in panels instead of singly t so disturbed Daly that he sent Brown. Because of subsequent blicity, this feature of the sys- n has been eliminated, but the olving-door nature of the proc- —arrested today, dismissed to- rrow, back next day—persists.

After their morning in court, ly and Brown decided to follow e of those who had been freed, see what he did. They selected a n about 60 who bore unmistak- le evidence of having been in a iffle before he reached the tank e night before. After walking sev- al blocks, the man sagged and l into the gutter. Brown called ambulance.

'Of course, the point of all this is at nothing is being done about e alcoholic, and we are still ending $500,000 a year in police an-hours alone, with no return," id Brown. "The number of alco- lics in the streets has increased the point where they can't be nored, even though there might those who would attempt it.

"Here is all this money being asted on a worthless system when r half the amount, say $250,000, e can operate a first-class clinic r a year. And the $500,000 a year police man-hours now being ent for handling alcoholics ob- ously doesn't include the cost of ime or family poverty stemming om our present arrangement for tting the drunks off the streets."

On a national basis, the latest gures on arrests for drunkenness over the year 1947. San Francisco d with 6,230 arrests per 100,000 opulation. Thirteen of the larger ities were included in the count. here is scant local pride in the act that Los Angeles is second, ith 5,103 arrests per 100,000. The thers, in the order of descendency, re Washington, D. C., New Orleans, oston, Minneapolis, Cleveland, ilwaukee, Philadelphia, Detroit, uffalo, Baltimore, and New York.

With the full picture before them, rown and Daly began a furious earch for the right pieces to put ogether to make a plan to correct he situation. They interviewed loctors and psychiatrists from the eighborhood to the state level. embers of the clergy were called n and asked for suggestions. The eaders of Alcoholics Anonymous were sought out for their views. usiness men who take an occasional drink and drunks who hit the bottle all the time, police who are plagued with alcoholics and want to be rid of them, teachers who find an increasing number of their older students red-eyed at morning roll call, everyone who had any reasonable notion about what to do about the alcoholic was given a chance to speak his piece.

Daly, entering the lobby of his club one day, was accosted by a member. "So you're becoming a prohibitionist," said the member. "A fine thing!" Daly, who expected that sort of reaction when he took the job with Brown, replied, "Let's go get a drink and talk it over." Daly convinced the man the surest way to prevent the return of prohibition is to solve the problem of the chronic alcoholic, and another San Franciscan was jogged out of his lethargy and prejudice. He told his friends and a chain reaction began. Brown and Daly kept it going with speaking engagements before clubs of housewives and industrial leaders and educators and city planners.

While all of this was in progress, Daly was sending letters to every city in the country which had made any attempt to treat the alcoholic as a medical problem. The replies to the letters and the data gathered at the interviews were then distilled into a procedure for an alcoholic clinic.

Under the San Francisco plan the alcoholic who is arrested will not be classified as a misdemeanor offender. The California legislature is making such a change in the law. The drunk will be held for quarantine. He will be in the same relative position as a person roaming the streets with a communicable disease, a hazard to himself and to others. The purpose of this change in classification is to give legal recognition to the theory that a drunk is a sick person, not a lawbreaker.

"No person will be given employment at the clinic, from the psychiatrists to the elevator operators, who does not first give proof that he believes a drunk is a sick person and not a moral leper," said Brown. "This proposition is the cornerstone of the whole plan."

When a drunk is arrested, he will be taken directly to the clinic. Once there, he will be fingerprinted so that a record of his case may be kept. The clinic will have no cells or bars, but wards. The fact that the drunk is in custody will not be emphasized. After he has been logged in, he will be given whatever immediate medical attention is necessary. If he is lucid, the doctors will talk to him. If not, that part of the procedure will come later.

Within twenty-four hours a preliminary appraisal of his case will have been made. If he is a one-night drunk, he will be shooed out, but advised to return for consultations and help if liquor is becoming a problem. If he has been on a two-week binge and hasn't eaten much, he will be given five days in bed and fed a diet high in vitamins.

The one-nighter who is released in the morning, or the man who is hospitalized for five days, will have his fate determined by a judge who will sit at the center—not on a bench but at a conference table. The patient and the doctors will be the witnesses. The judge will be guided by what they have to say.

The clinic will concentrate on those who accept help and are salvageable. During the five-day period of hospitalization there will be simple lessons in dietetics. The course will be elementary. A drunk, the experts emphasize, is a man trying to learn to walk again after having been bedridden for a long time. In the case of the alcoholic, it is his thinking processes which have to be retaught.

In between lessons and baths and wholesome meals, the psychiatrists will attempt to sell the patient on the idea that it is not only possible but very pleasant to live without drinking, if a man is an alcoholic. They will tell him very emphatically that an alcoholic cannot drink

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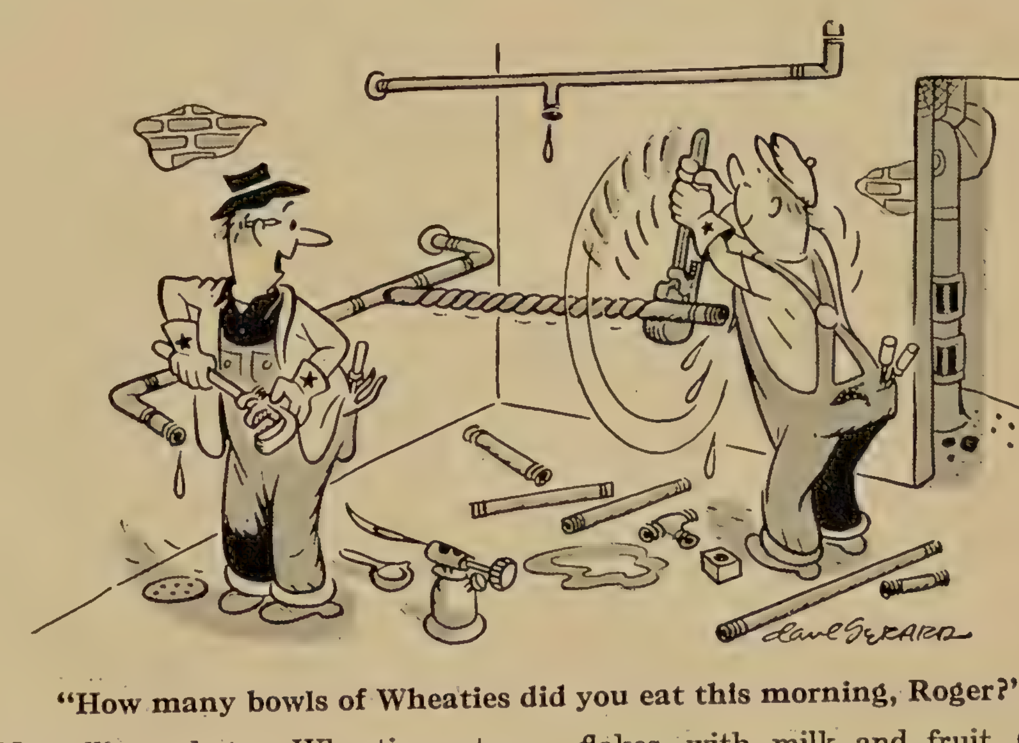

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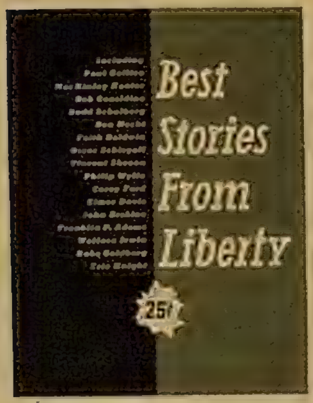

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so much as a jigger; that it isn't the last drink that is important but the first one.

"I may be an optimist, but I'm satisfied a lot of cases that now look hopeless will make some progress when the problem is put to them as a medical one," says Pat Brown. "Alcoholics Anonymous has proven that. Of course, Alcoholics Anonymous doesn't pretend to help everyone. For those cases in which it is not the answer, we will try psychiatry. If that doesn't work, we'll try something else. And all the time it will be cheaper for the taxpayers and infinitely better for the drunk."

Brown is equally concerned about helping the drunk who doesn't get arrested. It will be possible for a man who believes liquor is getting him down to go to the clinic, have an examination and diagnosis, and return for outpatient care by the simple process of paying whatever his visits cost the city. He will be booked, nor will his employe friends be advised of his probl

"We hope these people will c into the clinic the same as t would to another clinic if they ill," said Brown. "There are sev of my friends who I hope will among the first."

The clinic also will be open to wife who can't take another of husband's binges and who oth wise would visit a divorce law She will be given guidance.

"We're not getting fancy or formish; we're just getting se ble," said Brown. "I've sent a lot people to jail since I've been in fice. I hope when I get throug will be able to say I've made a of people happier."

San Francisco is moving fast escape remaining at the top of list for arrests for drunkenness would just as soon forgo that bious honor.

◆

SOMETHING FOR SIS

Continued from page 24

the post office. How about tonight, Donny dear?"

His voice caught in his throat. "Gosh, yes, Vangie!"

His love—his dazzling, queenly love—had called him "dear." Only, he wasn't at all sure that she was his love. For she was such a strange, odd girl. Her mother was fat and Portuguese; her father, who had better be forgotten, had come from Kentucky. Everybody said she was wild, or worse. She was a year older than he and why she'd suddenly begun to bother with him he couldn't make out. He'd been on dates with her twice now and they'd been shot through with an excitement that was electric. Yet they hadn't been actually different from most dates. He'd held her hand; she'd given him an almost casual kiss.

He was jumpy at dinner and all his nerves knotted when Mum said, "Do you want to go with us to meet Aunt Ellie?"

Surely she must see his face flare up. "Gee, I'm sorry. I've got a date."

But Mum was so excited herself she didn't seem to notice. "Just as well. I always hate a mob of people meeting me at trains."

Half past seven; seven forty-five. And here he was outside the small dingy house. Suppose she can't get out? Suppose she can't come? His knees went weak.

Someone coming down the walk, bewitching in a white shirt and black slacks, with the street lamp spattering thin golden bars across them. And someone else, too.

Vangie's voice, husky and sweet: "Look, Donny, I brought Sis along."

Sis Harlow standing there with the light full on her oval face, her hair so pale yellow it was more white than gold. Sis, drab in an old dress, without a single interesting thing about her.

Vangie's voice again: "Come on, Sis. You don't have to act shy w Donny."

Sis's speech, as pallid as herse "I guess—I guess I'm sort of in t way."

"Like fun you are! I brought y didn't I? Donny's just tickled death to have you."

"Sure I am, Sis."

Vangie linked one arm throu his, her other through the gir "Let's get going. Have any troul getting out?"

The whole magic evening l shattered at his feet. Why did Va gie have to do it?

"Not a bit. Everybody's meeti my Aunt Ellie at the train."

"Say! Is that the one who's countess?"

"I think she's the Honorable M Neville now."

Vangie gave a low whistle. "If had an aunt like that, I wouldn't wasting time on a couple of tow girls. I'd be right down at the d pot. Wouldn't you, Sis?"

Sis's voice had the cool quality swift running water. "It would d pend a lot on what the aunt w like."

He was surprised. Sis wasn't s stupid as he'd thought. He sa swiftly, "I've never seen her."

"Well, I've heard plenty," Vang told him, "and she certainly stoo this place on its ear when she wa around. Your Aunt Ellie was quit a gal."

They walked out beyond the wa ter tower to the great grove of tree shadowed by darkness, silvered a the moon rose high and huge an round and the wind died away to hushed warm breath.

They lay there on the cool grass Vangie like a tall boy; Sis sprawle anyhow.

"Hold his hand, Sis," Vangie com manded. "He won't bite."

Sis's hand crept into his, a littl fluttery. And then clung hard with a racing pulse in it. She turned her ace to the first faint stars and here was a wistful look upon it.

She said, almost in a sigh, "Anyhing could happen on a night like his. Anything—"

Vangie began chewing a blade of grass. "Don't kid yourself. Anything can happen on any night."

It was odd that Vangie shouldn't feel it and Sis should: that rushing wildness that comes such nights in June. Sis's hand clung tighter still, so hard it almost hurt.

They left her at her door a long time later and then he and Vangie were standing by the gatepost.

"Gee," she said, "I'm glad you didn't mind. It's high time someone did something for Sis. You're awfully sweet, Donny."

She bent and gave him a long, lingering kiss, so long, so lingering that he'd stumbled halfway home before he remembered that an unknown aunt must be waiting there.

He came, dazed, into the sharp light of the living room, and its calm easy dullness was gone. Mum's and Dad's voices were warm with excitement, and there in the leather chair, cigarette in hand, one knee carelessly flung over the other, hair a blazing red, eyes a fiery blue, her cheeks a soft cream and only a little lined, was someone who must be Aunt Ellie. He stopped dead. Aunts were old; aunts were dull; aunts simply couldn't look like this.

"If you're Donald, come over and kiss me," the redheaded lady said.

An aunt's idea of a kiss was a cold, distant peck. Aunt Elinor's wasn't: it was soft and warm and entirely startling.

Her voice had a deep richness in it. "Well! Why didn't you tell me you had such a handsome son! Just look at those lashes! What wouldn't I give to have a complexion like that! It's indecent to waste it on a boy." She blew faint blue rings of smoke. "He'll certainly set all the girls crazy."

Dad began making helpless motions. "Now, Ellie—"

Aunt Elinor rose and her black dress rippled. "Now, nonsense! When a boy's good looking, he'd better know it. I'm damn tired. I want to go to bed."

◆

When he got safely upstairs, he went to his mirror and took a long look. No different. No different at all. Just dark hair that stubbornly *would* curl, no matter how much he wetted it; eyes like anyone else's; full cheeks that were spots of scarlet and got shiny when he was embarrassed. He wasn't handsome. Aunt Ellie didn't know what she was talking about.

Morning. Mum came at him with a rush. "Donald, you take Aunt Ellie's breakfast tray upstairs. And be sure to be polite."

He bumped the bedroom door with the tray.

"Come in!"

He opened the door and Aunt Ellie stood in the center of the room in bright green pajamas, her red hair blazing, a hairbrush in her hand.

"Come on in! Didn't you ever see a lady in her pajamas before?"

"Well, not very often."

"It won't do you any harm. Put the tray down on that table. Draw a chair up. Now give me a light."

Aunt Ellie was utterly unbelievable in this sun-splashed room. She was like some high-colored picture come to life.

"What's in here? Hot cakes? They'll play the devil with me, but I don't care. Had your breakfast yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Sit down and share mine, then. I want someone to talk to. I'd forgotten mornings smelled so sweet here. You forget a lot when you're an old woman."

"But you're not old, Aunt Ellie!"

"H'm. I'll bet you're quite a devil, Donald."

It was a lot of fun talking with this dazzling lady. "I don't think so, Aunt Ellie."

"Neither did my last husband. But he was. Poor Stubby. He wouldn't a bit like being dead in a dirty place like Bengasi."

Either the light changed or something did, for the lines showed stronger on her face and her eyes held a dull shadow of age. But only for an instant and then she slapped her hand down hard on her satin knee.

"I want to ride. Can I hire a horse around here?"

He bore the tray downstairs in a state of great glory and bewilderment. "I had breakfast with Aunt Ellie. Isn't she marvelous, Mum?"

His mother's eyes were twinkling. "She certainly is. I can't imagine how your father ever managed to have her for a sister."

And now there was the hard clatter of heels on the stairs; Aunt Ellie in a white coat, dark skirt, and burnished boots.

"Morning, Lois. Can I borrow

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Donald to show me the way to the stables?"

It was a high, heady feeling just to walk down the street with such a dashing woman, a woman who seemed to regard you as sophisticated and even a little bit dangerous.

They turned into the riding-school yard, and there was Mr. Matthews, its proprietor, sad, saturnine, tobacco stained. He was holding a big ugly chestnut horse and that was Alfred.

"Mornin', mum," drawled Mr. Matthews. "This hoss's the only one I got trained to side saddle. Threw the woman who owned him an' she spent six months in hospital."

"Indeed?" said Aunt Ellie and put her foot in the stirrup.

Alfred's eyes rolled white, he laid back his ears and snorted. Aunt Ellie took him tight by the head. She gave him two short sharp jabs with her spur. Alfred plunged, stood on his hind legs, and then straightway bolted.

Mr. Matthews spat into the dust. "Kill her, likely," he said.

◆

Donald walked down and sat resignedly on a fence. Time slid by and there was the sound of hoofs. Aunt Ellie and Alfred, in perfect amity and accord, were coming on at a canter.

"Good enough horse," Aunt Ellie said as she stood in the stable yard once more. "Just needs to know his rider won't stand any nonsense."

No, Aunt Ellie wouldn't stand any nonsense, Donald thought as she walked toward home with a swift stride. She'd always have her own way, whatever happened.

He looked up and here was Vangie, the wind whipping at her dark hair, her eyes intent on Aunt Ellie. She stopped. In a second her soft beauty would send his senses throbbing. Only it didn't. She didn't even seem mysterious any more.

He could say quite calmly, "Aunt Ellie, this is Miss Creedon."

"Morning, Miss Creedon. Don't mind my being a bit mussed."

Aunt Ellie was *really* exciting, *really* romantic, and because she was, Vangie'd somehow shrunk to merely a pleasant small-town girl.

You could see Vangie sensed that herself, for she shook hands almost reverently. "You don't look mussed. You look swell. I guess it must seem strange to you to be back in a little dump like this."

You could feel Vangie envying Aunt Ellie. You could almost feel what Vangie wanted to be and never would. He had a swift sense of treachery, but he couldn't help noticing how her skirt seemed too tight, her heels too high, her lips too scarlet.

Aunt Ellie flicked her boot with her crop. "You know, I thought it was a little dump, too, when I was your age. Now I don't. It's one place in the world that hasn't changed."

"Gosh, no. It'll never change." Vangie looked at Aunt Ellie with utter admiration. "Are you staying long, Mrs. Neville?"

"No. Just a visit. Nice to have met you, Miss Creedon."

She went striding on.

"Striking-looking girl. It's a shame she dresses so badly."

Yes, she did dress badly, but Aunt Ellie mustn't think she was common or cheap, because she wasn't really. "Vangie's all right, Aunt Ellie."

"Of course she is. She's the sort everyone misunderstands. Because she's a little voluptuous, she makes most men think she's mysterious and alluring. I'll bet she's just a good-hearted girl with a lot of dash to her. She'd never even be noticed in a city. In a small town, she'll scandalize everyone for a while, then settle down and get married."

Aunt Ellie certainly knew everything and she could set it all out so you could see it for yourse sharp and clear. And now Vangie never stir a strong fever in you blood any more.

"Stop being pensive," Aunt Ell told him. "I hate moody youn men."

◆

But Aunt Ellie was moody he self that warm drowsy evening a she sat on the veranda with th three Thayers.

She got up with swift impatienc "These June nights get into m blood. I want to walk. Come o Donald."

And there on Maple Street, th dark blur of a man was holdin onto a fence—knees, arms, hea body, all gone limp.

"What's that?" said Aunt Elli sharply.

Donald felt a little sick. "It's M Mason Harlow."

Aunt Ellie went quite close. "I *that* Mason? Why, I remember Mason. He seems to be a little unde the weather, Donald."

"He's dead drunk, Aunt Ellie."

She didn't seem shocked or eve disturbed. "That's what I meant We'd better get him home."

She put one hand under Mr. Harlow's arm and they lifted him together. Mr. Harlow was a mess an it was a shame Aunt Ellie shoul see him this way.

"He doesn't get mean, Aunt Ellie He doesn't get ugly. He's awfully nic really, and tomorrow morning he'l be all dressed up, with a flower i his buttonhole—"

They took him into his nea white house with the green blinds They laid him on the sofa, an Aunt Ellie expertly stripped off hi coat and loosened his tie. Then sh stood looking down on him as if sh could see clear through him int what he once had been, long, long ago.

"Well, he'll do. Who keeps this place so bright and clean?"

"Sis. That's Cicely. She's his daughter. I guess she's out baby-sitting tonight."

Aunt Ellie made a small motion as if she were angry about something. "Poor Sis!" She took his arm quite firmly. "How's your forgettery, Donald?"

"What?"

"I want you to forget we saw Mason drunk or took him home. I don't want you to tell anyone."

Aunt Ellie sprung her bombshell that next night: "I've taken the liberty of inviting Mason Harlow and his daughter to dinner tomorrow."

Dad's eyebrows bristled. "I won't have Mason Harlow in my house."

"Rubbish!" said Aunt Ellie calmly. "You don't mind, do you, Lois?"

Mum spoke slowly: "I think Mason got all torn to pieces when his wife died. That was five years ago, wasn't it, Joe? And I never see Sis on the street but what I feel ashamed—as if I ought to do something for her. No, I don't mind."

LIBERTY

"I was just leaving, Lester."

It was remarkable what miracles nt Ellie could bring about. For it rtainly was startling that Mason arlow and Sis were sitting here at e Thayer dinner table. Mr. Harv very dapper, quite dashing in s tuxedo. And cold sober. Sis was tting beside him, her blue dress inging out the color of her eyes, r face and hands tense. She was atching her father like a hawk. d Donald saw that she must live a cold clammy mist of fear. He w, too, that she didn't shrink bele Aunt Ellie as Vangie had; she emed to blossom out instead.

He turned to her. "You look nice night, Sis."

She blushed as though no one d ever said anything like that to r before. "Oh, no! No one could k nice when your aunt's so nning."

Yes, Aunt Ellie certainly was, in r sea-green dress, the small ring of pearls at her throat. She as talking now of England and urope, and Mr. Harlow was asking her quick questions about places d people and things.

"I didn't know you'd been abroad, ason," she said.

He made a little motion with his hin sensitive hand. "I haven't. I o all my traveling in books."

Sis gave a small sigh as if everyhing was going to be all right now. e sensed Aunt Ellie's quality as eenly as Donald did and he liked er for that.

He said, with a sudden tenderess, "Let's go to the movies tomorw, Sis."

She was frightened again. "I on't know, Donny. I—"

Aunt Ellie caught it up. "Of ourse you can, Sis. I haven't seen movie in years. How about taking e, Mason? Or are you afraid I'll old your hand in the dark?"

◆

All that next week Aunt Ellie was ardly in the house evenings. Moies with Mr. Mason Harlow, dinner ith Mr. Harlow, driving up to pringfield to hear a concert.

Dad's eyebrows bristled more han ever. "It's outrageous, Lois. he fairly forces these dates on Iason. She's making a show of herelf. Serve her right when he gets odden drunk on her somewhere."

"But he doesn't get drunk now, oe. Ellie keeps him too busy. And esides, she expects him to act like gentleman. Everybody else exects Mason to drink himself to leath. Even his daughter does."

Maybe Mum was right. Maybe if nough people thought you'd do a ertain thing, you would. At any ate, Mr. Mason Harlow hadn't een in the Halliday House bar for days. Tuesday, when Donald met him in the square, even the flower in his buttonhole held a brighter bloom.

"Ah, Donald. Just the person I want to see. You're very levelheaded for a young man, Donald. I want to consult you."

It was odd how important Mr. Harlow made you feel.

"I've about decided to send Cicely away to boarding school this fall. Your aunt has recommended one in the East. What do you think, Donald?"

Something happening at last to Sis—something so stupendous that only Aunt Ellie could have brought it about.

"I think it's simply swell, Mr. Harlow."

Mr. Harlow's eyes glowed. "Good. But I'm afraid Cicely doesn't. You're her own age, Donald, and not grown old and stupid yet, like me. I wonder if you'd mind talking to her about it? Would you?"

Sis was sweeping the porch of the Harlow house and she had a lost and frightened look.

"Gosh, Sis, I hear you're going away to school."

"I'm so mixed up, Donny. I'm so awfully mixed up. Father wants me to go away. I'm frightened to leave him alone."

Well, she would be. She'd looked after her father for years.

He said very slowly, "Maybe you worry about him too much. Maybe he'd be better off alone. I guess that's what Aunt Ellie thinks."

Her face flushed and there was a soft beauty in it. "Maybe. Oh, Donny, I'm scared for myself, too. I'm scared of all those girls in school."

Sis all shut up in herself for so long and now letting herself go. If he put his arm around her—

He said, "They won't know anything about you, Sis. It'll all be different. And you'll be different, too."

She shook her head. "Everybody calls me 'Poor Sis.' I've heard them." She said in a sudden burst, "I hate it. It makes me crawl all over when I see people look at me the way they do. Even you did, that night when Vangie brought me along—"

Yes, he had, but he didn't any more. He turned and kissed her gently and her lips clung with a soft warm ardor he'd never known.

"You don't have to do that because you're sorry for me, Donny."

"I like you a lot, Sis." His voice stumbled because the words were true. "I like you better than any girl I ever knew."

Sis stared at him, unbelieving. "Do you, Donny? Do you really?" Her eyes half closed. "I guess I've felt that same way about you almost all my life—as if you were someone special. I used to watch from that window—just to see you go by." She smiled as if she were tasting some happiness at last—a happiness that was all her own. "Don't tell anybody that, Donny. Not even your aunt. She'd say, 'What a silly girl that Sis is!'"

◆

Aunt Ellie said, "Don't you fool yourself any about Sis, young man. She's probably the most intense girl you'll ever know."

Aunt Ellie was saying that the

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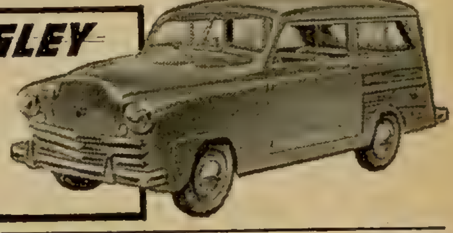

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By EILEEN BURKE

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Two for the price of one in Rubbermaid's Handimat-Cutting Board. A heavy-duty, heat-resistant rubber mat on one side; a utility cutting board (which slides out for cleaning) on the other. In several colors to match kitchen schemes. Department stores, $3.75.

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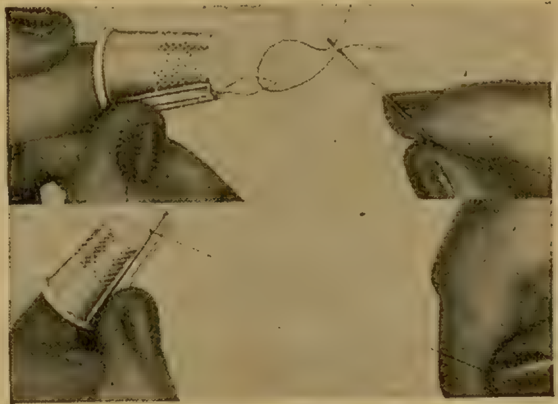

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All prices are approximate.

---

next morning. She lay in the po
hammock, her shirt bright b
above wine-colored corduroy slac
"Yes, Aunt Ellie."
"Found that out yourself, I se
She put her arms behind her he
"You know, Donald, I'd like to l
here all my life. I'm what you c
an anachronism. Donald. Ther
no room for my kind of woman a
more."
"But, gee, there's New York a
California and Palm Beach."
"Not for me, Donald. I have
any money. I'm broke." Her e
had an almost guilty look. "Tha
why I came back here to visit. A
now it's time I went away."
His hands pressed together ha
"No, you mustn't. You stay wi
us. Mum and Dad would want y
to."
She gave him a tender lo
"They'd get bored and irritated
me. And so would you."
Something hurt and throbbed
his throat. "I wouldn't."
She got up as if she were mu
moved. "No. I don't believe y
would. You're very steadfast, Do
ald. You'll never see that I'm t
silly sort of woman who can ma
age everyone's affairs but her own
She put her arm around him a
there was almost a fierceness in h
embrace. "We get along well t
gether, don't we? I'm sorry I ca
watch you growing up."
She suddenly straightened. "We
I ought to be clever enough to ea
some sort of living." She took
swift look at his face. "Stop bei
moody, will you?" She took son
change from her pocket. "Run dow
town and buy me some cigarettes
He went very slowly through th
sun and shade.

◆ "What's wrong, Donald?"
Mr. Mason Harlow, a gay flow
fluttering in his lapel.
"Aunt Ellie's going away! She's—
It was all coming out of him in o
great burst.
Mr. Harlow's face went red, the
dark, then red again. He whipp
about. "Come on. COME ON!"
Mr. Harlow's strides were so lo
Donald had to run to keep up wit
him. And then they were takin
the steps two at a time.
Aunt Ellie stood there. "Donal
you didn't! You didn't tell—"
"Of course he did," Mr. Harlo
said. "Donald has sense."
He took Aunt Ellie in his arms a
if it were the most natural thing i
the world to do. He kissed her har
"Mason! Do you have to be s
public about it?" Her face was so
and happy and very, very young.
"I most certainly do. I'm going t
compromise you so thoroughly yo
can't escape. I should have marrie
you twenty years ago."
"You never asked me, Mason!"
"Well, what do you think I'm do
ing now?"
Donald slipped hastily down th
steps. Somebody had better tell Si
about this in a hurry. ◆

Give Us Back Our Buxom Beauties

Continued from page 23

even hoops and "bustle effects"—making tragicomics of the buxom Bettys who must deck themselves out in all this froufrou.

As they crowd the long march from the charm industry's "conditioning" camps, women look more and more like hungry, gangling boys whose growth has been too rapid. Their ideas of trying so hard to become carbon copies of men wouldn't have entered their silly heads if they'd remembered what they learned as little girls in Sunday school: Psalms 147:10: "He [the Lord] taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man."

That the fetish of the female jinglebones has as its chief purpose snob appeal to other women, is the opinion of Jimmy, my dinner host the other night.

He says his wife's figure wouldn't qualify—in the sleekest black gown and photographed at the slimmest angle—for the "after" pose in those "before and after" ads that proclaim: "Mold Your Figure to Boyish Proportions"; "No Exercise, No Drugs, No . . ."

"And No Food, No Water—No Girl! while they're about it," said Jimmy.

"Men, most of all, seek cheer in women," he said. "It's my notion a woman ought to feel feminine and reassuring in a man's arms, not masculine, with noticeable joints and cordy muscles.

"Nobody likes a shape resembling a forked radish," said Jimmy. "And everyone knows that a man or woman handicapped by excess fat should seek expert medical advice. But even before fraternization was openly permitted, I saw how our boys went for the shapely German *Fräuleins*. They seem to have a physical attraction that wins out."

◆ The British War Office not long ago disclosed increasing numbers of tearful pleas from British women whose husbands or sweethearts have been lost to the *Fräuleins*. "The chances of a husband being as good as lost the moment he sets foot in Germany are about 75 to 25," the Associated Press reported.

"Since sex has yet to be abolished," said Jimmy, "it seems to me a six-lane *Autobahn* of primroses couldn't lure a man away—much—whose wife is his seductive companion, too. Certainly no man ever walked a block out of his way to get a good look at a female who had been deep-fried in a reduction plant."

Pamela, teen-age daughter of a Texas friend of mine, is typical of girls more Aphrodite than elf. Her smile would turn a glacier into soft rain; yet she'd rather be like her reedy chum, a double-distilled damsel with nerves and no curves. Encouraged by her mother, Pamela has flown to New York three different times to enroll in two identical courses and one "postgraduate" course at a gilded slimming salon; tuition, $70 to $300—depending.

During the first course of six weeks, Pamela lost 30 pounds. In fact, if you don't lose according to curriculum, you're flunked. Trouble is, Pamela gains back her lost pounds—unless she goes habitually hungry and doses herself with thyroid and benzedrine pills. Then she can't sleep.

Once Pamela's dad flew to New York just to beguile her into being her sweet self again. Between sodas and lunches they traipsed from store to store in search of sharp new togs. "Dowdy!" is what her dad called the few that would fit her. His protestations that the stores were trying to "liquidate all women who come in sizes other than 9 to 16," were met by, "Yes, we hear that over and over again."

Pamela and her dad wound up by ordering a trunkful of made-to-measure things that averaged more than $185 a garment.

Still in a ferment of misinformation, Pamela thinks men turn to look at her because she's some kind of freak. She's too plowed under to lay claim to her own instinctively admiring crowd.

◆ Since all the Pamelas are conditioned into believing the long-stemmed sisterhood is more alluring, there's little point in telling them that one-fourth—five out of every 20 girls aged four to 17—are plumply built, according to a U. S. Department of Agriculture study of more than 64,000 girls in this age group.

In this country, where womanly figures are looked upon with disfavor, the fancied standard too long has been: bust, 34 inches; waist, 24; hips, 34. Yet the strikingly tall—5 feet 9—newest Miss America, 18-year-old Beatrice Vella Shopp of Hopkins, Minnesota, measured: bust, 37 inches; waist, 27; hips, 36. A matter of proportion for one so tall, she weighed 138 pounds. Though the judges' choice strayed from the norm for Miss Americas, it indicated no trend to the robust, as we shall see.

But first, a riffle back through the centuries to what was once regarded as perfection of feminine form: Venus of Milo. Her life measurements, computed by mathematics of proportion from data released by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, were: height, 5 feet 4½ inches; bust, 38½ inches; waist, 31; and hips, a mite under 41 inches. A plump squab indeed, compared to long-stemmed Miss America.

Consider now the "English Venus," Maud Odell, who came from Britain to pose on the American stage in 1908-9. At 24 years of age she weighed 145 pounds. She was 5 feet 8 inches tall; bust, 40 inches; waist, 24½; hips, 42. She had won

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a $10,000 prize in England for her "perfection of form, the finest physical specimen of womanhood in the world."

The prolonged whistles and bravos you next hear are from a cracked old recording of opening night with Weber and Fields in Fiddle-Dee-Dee, starring Lillian Russell, "the most dazzlingly beautiful creature of the American stage." In the Gay Nineties, at the height of her career, she weighed 186 pounds. Her bust measured 42 inches; waist, 27; hips, nearly 44. Later, by strenuous physical culture, she reduced 30 pounds. But she still weighed 156, a good deal for her 5 feet 4½.

As a last remaining symbol of what might be called the high-button-shoes era, Mae West has managed to reverse the normal feminine proportions. Her hips (35 inches) measure two inches less than her bust (37 inches). Her waist is 32 inches. Five feet five, she weighs only 118 pounds.

◆ On the lookout for a "Curves Ahead!" sign, I tracked down an authority, none other than Billy Rose. I asked him if the applause for Al Capp's Schmoo might hint the return of—well, a little more heft to the American show girl.

"Dreamboat beauties like those of the old burlesque and musical-comedy days haven't a ghost of a chance in the modern theater," said Billy, barely arching an eyebrow. "I wouldn't hire the big babes today. They belong to the dear dead past of show business. *Requiescat in pace!*"

In another wigwam of the Broadway Rialto, I broached the subject to a top-bracket press agent. "You've got something there, bub," he said. "I don't like the famished frails draping the stage today. What gripes me, I have to plug them all over the lot. The newspapers from coast to coast hound the life out of me for photos of these glamorpusses with grasshopper legs," and he handed me a glossy print of a boyishly thin chorine. There wasn't a curve in sight—save for the forced lift of her push-up bra.

"Most of them, of course, snide such improvisations as 'falsies,'" said the press agent, "either one or both of which are subject to migratory displacement." (Women bought more than 5,000,000 pairs of falsies last year.)

"Yet," he continued, "Flo Ziegfeld, with the catch phrase, 'Glorifying the American Girl,' started something when he set up in business with long-stemmed beauties. Like white shirts at Macy's and Gimbels, tall, thin gals are good merchandise in show business. If one up and quits in a huff, you can replace her with another just like her. If a comedian gets sore and walks out on your show, you go right on featuring the girls."

A study among 330,000 women policyholders of the Metropolitan Life reveals that the mortality rate is lowest among young adult women of moderate overweight. It is highest among underweight young adult women and those greatly overweight. Depending on build, a little weight over the average is all to the good up to 30 or 35 years of age, according to Dr. Louis I. Dublin, a Metropolitan vice-president and statistician.

Underweight young women, victims of foolish dieting, have less resistance to influenza, pneumonia, tuberculosis, nervous disorders, and complications in pregnancy, according to Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman of New York, physician and author. Chiefly responsible, he informs me, is women's maniacal pursuit of the slim figure. That's not all. Dr. Goodman, who wrote the novel, Hagar Revelly and the photoplay, Battle of the Sexes, says the get-thin craze has direct bearing on the rapidly rising divorce rate, which he fears will double within 20 years—"or increase enough to make men want to fight another world war.

"Strenuous dieting and reducing drugs are known to cause neuroses in women," he said. "When the natural woman went out, her starving, neurotic sister came in. Moreover, when a woman devotes, say, ten hours out of the day to slimming, or, in other words, being the object of her own affections, frigidity is not so far around the corner."

Dr. Goodman also blames the "canary rations that husbands have to put up with because their wives want to lose weight and stay thin."

Another authority, Dr. James F. Bender of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene and founder of the Institute of Human Relations, warns that skinny women are poor marital risks. "Women of the overweight class," he says, "have a better marriage record than those with Hollywood figures."

◆ Woman's horror of *embonpoint* and man's revulsion against lack of it have sent them wandering in widely divergent ways. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's book, Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, reveals that about one-half of all married men are unfaithful to their wives.

Trouble is, the girl a fellow would like to be with and the one he would like to be seen with are two quite different creatures. I saw it happen to one of my classmates in college. He had been dating a handsome blonde co-ed who was vulgar enough to be sound of wind and limb. Her top-form I.Q. was no denial of her symmetrical proportions. The week of the Junior Prom, Bill trotted out an expensive portrait of a supersonic brunette with buck teeth, *the* girl he was importing from Pittsburgh for the big affair.

Posing in the photo, she reminded me of a spidery female out of a Charles Addams cartoon. Her high cheekbones were sharply etched—too sharply for Bill. She managed to accentuate the pop-bottle slo to her shoulders. And those harl quin eyes could administer a thir degree burn if things didn't go a cording to plans—hers.

Bill told me later he had bee cowardly — by-passing his co- companion — "but those gravell voiced fraternity brothers: 'Acr of woman and she's all yours!' U thinkable," Bill said. "There alwa had to be the hush-hush concer ing the natural physical charm woman and the pretense that s doesn't exist."

Still on the prowl for curv ahead, I tackled a manufacturer foundation garments at the Natio al Corset and Brassière Show New York; and I handed him one the currently popular historic novels on whose dust jackets lus Jezebels are pictured. "See here," said. "Could this mean a sudden r versal of skin-and-bones idolatry

"I consider any amplification the feminine figure most unlike at this time," he said. "The penci slim type is here to stay.

"More than 80 per cent of th women over 15 years of age wea some sort of foundation garment he continued. "They are now spend ing at the rate of more than $400 000,000 a year for them, double tha of 1947—all-time peak year. No he said with the finality of know how, "when we need a way to g more business, maybe we'll fatte 'em up, but right now that would b silly."

It remained for Ray Giles, writin in Advertising and Selling, to dea the *coup de grâce*. The 1929 marke crash, he said, could be directl traceable to the obsolete portraya of handsome Brünnehildes on th certificates of America's leadin stocks and bonds.

Supplant those sugarplums wit boyish spindleshanks! Might as wel tell an old salt the figureheads o square-rigged maidens that adorne the prows of old sailing ships invoked no courage in the hearts o sea dogs of their day.

◆ Perhaps we are alone—the Broadway press agent and I—in our plea for the plump—"Large Economy Size—Round, Full Bodied—and Beware of Imitations!" But, so help me, I shall hope that other men will let themselves be heard from.

Not that I would seek the return of the troglodyte woman with a laugh like a rockslide. I would, however, beguile a moment having a look at the blonde and brunette beauties of the old Floradora Sextette—for whose revival New York City's Golden Anniversary Jubilee last year sought only brunettes, unhappily three inches taller and ten pounds lighter than their prototypes.

We might as well face up to the fact that "Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman." Fashion may alter her lines, but she has yet to change the nature of man. ◆ ◆

LITTLE ANIMAL *Continued from page 21*

not believe in foreign correspondence. Next, Otto was second man to a London agency correspondent, an amiable drunkard with great talent who got fired for looting his petty-cash account. The third job —after a long interval—the fourth job, the fifth job; always they were torn from him through no great fault of his own. For several years he was second man in the bureau of a big Berlin agency, but a place had to be found suddenly for the brother of the mistress of the editor in chief. Then he lived, if you could call it living, by peddling tips to the exalted snooty group of chief correspondents who drifted into the Café Imperial every morning for their *Gabel Frühstück* (second breakfast). Through one of these, Otto finally landed the miserable job with Thorne.

"Hello," Thorne greeted them. Small men ducked under the wheels of the carriages, tapping them with hammers. "Well, how are you folks!" He looked at Erzi with some interest. "Heard your voice on the phone so often, nice to meet you." He turned to Otto. "Where did you keep her hidden when I was down here a couple of years ago?" His smile was rich with bounce and cheer.

That was the time Erzi had been away on a walking trip. For some reason that was obscure to him, Otto had not demanded she give up her holiday and return to town.

◆

Now, collecting his bags, overtipping the heavily mustached porter, Thorne was full of businesslike energy and decisiveness. Otto had made all the arrangements, but it was Thorne who told the taximan "Bristol!" authoritatively. The car slithered over the cobbles. "Well, well, nice to be in Vienna again!" Thorne rubbed his hands.

Otto observed him carefully as they drove into the town. Thorne was vigorous, young, crude, and raw. He had risen in his profession very rapidly; hence he was contemptuous of colleagues and contemporaries who were failures. He had no discernible values or convictions, Otto knew, but plenty of opinions. He was a fast agency man, who kept his organization working with the utmost efficiency and economy. He was greatly admired by his bosses in New York who, however, thought that he would overreach himself some day, through ambition, and come to an indifferent end. He was not at all badhearted. He had a strong physical vitality, enthusiasm, a love for food and drink, not an ounce of sensitiveness about the personal frailties of others, blond good looks, and a thin line of dark blond mustache drawn tightly on a wide aggressive upper lip. He was about thirty-four.

Thorne washed up while Otto and Erzi waited downstairs in the Bristol lobby. Then he took them to Schoner's for lunch. Otto ate greedily—it was a long time since he had had such an imposing meal. Sitting there, Thorne looked twice Otto's size. He kept up a running banter of questions and small talk, but he was obviously not much interested in his guests. Continually his attention roamed. He would start a sentence and not finish it, and it seemed difficult for him to follow Otto's slow carefully spaced English. He could not keep his restless eyes off the pretty women in the room. Then Erzi leaned over and touched his hand, murmuring lightly, "You should relax, Herr Thorne."

They rose to leave the luncheon table, and he looked with frank admiration at her face and figure. "You're certainly a pretty girl," Thorne said, jovially squeezing her arm.

"Help me do some shopping," he commanded them. They were passing a bright window on the Kärtnerstrasse, and he bought a fitted case and two morocco wallets. Otto watched him pay the money out. Across the street Thorne saw another celebrated shop, and here he promptly bought three women's cashmere sweaters—one was of grayish rose and the loveliest color Erzi had ever seen—and then a pullover for himself of the new Vienna style, gray on one side and black on the other. It cost a hundred and twenty schillings. Otto and Erzi had become quite silent, and out on the street again Thorne surveyed them.

"Say, about that letter of yours last month. Sorry I couldn't do anything about it, but you know what things are in New York during this damned depression. Had half my budget lopped off."

Pushed into it by Erzi, Otto had written him in London asking for a raise. Thorne had never answered the letter, and his cheerful voice

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I Paid to Meet a Man

By PAULINE REYNARD

I had often wondered what actually happens to women who seek husbands through a matrimonial bureau. My curiosity wasn't purely academic either, for an unattached girl in a big city can get mighty lonely, especially in this postwar age, with its shortage of men. So I decided to learn how such agencies work.

I remembered seeing ads that told about an organization called the Friendship Center, with headquarters in New York's Wentworth Hotel. The advertisements said that Clara Lane ("Cupid Is My Business") is the director of the Friendship Center. Clara's ads offered statistics to prove the efficacy of her ability to "introduce people who are interested in making friendships that lead to marriage." She says that in the past ten years she has brought together more than 40,000 people, and from those meetings some 20,000 men and women have entered into matrimony.

When I went to see Clara Lane, I half expected to meet a furtive woman. Clara is far from being furtive. Short and stout, with serene friendly blue eyes that match her warm-hearted smile, she answered all my questions frankly.

Clara Lane now has Friendship Centers in New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles. Members in every state.

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I paid my fee and was ready for my first Center-sponsored date.

I learned that the men who seek mates through the Center are not pathetic types I had expected to meet, but the normal, varied assortment of American males. The only difference is that they have done something about their loneliness. While most of us wait around, maybe for years, for the chance meeting with someone we can hope to love, these people take action by going to Clara Lane. These men and women find it a practical approach to romance, love and marriage.

FREE: The above is an excerpt from an article in last month's Liberty. If you did not have time to read it all, write for a free reprint of the full length article. Miss Lane will be happy to send it to you, together with a reprint of "CUPID IS MY BUSINESS" which appeared in another foremost national magazine. Just write or call, or use the form below:

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had never given them an opening on the telephone.

"But the other point," Erzi said without hesitation, now that the matter was broached. "If we could have one hundred schillings per month extra for expenses."

"New York hadn't made up its mind about that."

"Perfectly legitimate expenses," Otto explained hurriedly. "Now, in an emergency, I do not even dare to take a taxi. To buy a coffee, or even a drink of alcohol in one of the bars," he went on with his voice apologetic, "it is necessary if I am to get the news—"

"A hundred schillings is only fifteen dollars," Erzi said.

Thorne looked pained and irritated. "I tell you I passed your letter on to New York—"

They both knew he was lying.

She stood with her heels hard on the pavement. "Herr Thorne, perhaps you do not realize what it is with us here. We are near to starvation, the way genteel people starve."

Otto was frightened. "Erzi, do not bring up these matters now—here, on the crowded street! Let us not annoy Herr Thorne, just at the moment of his arrival—"

She receded promptly like a good European wife, but her very large gray eyes were angry. "I am sorry, Tierschen. Please to forgive us, Herr Thorne."

"There now—" was all Thorne could think of to say. Then his voice was conciliatory: "Tierschen—what's that mean?"

She told him, and he looked puzzled and then he grinned.

Late that afternoon Thorne called her, when she was home alone. This was odd, because Otto must be with him. He said in a quick voice, "I just wanted to say how charming I think you are, Erzi." He must be calling from a booth. "I'll be seeing you at the café tonight, won't I? Please!" He rang off.

◆

The Café Luxembourg, where almost all the correspondents, except the dignitaries who represented the Times of London and the New York Times, met every evening, was an el-shaped room divided into booths curving outward from the wall like horseshoes. The three waiters who attended the journalists—each waiter was of a distinctly different political affiliation—hovered close to the circular marble-top tables set close together in the first booth like coins in a row. Perhaps sixteen men and women were gathered tonight. Thorne was a big attraction. The local bureau heads who had not met him before greeted him with rough camaraderie, concealing their envy; the string men, the tipsters, the hungry hangers-on made a bashful fringe along the corners. They knew what Thorne paid Otto, but not one of them would have hesitated to knife Otto to get hi miserable job. An extra fifty dollar could mean a brief skiing trip i the Salzkammergut or new thing for the kitchen, including an electric toaster.

Thorne in a matter-of-fact wa appropriated Erzi and sat next t her, squeezed into the inner end o the booth, and flanked tightly b the Chicago Tribune man and hi wife, a visitor from Bucharest, an Dr. Ferenzci, the omniscient an forward-seeing representative o the London Post. Also present wer the Czechoslovak press attaché, French correspondent secretly i the pay of one of the big loca banks, and Herr von der Brucken a Nazi who did not admit it Thorne, who was not unintelligent took in all the talk. Otto, perche against the outermost table, at leas twelve or fourteen feet away, leane forward in an attitude of trying t catch whatever wisdom Thorn might utter while at the same tim keeping the other tipsters at a distance. Thorne had six or seven *krügels* of beer, and kept brushing a strand of hair from his high re forehead. He was paying less an less attention to the table at large and more to Erzi, whose slim beautiful fingers were twisting and untwisting around a wineglass. She seemed both pensive and alert, but when Otto tried to catch her eye. she avoided him. Abruptly she felt Thorne's big hand on her knee, heavy, but touching it, caressing it, with a gesture the very slightness of which conveyed significance.

◆

She could not believe what she heard. Maybe he was drunk. "Say, be nice to me, will you, Erzi, and I think I can put through that raise for Otto."

She looked straight at him and then—dumb with shock, paralyzed—tried to gain time by dropping her eyes. But she could not keep from flushing.

"What do you mean, Herr Thorne?"

"Call me Mark. You know perfectly well what I mean. Tomorrow afternoon?"

She said nothing.

"Or I could send Otto to Budapest for a day or two to look into that Horthy story."

"I think now, you watch, the Heimwehr does something startling very soon," came the authoritative voice of Dr. Ferenzci. "A *Putsch* or even a revolution."

"I saw that show at the Josefstäter for the second time last night," said the wife of the Tribune man. "The way a Reinhardt cast just gets me! And isn't Wessely wonderful!"

"It is time for our game of chess," the Nazi said to the Frenchman.

"Waiter, two more beers," the Czechoslovak called.

"Send him to Budapest," Erzi said quietly to Thorne. The weight of his hand relaxed, but before he took it away she felt his fingers touch her just under the knee, pressing quickly and smoothly the soft flesh between the tendons.

"O.K. I'll give you a ring tomorrow."

Vigorously he turned to the rest of the table and talked with a kind of superficial earnestness about what was going to happen in the British general election then impending, and how it was absolutely impossible that a Labor government should ever return to power.

◆

Otto and Erzi left the table shortly after midnight, in order to catch the last G2 tram. Thorne could only half rise because he was backed close to the wall and the table edge caught him in the belly, creasing it. He patted Erzi's arm with a casual *au revoir*, and waved cordially to Otto, after shaking hands. Everybody knew that he would be out all night, probably at the Mariposa first, the chic new night club to which few Viennese themselves could afford to go. Otto and Erzi caught the tram by running for it, and then walked a block to their small pinched flat up three flights in the apartment building which was flimsily built but moderately new.

"Now I will tell you what happened," Erzi said. She gave him the story briefly. "He will telephone you quite early, and you will go to Budapest. Expenses will be paid, and it will be your first out-of-town assignment in years and years. He will telephone me later and I presume I will meet him at the Bristol, and he may ask me to dinner afterward, if he is sure he will not be seen. I am unhappy, but willing to do it for you, but we must plan carefully on what the consequences are bound to be."

"No, you will not do it!" Otto exclaimed. His eyes, usually so sharp, had the expression of a dog's. Like a sick dog.

"I will never be able to call him Tierschen again," Erzi said to herself. The nickname would take on a totally new significance.

"It is a small and altogether temporary thing to do. He is a beast, but it will matter nothing provided he can be trusted to make the raise." She was shivering.

"Erzi darling, I forbid you. It is impossible and out of the question!" he called at her fiercely, though his eyes were trembling with tears.

"Do not think I am happy about it!" Her voice was angry.

"You do not love me, or you would not think of such a thing."

"I do it because I love you and because I love us both!"

But she said to herself, "How awful. This is the most awful thing."

Usually they both slept late. The bed was warm and often there was nothing to do beyond reading the papers, all seventeen of them, every morning. Erzi, in fact, usually got up before Otto did, and put the coffee on the stove. Then toward noon, trying to overcome the fatigue that little by little had made soft pipestems of his bones, he would dress, eat the meal that was both breakfast and lunch, and dutifully go down to the Journalistinzimmer, put in his London call to Thorne, if any story seemed worth sending, and spend the rest of the day at the coffeehouse where, without fail, Erzi would join him in the middle of the afternoon.

This morning, after a night feigning sleep, Otto slipped very early from the bed. Erzi had taken two of the big pink pills; she did not wake. Otto dressed with quiet haste, took a crumpled greasy green five-schilling note from her purse, and explored the cupboard out in the hall. There he found a gun that his father, a *Schutzbund* fighter, had left him many years before, and which he scarcely knew how to use. Then Otto, the former schoolteacher, with a look at Erzi asleep in which love, guardianship, and defiance were equally commingled, and with his sharp animal eyes now glittering, tiptoed to the front door, opened it with caution so that it made no squeak, closed it behind him silently as if he were putting his whole past behind him, felt the pale blue stucco walls of the corridor for the light switch, and ran down the buff stone stairs.

◆

At the Bristol he asked for the number of Herr Thorne's suite, and took the elevator up.

Crashing through Otto's mind was every humiliation of the past decade. It was not merely resentment at this wanton insult to his wife's virtue, in itself, that outraged and maddened him, but the extreme vulgarity of the trade involved. Also he kept recalling every instance of abuse and degradation he had known since he worked for the journalists, not only from Thorne but from those who preceded Thorne: the stinginess; the insults based on indifference, which were the worst kind of insults; the assumption that he was a lump of dirt, to be pushed this way or that at will. His face shone with rage, bliss, and hate.

He looked along the corridor and searched for the proper door. The room numbers were ornately scrolled against the dark mahogany panels in thin gold. He noticed the elevator boy peek at him from around the turn, and he reached Thorne's door, rapping hard on it. There was no answer, and he rapped again. It was still only about eight in the morning. Finally he heard steps, and then Thorne's voice muttering, "Come in. Who is it?" The door swung open, and there was Thorne, with a bathrobe half around him, his hair mussed flatly, his eyes stuck closed.

"For Pete's sake!" Thorne welcomed him. "What on earth you doing here?" He fumbled, still mostly asleep, and pushed forward

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a chair. "What time is it? Sit down!"

"No!" exclaimed Otto. "You have suggested something to my wife. I refuse! She is not to do it!"

"I was tight last night. Can't you take a joke?"

"Not that kind of a joke!" Otto, his hand trembling violently, pushed Thorne in the chest and began to hit him in the face, then reached and pulled the gun out of his pocket. Thorne stared at him, incredulous, slapped him, then with a confused gesture knocked the gun from Otto's hand and kicked it in a corner, propelling it over the carpet with the side of his bare foot.

"Pull yourself together," Thorne said sharply. He crossed the room. "Of all the crazy nonsense I've ever heard!"

Otto stood tight and tense. He made an effort to regain his dignity. But now he had the additional humiliation that this hulk of an American had disarmed him with a finger and was not even frightened, though very angry. A great sadness came over Otto. "Very well. To kill you would be silly. But last night you made a dishonorable proposal to my wife, and I wish you to know that it is categorically refused."

Thorne did not even pay attention to the gun. He looked disgusted, and then contemptuously sorry for Otto and his abjectness.

Otto walked backward to the door, and then, shaking violently, slid down the stairs, because he did not want to face again the inquisitive eyes of the elevator man. Now maybe his happiness with Erzi would be subjected to the most frightful strains. He went into the coffeehouse of the Bristol, which was just opening. He drank the coffee, with his delicate proud hands scarcely able to hold the cup, and then went quickly into the men's room to be sick.

At home, after he woke Erzi and told her all about it, and she had clung to him crying with relief and pride, the phone rang and he heard Thorne's voice. "I've decided to go on to Istanbul this afternoon," said Thorne. "The raise is out, but I guess I can manage that hundred schillings for expenses."

He went on to Istanbul, where he was to meet a girl he had met in Paris a few weeks before and whom he was crazy for. "That damned Otto," he muttered to himself as he got on the train. "I'll fire him after a while."

Otto took Erzi to the coffeehouse that evening. He did not know it, but several of his friends thought that he looked years older. ◆ ◆

PICNIC AS YOU GO

Continued from page 53

salt, and pepper, and fry them in sizzling deep fat.

A gourmet's dish!

I gathered a quantity of marsh marigolds, or cowslips, with their bright yellow flowers and large succulent leaves and stems. I next dipped a kettle of water from the stream, cut up the salt pork and put it, along with salt and pepper, into the water with the marigold greens. Boiled thus and drained, they make far more delicious greens than any you'll have at home. I would, however, suggest carrying a water jug along for cooking. Stream water is likely to be polluted.

On the sandy ground above the stream bank, wild strawberry plants grow in profusion. If there is a better dish, I don't know of it.

Frogs' legs, marigold greens, and wild strawberries. Can you buy a better meal than that for three dollars nowadays?

That experience set me on the track of this new hobby. I began making it a point to find out what common plants and wildlife are good to eat, easily identified, and easily prepared.

Wild foods easily acquirable during picnic season fall into three general categories: so-called sea foods, various plants, and fruits. Let's begin with the sea foods.

If yours is a fishing family, an afternoon of angling will usually furnish the main course. But instead of the usual lakeside fish *fry*, you can make an imaginative picnic project by cooking the catch in an unusual way. Try planked fish, for example. Simply cut a hardwood slab, perhaps of maple, heat it very hot before a campfire. Open your fish and cut them along the backbone, inside, so that they'll lie flat.

Place them, skin down, on the slab, tack them in place, peg a small onion at the upper end of each, and prop the slab up close beside the fire. Fry some bacon and drip grease over the fish occasionally until the fish brown.

Or, with small fish such as brook trout, take out entrails and gills, but leave heads on. Cut slender green sticks, such as for roasting hot dogs. Run one through the mouth of each fish, through the body cavity, and then firmly into the tail.

Rub a wee bit of salted grease on each fish, and roast them over a bed of hardwood embers. Either of these simple recipes makes delicious eating of a different sort.

◆ Along salt-water beaches you can gather your own clams. Heat stones in a driftwood fire while some of your group gather seaweed. Spread a layer of seaweed on the hot stones, then a layer of clams, another of seaweed. In 15 minutes you'll have a real gourmet's meal of steamed clams, salted by their own environment. Eat 'em right out of the shells!

You don't have to be near salt

water to have similar "sea food," however. Fresh-water clams, or mussels, abound in sluggish fresh-water streams and in our smaller lakes and ponds. It's fun for youngsters to wade after them and gather them. Simply scour the shells and boil them. Make a chowder, while they boil, of diced browned bacon and onion and diced potatoes. Remove boiled mussels from their shells, mince the meat, add it to the chowder, and cook until the potatoes are done. Now add butter and milk, salt and pepper, and you have a nature-picnic meal-in-one that's hard to beat. You can also use the same recipe, with any variations you choose, with salt-water clams.

On southern beaches, the tiny coquina, shaped like a miniature clam, abounds. You can gather quarts of them from the sand at surf line. Boil them in the shells, strain off the broth through a cloth, and either use the clear broth or any kind of chowder you wish to concoct.

Crabs also are easily come by around salt-water picnic grounds. The whole family can have hilarious fun catching them in bayous and tidal streams. A fishing rod with a chunk of meat at the end of the line, tossed out and allowed to lie quietly for a few moments, will have a big blue crab after it. Simply pull him in slowly and flip him onto the bank.

Boil the crabs for 20 minutes, then drain, break off legs and claws—to be cracked with a pair of pliers from the car—after which the mouth-watering white flaky meat can be picked out. Lift the back of the shell off the crab's body, wash away the nonedible material inside, and break apart the thorax portions, from which abundant white meat can be garnered. You can then either eat the meat cold with lemon juice or chili sauce, or make crab cakes by mixing the meat with bread crumbs, diced green pepper and an onion, pressing out patties, and frying them.

◆ For inlanders around fresh water, in addition to frogs' legs, fish, and fresh-water mussels, there is a grand dish to be made with small crayfish, which abound around small streams, lakes, and ponds. You can gather them by turning over stones in the shallows, collecting specimens from two to four inches long. Though they are not used commercially as food because of the difficulty of getting them in huge quantity, their tail portions are as delicious as shrimp. Simply boil them, preferably with a half lemon in the water, until they turn red.

Then drain and "shuck" them, and serve as you would shrimp, either cold or rolled in flour and deep-fried. I'll guarantee you'll be searching for them a second time!

Edible berries are, of course, known to everyone. For an unusual picnic dish, even the most inexperienced cook can also make a quaint and homely kind of bread stuffed full of whatever species of wild fruit is at hand. Two cups of flour, a half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, mixed. Then a large tablespoon of butter, enough milk or water to make a stiff dough, and all the berries you can work into it. Simply grease your skillet, put the dough into it, and place it on parallel logs between which is a bed of bright coals. Soon the bottom will be baked. Now heap the coals, prop the skillet beside the heap, and brown the top.

In the plant category, wild foods are virtually endless, though the tastiness of many is little known. For example, you can make almost a whole meal of watercress, using it in different ways: Watercress-and-bacon sandwiches; boiled watercress rolled up in slices of ham with a sliver of cheese toothpicked to each and lightly fried in the skillet; watercress chopped and worked into cottage cheese; watercress boiled as a dish of greens, perhaps with a bit of bacon, and served with a dash of vinegar over it.

◆ Dandelions make wonderful greens. So do purslane, chicory, wild mustard, and the young seed pods of milkweed. Such plants may also be used as salads, with the addition of the usual salad dressings. The young curled shoots of ferns, shaped like the fingerboard head of a violin and called fiddleheads, make a tasty vegetable side dish almost identical in flavor to young asparagus. Stems and leaves of violets make a fine salad, or may be used to flavor soups and stews with a most unusual delicate aroma. Cattail roots and the bulbs of yellow pond lilies may be roasted to take the place of potatoes, or they can be cooked in stews with meat. Even the common great burdock cooks up into a tasty kettle of greens.

To emphasize what unusual possibilities for epicurean endeavors are all about you in nature, here's an exotic dish which can be prepared from ingredients easy to find along almost any roadside. When elderberry bushes are in full bloom, slip your skillet and a box of waffle-flour mix into the car and take the family on a blossom-waffle picnic. Simply snip off a supply of the elderberry blossom clusters, wash them, cut off the stems, and stir the flowers into the batter.

You'll have waffles of a flavor that no swank hotel dining room can match.

There is, indeed, a limitless supply of good eating spread all around you whenever you sit down with your picnic basket anywhere in the country. So try leaving the basket at home next time. Plan what you'll have, and take only those essentials of seasoning and utensils you'll need. ◆ ◆

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instead of Glen Miller's band, or the "Snowdrops" orchestra of G.I. occupation days.

Remember the vélo-taxis on the Champs Élysées, the bicycle-drawn carts which tripled their fares after midnight? They have been replaced by standard taxis whose drivers are frustrated jet pilots. A more regrettable change, also due to increased gasoline rations, is the disappearance of female bicyclists. Watching the legs go by from the vantage point of a curbstone bench is no longer the favorite outdoor sport on the Champs. One other Champs feature has remained constant, however: Unwary strollers can still get a tailful of fender from French motorists who use the Champs' sidewalk parking lane.

Midnight on the Champs is still the marketing hour for the oldest profession. Current asking prices range from 600 to 3,000 francs, another sign that the army, and particularly the Air Corps, has evacuated Paris. Streetwalking, once scorned by more fastidious practitioners, has increased since Paris outlawed its houses of prostitution, including the internationally known House of All Nations and the Sphinx. However, Paris newspapers recently reported that 2,000 of the city's professional ladies of the evening had transferred their operations to Fontainebleau, new GHQ of Western Europe's joint military forces.

The Champs has made numerous other post-G.I. changes. La Grande Taverne, near the Marignan Theater, once an army mess hall, is now Fred Adison's demi-burlesque club. Enlisted-men billets at the Grand Palais and Petit Palais have been reconverted to art galleries. The army finance office at 101 Champs is occupied by Trans World Airline. An automobile showroom replaces the post exchange at the Étoile. Only U. S. Army installation on the Champs now is the Hotel Astoria, headquarters for the American Graves Registration Command. Sharpest contrast to the old days, however, is the dress shop which replaced Le Triomphe, the sidewalk café near the Claridge Hotel which always did a land-office G.I. business. Another postwar casualty was the Washington Bar.

Sergeant Jimmy Parker and the 16th Regiment, First Division, didn't get to Paris. They by-passed it, went south to Lardy, hopped off northeast toward Soissons in pursuit of fleeing Wehrmacht columns. For the 16th, it was history repeating itself. Twenty-six years before, other men of the 16th Regiment marched against Soissons. They advanced eight miles in five days. It cost them 1,784 casualties. This time it was different. One brief fire fight, one wounded G.I.

"Our main worry was dodging the flowers the people threw at us as our trucks barreled through little French villages. The French were really happy. But I still wish we had gone through Paris. That must have been a celebration nobody could ever forget."

◆ Memories of G.I. days in Paris are mutual. Many Frenchmen still regard them rather mistily; some keep varied mementos of their American friends. One is Jean Meyet, the bespectacled pianist at Capri, that little bistro on Rue Washington. Jean played at the Pavilion Red Cross Club during the day; at the Capri in the evenings. He is still at the Capri. He likes to recall how U. S. soldiers and airmen crowded round his piano at the Pavilion Club, demanding St. Louis Blues and Deep in the Heart of Texas. Those were daytime tunes, though, when spirits were high without the benefit of cogna

"In the nights, it was different Jean tells you. "Nights, they wante sentiment, songs that reminde them of their girls, their homes. N Texas yodelers; no swing, eithe But songs like I'll Be Seeing Yo Long Ago and Far Away, and Stardust, too. That last was a big request always."

Jean has 100-odd autographe photos of Americans he knew i World War II. His favorite photo i one of the army clothes dumm replete with shoulder patches of th 100th Division, 82d Airborne, 2 Armored, 9th Air Force, 30th Infantry, and others, which stood i the lobby of the Pavilion Club. Th dummy was called Hitler's Headache.

Another sentimental gentleman in Paris is M. Gerard, the old gray haired barber at the ex-Mayflower Club on Rue François. The Mayflower was assembly point for U. S officers of lower grades who didn' rate big brass billets at the Georg V or the Napoléon Bonaparte. M Gerard is the guy who gave them a quick shave and shampoo whe they arrived in Paris from places like Magdeburg and Darmstadt aching to resume relations with the niceties of life.

Gerard's English is on a par with a G.I.'s French, but what he lacks in diction he makes up in gesture The easy way out is to settle for his "Rembrance" book, signed by his old American customers. One testimonial reads: "Thanks for not pulling out my last ten hairs." But the signature is illegible. M. Gerard noting your deciphering difficulties smiles and shakes his head. That one's a secret between him and the guy with ten hairs.

Paris five years later provides many other memory-shattering contrasts. The Métro (subway) runs until 12.45 A.M. and there are plenty of taxis. Stores are well stocked, and French restaurants, off limits then, are open to everybody. Soap is available; laundry comes back in three days. Comic books, a G.I. literary innovation, have crowded tourist post cards and sexy magazines off the newsstands. The G.I. queues are gone from 36 Rue Chambron, the perfume shop which used to sell out its daily stock of Chanel No. 5 within 50 minutes after Mme. Isabelle opened its doors at the stroke of noon. But two things remain constant: French post-card salesmen and furtive-voiced "dollar buyers" still haunt the Boulevard de la Madeleine. And French housewives still carry those long loaves of bread home from the corner store without benefit of paper wrapping.

French girls five years after? Well, those fantastically high hairdos known as *L'aiglon*, or "the eagle," are gone. Current coiffures

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are on the conservative side, adaptable to small well-fitted hats. Wooden shoes, or sabots, familiar in 1944-45, have passed out too. Now many girls wear rubber- and crepe-soled shoes. Nylons are back and, naturally, looking their best on French legs. That pancake make-up, which pinch-hit for natural sun-tan during the war years, is another unlamented thing of the past. Sun-tan complexions are strictly from Mother Nature now. French fashions are still tops, but it's a toss-up whether the dresses make the figures or the figures make the dresses.

Mademoiselles have memories too, so we asked two former French hostesses at Rainbow Corner what they remembered about American soldiers.

Mlle. Nicole Spira, now an airline reservations clerk at Pan American's Paris office, wasted no time answering that one.

"Every G.I. told me the same thing: I looked like his mother, his sister, or his girl friend! But," she added on second thought, "it was easy to help a G.I. do his shopping. He always bought his wife or girl friend either Chanel Five or black lingerie."

Mlle. Claude Lefevbre-Dibon, who took the first soldiers on a Red Cross tour of Paris just ten days after the liberation, says her most vivid G.I. memory occurred in New York, not Paris. She was there after the war, studying at Columbia University. Armed with what she believed were adequate American colloquialisms, she felt equal to the demands of New York social life. One night, at a very correct dinner party, her hostess asked what part of the fried chicken she preferred. Remembering a bit of G.I. terminology which seemed suited for the occasion, Claude replied:

"Chicken, you want to neck?"

The mademoiselle is still a trifle amazed at the shocked silence which followed her pronouncement.

◆

Louisville, Mississippi, is a long way from Liége, Belgium, and a lot can happen in between. A lot did for Jimmy W. Parker, who left Louisville High School in 1940 to join the First Infantry Division. He reached Liége in September, 1944, via North Africa, Sicily, and Normandy. There were a couple of interruptions.

At Hill 609, it was a piece of shrapnel in the back. At Colleville-sur-Mer, it was a sniper's bullet in the leg. At Mayenne, on the edge of the Falaise Gap, it was a Mark IV tank which met Parker's jeep on a back road. He was a PW for nine days. Then his regiment by-passed Paris and headed for Belgium.

"When we rolled through Liége, everybody said we were in like Flynn. Some guys figured the war might end any day. Then the gas supply ran out, and we hit the Siegfried Line and Aachen. Five months later I was back in Belgium, at the 28th General Hospital, with a mortar fragment in my shoulder blade that I got at St. Vith. The hospital was up on a hill outside of Liége. All the patients called it 'Buzz Bomb Alley.'"

◆

Remember the opera - house square in Liége, where all the beer joints were? Some guys claimed it was the best spot in town during a buzz-bomb attack. No matter what door you ducked in, you could always buy a beer.

Some smart neon-sign salesman must have been there right after the blackout was lifted. It has more neon tubing per square foot than Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. The Brasserie Richelieu, Café Oriental, Le Charlemagne, Vénitien (which used to be a G.I. mess hall), Au Point de Vue—every one's in neon lights.

Over on Place du Maréchal-Foch, the ex-Red Cross club resumed operations as Au Phare Café. Next door is La Populaire, known as the Dugout in its G.I. days. It still has the Wurlitzer juke box the army left behind, and by dropping in two one-franc coins you can hear Two O'Clock Jump, *par l'orchestre Harry James,* or You Call Everybody Darling, *chanté par les Andrew Sisters.*

Hôtel de Suède, once officers' billets, is again a civilian hotel, and the clip joints on Rue du Pot d'Or, better known as Tin Pan Alley, are still the easiest places in town to start a free-for-all brawl. In the old post exchange on Rue Sauvenière, now a Ford-Lincoln showroom, you can drive out a 1949 Ford by putting 144,000 francs ($3,000) on the line. Liége probably has more 1949 American autos than Oklahoma City, thanks to Belgium's excess of dollar credits.

Out on the Boulevard de la Constitution, the old 56th General Hospital buildings are occupied by a Belgian Army quartermaster outfit. A plaque commemorates the 56th's occupancy.

Fort La Chartreuse, where the 28th General had its 1,500-bed hospital, is a recruit training center for the Belgian Army. And the Belgian Third Regiment d'Artillerie has taken over the Citadelle, overlooking Liége, which was used first by the 15th General Hospital, and later as a rest center for U. S. combat troops.

Maastricht, 20 miles north of Liége, in The Netherlands, was another U. S. Army rest center. Liberated by the 30th Infantry Division, it became Ninth Army headquarters, then a leave town. Its town-hall clock still chimes before striking the quarter hours and the burgomaster's office displays a fine oil painting of Leo Senecal, ex-Mayor of Chicopee, Massachusetts, who was Maastricht's civil affairs officer during the war years.

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day-evening dances are held in the Staar Gebouw, the former Red Cross club behind St. Servatius' Church. Dutch youngsters are learning their A-B-Cs in "New York" and "Oklahoma," the schools which were used as G.I. billets during the war. And the Café Suisse, on the Vrijthof, which the G.I.s dubbed "the Femme-lined Foxhole," now has dancing classes on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons, but no jitterbugging.

Down at the 40-room Hôtel Rosier, opposite the railroad station, Juliette Rosier likes to reminisce about the days when 150 hungry Yanks stormed her small dining room for daily chow. A rest-center hotel, the Rosiers' mess hall became the café-bar when the kitchen closed at 7 P.M. Julie still gets letters from nostalgic Ninth Army men back in the States who remember the nights when they crowded around the out-of-tune piano to sing Pennsylvania Polka and Symphony to the accompaniment provided by Harry Rethy, the bartender-pianist, and "Pop" Moes, Julie's father, who tried to keep in tempo with his old violin.

The Ninth Army wouldn't know the Rosier now. It's a modern well-equipped establishment with real glass windows in the café, so you can actually see the Grand Hôtel de L'Empereur, the other rest-center hotel across the street.

At 2335 hours, October 3, 1944, the Germans counterattacked the 16th Regiment's pillbox line. Enemy artillery from Crucifix Hill and Verlautenheide concentrated on the Third Battalion; K Company got 4,000 rounds in 30 minutes. Then came the flame-throwers, mounted on half-tracks, followed by enemy assault troops.

"Six of us were in the pillbox when the flame-thrower sprayed it," Sergeant Jimmy Parker said. "A corporal who was near the open port caught on fire. We threw a raincoat over him, tried to smother the flames, but his shoulder, right arm, and hip were burned clear through to the flesh.

"We tried to get him out, but our own artillery, the 155s, came in on us. It was T.O.T.: that's when we realized our battalion had withdrawn. The fumes and smoke were choking us, the corporal was screaming, and it took three men to hold him down. We talked about surrendering but decided to sweat it out until daylight. By that time our battalion had retaken the position."

That was the Battle of Aachen, gateway to Germany.

◆

From the windows of the Cologne - Frankfurt Express, Aachen didn't look too different. Factories, homes, public buildings were the same gaping, distorted hulks you remembered from May, 1945. Then Frankfurt—and revelation. On the Bahnhof Ring, a steady procession of new Opels and *Volkswagons.* Neon lights advertising the Carlton Hotel, the Luxor Theater, several shops and *Bierstubes* along the Ring. Taxis, trolleys, and buses discharging passengers at the Bahnhof. Kaiserstrasse restaurants, with chicken, veal, asparagus, fresh fruit, ice cream. People who looked well fed, well dressed, even prosperous.

It's a startling contrast to four years ago. Somewhat disconcerting, too, when you remember England's current meat ration, equivalent to one pork chop a week. Or shabbily dressed residents of Maastricht, in The Netherlands, where you saw only one new automobile in five hours. And French kids whose taut cheeks are still a grim reminder of Nazi occupation. Who *did* win the war?

"The Focke-Wulfs aren't waiting for you at Dummer Lake these days, and there are no flak guns to worry about," says Captain Robert M. Willis of Marion, Ohio, a pilot in the Berlin air lift when this was written. "But some of the Berlin landmarks are familiar. The Eckener ball-bearing works in that triangle formed by the railroad tracks and the river. And the Bahnhof and Unter den Linden. They're in the Russian sector now, but still visible on the downward leg of an east landing into Tempelhof."

Ground personnel of the air lift were quartered in Tempelhof Airdrome buildings. But one of their old off-duty hangouts, Titania Palast, otherwise known as the Berlin branch of Rainbow Corner, is closed to Americans. It's a concert and variety theater for Germans now, its lone G.I. relic being a coke machine in the lobby.

Most clubs in the U. S. zone known to early occupation troops are still operating. Enlisted men in the Nuremburg area have the Stork Club, in the plush lounge of the Opera House where big-shot Nazis used to entertain. Officers use Stein Castle; but their other club, the Furth Country Club, is now billets for a two-star general. Special Service took over from the Red Cross as directors of Heidelberg's Stardust Club and Harmony Inn, also the First Division's "Big Red One" at Bad Toltz. Frankfurt's swank Palm Gardens is also under Special Service now, with the snack bar moved downstairs and Monday nights reserved for German patrons.

The old Red Cross club on Frankfurt's Bahnhof Ring is the Schumann Sky Club now, operating on a 24-hour service basis for benefit of transient Allied military and civilian personnel. It has a snack bar and soda fountain, features 22 kinds of sandwiches instead of the coffee-and-doughnuts limitation of 1945-46. And balcony tables overlooking the Bahnhof Ring are harder to get than ever. The first floor is now the main post exchange and the first three-graders pulled their rank and set up the Zebra Club in the cellar. That meant curtains for the old "G.I. Nickel Bar" where you got beer and hot dogs while they lasted, which wasn't long some nights, especially when the 508th Paratroopers brought musette bags along to stock up a frankfurter supply for their Frankfurt Fräuleins.

◆

"My last leave, I drove back over the 16's route from Liége to the Hartz Mountains. Eupen, Aachen, Stolberg, Huertgen, Bonn, Remagen, all of them. Funny thing, though, how much you forget. Unless something personal happened there, it don't come back very easy."

There were some personalized landmarks, however, for First Lieutenant Jimmy Parker, O-1998501, 16th Infantry, First Division, APO 1, Furth, Germany: the hospital in Liége's Buzz Bomb Alley; weather-worn signs, like "Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion," or "Danger—Mines" in Huertgen's fir-ceilinged fastness; the pillbox near Aachen's Crucifix Hill, now just slabs of dynamited, weed-covered concrete.

"Everything looks so peaceful and calm now. No smoke nor shells, no planes overhead, no men dying. Sometimes you find yourself wondering if it ever happened."

(*To be continued*)

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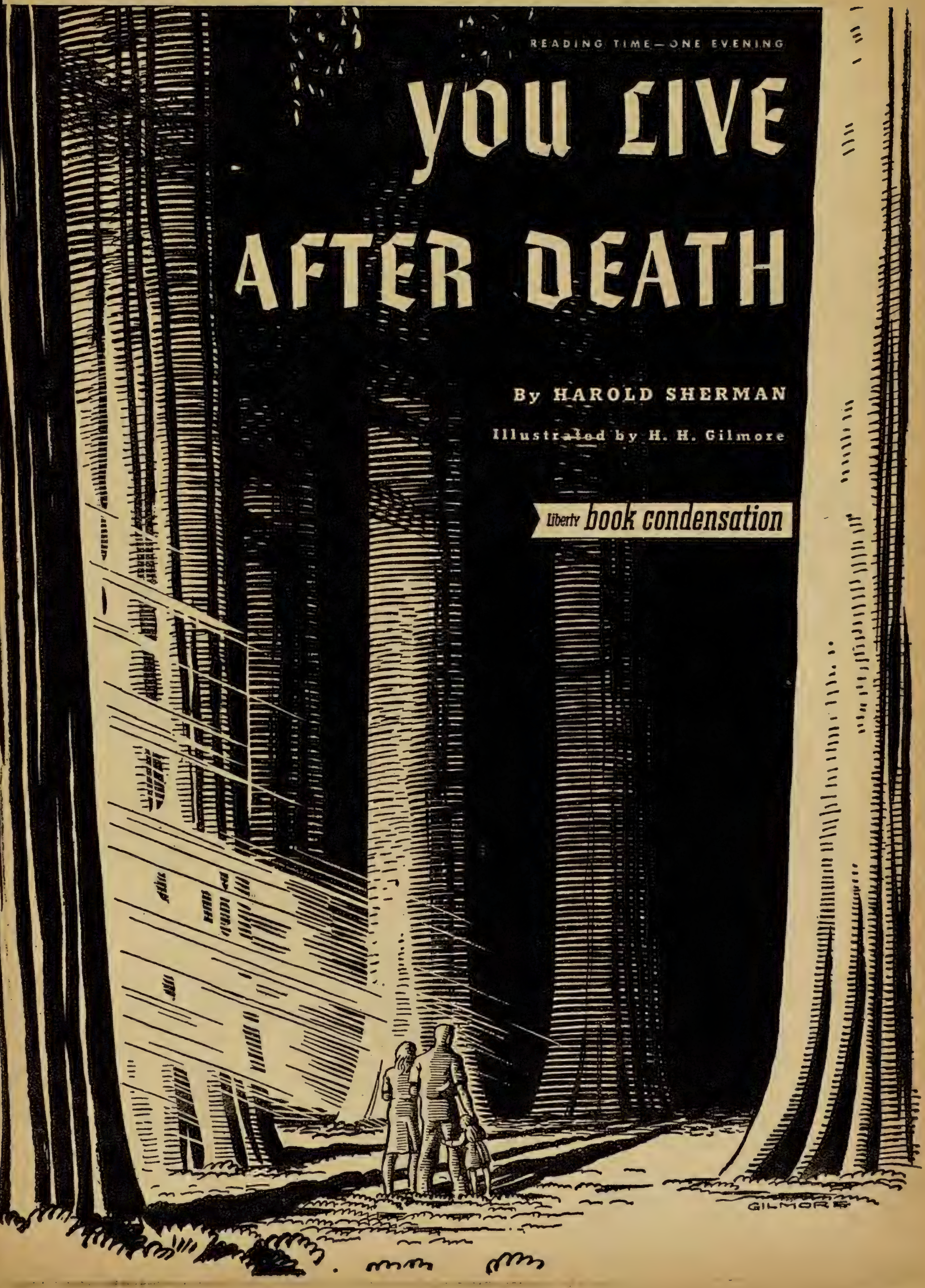
READING TIME—ONE EVENING

YOU LIVE AFTER DEATH

By **HAROLD SHERMAN**

Illustrated by H. H. Gilmore

Liberty book condensation



liberty book condensation

WHEN you die, will you survive Death?

Will you continue to exist in some higher physical form, in a world seemingly as real and as rational as this? Will you meet and associate with those you love there? Will you retain a memory of your Earth experiences and will you recognize those you hold dear on sight?

These questions, and many more, you may have asked others or yourself without obtaining any definite, satisfying, logical answers. Either that, or you have not dared let yourself think of these questions and have put off facing them as long as possible. But, inevitably, you will be brought face to face with the immemorial cry of untold millions of grief-stricken, faith-torn, wondering and doubting humans: "If a Man die, shall he live again?"

Death is an unpleasant subject to contemplate and one which most humans—probably yourself among them—seek to avoid thinking about until the passing of a close friend or relative, or a serious illness of their own, compels them to do so.

Religion, in offering spiritual consolation and assurance, has always been vague in its statements concerning the specific nature of any After-Life. Heaven is described as a place having no location except that we have been led to picture it as *above* and Hell as *below*.

Science, until recent times, has not been helpful or even encouraging. The possibility of "life after death" has been dismissed by most scientists, who have held that Man's possession of an immortal soul is very much to be doubted and that Man dies when his body dies. At the present rate of progress, however, Science seems destined to reveal and to verify the Truth of Man's inherent relationship to God, the Great Intelligence, which Faith has discerned through *inspiration* but has not been able to prove. In the not too distant future, the greatest of all human fears—fear of Death—may be largely dispelled in the light of Man's deeper understanding of his own Self.

How is it possible for you to gain this inner spiritual assurance, this definite *knowing* feeling, this absolute faith that "life does not end at the grave" and that there awaits you and those you love an opportunity, in new dimensions, for further evolvement of your own souls?

Life has been so designed by an Infinite Wisdom that it contains the answer to its own riddle *within* itself! You — and every human, therefore—who sincerely desires to know, "When I die, shall I live again?" must find this answer *within* yourself as a *personal experience*.

The basic question of survival is associated with the question of whether or not there is a *Personal God*. Man can conceive of a life after death if there exists in the Universe a Personal God interested enough in His Creation to have provided for the survival of Man in some self-conscious form. Otherwise the forces of Nature seem too impersonal in their manifestation to have made Man an exception among all created things by granting him immortal life.

And, that you may prepare your mind for attaining a true and ever-increasing spiritual awareness of the Universe as it *is*, you can see that it is primarily necessary for you to enlarge your concept of God. Have no fear that this releasing of the old and taking on of the new concept will destroy your Faith, for the greater you can conceive a God of this Universe to be, the more logical becomes the possibility that such a Creator has the power to provide for the "salvation" of all his worthy creatures.

◆ How shall we view the great spiritual leaders of all time, including Christ? Might it not be possible that there are spiritually illumined sons and daughters of God's creation on all planets where creatures on the level of human intelligence, or higher, exist? Such spiritual leaders could be truly termed "sons of God" by virtue of their self-attained mental and spiritual powers—powers not bestowed through some miracle of birth but developed by these individuals through life experience, revealing to them a knowledge of the laws of God transcending that of their fellow creatures in whatever age and state of advancement they may have lived.

The revelation of God is written forever in His book of Nature and not in the words of Man. To find God and to know Him is, then, to search Him out in the soul of all things, and to gain the awareness through *right thinking* and meditation that a part of God, the Great Intelligence, *actually dwells within* your own consciousness.

When this realization comes to you—as it can and will if you earnestly strive to develop your inner powers of spiritual perception—you will know for a certainty that your body form may change but you, yourself, your Soul, your Identity, that something which says "I am I," to you, cannot and does not die. And your faith in God's Power and Goodness will be supported by the evidence of your own inner life experience.

◆ Can it be scientifically proved that the Soul exists?

Dr. J. B. Rhine, director of the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University, believes that the existence of a soul has already been scientifically proved and evidence thus points to the survival of personality after Death. He and his researchers have demonstrated the fact of telepathy, clairvoyance, and direct control of matter by mental forces. Other scientists, of equal reputation, conducting similar experiments in the field of extrasensory perception, support the findings of Dr. Rhine and his staff.

Discovery that Man, as Dr. Rhine states, "is something more than a physical being . . . that an extra-physical factor exists in Man . . . and that he possesses a nonphysical system which can function independent of the physical body," confirms the most basic of all religious doctrines, namely, that Man has a spiritual nature.

My own life has been privately devoted to personal investigation, experimentation, and study with respect to the great mystery of human consciousness and its possible survival after Death. I learned much about the operation of higher powers of mind in my intensive long-distance telepathic tests conducted with Sir Hubert Wilkins, Arctic explorer, under supervision of Dr. Gardner Murphy, then head of the Parapsychology Department at Columbia University.

I ask you to accept the statements in this book as being the result of honest and fearless research. What seems to be true, as the result of my personal experience, I will frankly state. What is only a theory or a deduction at the present time, I will also declare.

◆ I am convinced:

(1) That Man possesses higher or spiritual powers of mind which can be developed by conscious effort;

(2) that Man possesses a Soul, an ego, an identity which survives Death;

(3) that Man possesses a spirit form as well as a physical body which this Soul occupies at Death;

(4) that the next existence is as real and as rational as this one;

(5) that we take over into the next life only that which we have developed in consciousness here;

(6) that, in consideration of these facts, our entire system of education, religious thinking, moral training, and daily living will need to be drastically changed to permit the fullest development of the Soul in preparation for the life to come.

The magnetic and vitalizing power of faith is not to be minimized, but Man has erred in believing that faith *alone* is sufficient. He has been told that "faith without works is dead" (James 2-17), and many spiritual leaders and philosophers

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have emphasized the necessity for Man to put forth an individual effort to improve the quality and character of his own Soul as a means of insuring a happier existence here and hereafter. That Mankind has largely neglected this practice is due to the fact that salvation has been offered to the sinner without requirement for self-development, simply in return for a confession of penitence and a profession of faith.

Until each man is inspired by his religion or by a revealing personal experience to seek *self-development*, there will be no improvement of his Soul quality and no spiritual advancement of Civilization.

But how do you personally know that you possess a Soul? What evidence do you have?

Perhaps none, now. Perhaps you have only accepted on faith the fact that you possess a Soul. But in moments of serious contemplation of the future, you, no doubt, would like to know for a certainty that you have a Soul and that it actually does survive Death.

This knowledge and inner assurance will come to you as and when you learn how to make your mind receptive, so that the higher powers within you can function. Once this happens, you will share with others the inspired awareness that you are more than mortal, that you have a physical body and a spiritual body and that you, at present, dwell in both these bodies at one and the same time!

Your Soul, right now, possesses in potentiality all that you will ever hope for or can be. It has the God-given power to attract to you all manner of conditions and circumstances which are needed to accomplish any result you desire within the range of your physical, mental, and spiritual resources.

◆

In the fall of 1917 I was operated upon for appendicitis at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. The nurse assigned to me was a middle-aged man by the name of David N. H. Quinn. Soft of voice and manner, Mr. Quinn's eyes had an unusual knowing quality about them. My slightest need was anticipated without my speaking a word. At first I thought this simply the ministrations of an excellent nurse. But one night something happened which made me wonder.

The commissary building next to the hospital caught fire. It was a general-alarm blaze and there was mad excitement outside and in. David Quinn was off duty and I was in bed in my room, unable to get up, with the reflection from the flames dancing on the ceiling. I had no fear, just a strong desire to see the fire. Oh, if only David were here to lift me and carry me to the window and seat me on the ledge, so I could look out! I had raised myself up on an elbow and was staring toward the window when I heard footsteps. It was David. He came in, smiling, and bent over me.

"Put your arms around my neck," he instructed.

I did so and was lifted like a babe and transported to the window. David slid it up and rested me against the sill, in position so that I could get a good view of the blaze.

"This is against hospital regulations," he said, still smiling. "But I'm sure it won't hurt you . . . and this is what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," I nodded, and gazed at him, wonderingly. "But how did *you* know?"

"I have my way of knowing things," he said, and this was all I could get out of him.

But a strong friendship sprang up between David and me. He seemed to be unmindful of the difference in ages. And he was the first person I had met to whom I could talk about my mental searchings with the feeling that he understood.

David had a deep belief in the power of mind. To him, communication between minds was an established fact. He told me that telepathy was only a conscious development of what we called our "intuition." When we felt that certain things were so, or had happened, and this was later proved to have been correct, it was our telepathic faculty that had been operating. But most of us had refused to accept this explanation and had dismissed the evidence on the basis of chance or coincidence.

"It's coming, though," David predicted. "You'll live to see these higher powers of mind demonstrated and recognized by Science."

I returned home to Traverse City, Michigan, for convalescence but kept in touch with David by correspondence. His letters indicated an amazing, intimate knowledge of my activities and he gave me advice as though he were actually present.

Late in 1918, after I had gone into the Service and changed addresses several times, I lost contact with David. With the war over, I was back in Traverse City in January of 1919. David had been out of my mind for some weeks, when suddenly an astonishing thing happened.

I awakened the night of the nineteenth, around one o'clock, with the strange feeling that I was paralyzed and could not move a muscle. Looking up, in the semi-darkness of my room, I was shocked to see David, in life size, standing beside the bed. He was staring down at me with a fixed expression, full of yearning. I sensed at once that there was some-

Science seems destined to reveal and verify the Truth of Man's inherent relationship to God.

thing he very much wanted to tell me. But I was panicky from the realization of his apparent presence and the fact that I couldn't move. I struggled mentally to extricate myself and saw a look of disappointment on David's face. He faded from sight as I recovered the use of my body.

This was an entirely new kind of experience. It seemed impossible that I had actually seen David's form and face, yet there had been enough reflection from the all-night light in the upstairs hall to enable me to make out dimly all the familiar objects in my room and prevent me from conjuring up an image out of them. There seemed no reason existing within myself why I should suddenly have awakened, out of a sound sleep, to find David, startlingly life-like, standing beside my bed.

Could he be seriously ill or in trouble, I asked myself.

It was some hours before I could drop off to sleep again. With the morning, and further opportunity for consideration, I decided that I must have had a vivid dream experience which stayed with me at the moment of waking and almost carried over into my conscious state. Perhaps David had been thinking strongly of me and was writing.

But on the next night, at precisely the same time, I was awakened again, once more unable to move—and with David again standing at my side. I was more prepared for such an occurrence this time, but, even so, it was a shock. I was sure now that David was undergoing a great crisis of some kind and I tried to speak to him.

"David!" I cried.

And his figure, with an earnest, almost anguished look on his face, merged into the shadows of the room.

◆ Getting up and turning on the light, I decided to write a letter, sending it to David's last-known address, in the hope that this time it would reach him. In this letter I related my two uncanny experiences and urged David to get in touch with me, expressing concern for his health and safety. The following morning, when the letter had been dispatched, I felt better.

I told Mother and Dad of what had happened at breakfast. They listened with respectful interest but had no explanation to offer.

I went to bed the night of January twenty-first with not the slightest thought that the experience would be repeated. I must have dropped off to sleep almost immediately. But I came to as the town clock was striking the hour of one as though I had been touched on the face.

There, bending over me, was David Quinn. His lips seemed to be moving, and I tried now, with every nerve and fiber of my body, to hear or discern what he was trying to say. No sounds came from those moving lips, but there was a look of love and concern and intentness in the eyes.

Why couldn't I sense what he wished to tell me?

"Oh, David! David!" I cried inwardly. And I finally got control of my hands and reached out toward him with both arms.

His form eluded me. It seemed to take on a distant quality and there came over me the terrible sensation that David was leaving me forever.

"David! David!" I now cried out, so that I heard the sound of my own voice.

I was sitting up in bed, staring at his figure, fading slowly . . . seeming to grow stronger for an instant . . . then fading again . . . his eyes fixed upon me.

And now he was gone and I was up and had the light on and was pacing about my room. I had *seen* David Quinn! I didn't know anything about the properties of ghosts or apparitions or what possible explanation there might be, if any—but I had *seen* David Quinn! This time I knew, an inner something told me, that he would not return again. His departure had the finality of a last farewell about it.

Three weeks passed, with no word from David. But my letter, addressed to him, was returned. Then, one late afternoon in February, I came home to find two letters in the box, both from Battle Creek friends of David's. One was from Victor Bjork, with whom I had formerly roomed at the Sanitarium; the other was from a nurse, Miss Isobel Macheracker, whom I barely knew.

Both letters had been written for the purpose of informing me of David Quinn's passing away on the night of *January twenty-first*, in Brooklyn Long Island College hospital. He had been in the East on a case and the influenza epidemic had caught him. Removed to the hospital, his illness developed into double pneumonia. He died *after having been in a coma for three days!*

But the most startling point of this information was a statement made by Miss Macheracker. "It's strange," she wrote, *"but on each of the three nights prior to David's passing, he appeared at my bedside.* I knew he was in trouble and was calling to me and I'd have gone to him at once if I'd only known where he was."

Allowing for a difference in time between Brooklyn and our locations in Michigan, David had passed away early in the morning of *January twenty-first*, at almost precisely the moment we had apparently seen him on the three successive nights!

What was the answer?

I was baffled. I didn't pretend to know. I would have to learn much more about these things before I could even hazard a guess.

◆ I have always had a habit of stretching out on the cot in my study when I am doing creative work, relaxing and dropping off to sleep for a few minutes, then awakening refreshed and going back to the typewriter, resuming where I had left off.

One particular afternoon, some years after the death of David Quinn, I awakened with a start to hear my wife Martha, who had been out shopping, about to enter the apartment, keys rattling in the door. My small daughter Mary was with her, and because Martha usually had her arms full of bundles, it had been my practice to go to the door and let her in.

This time, as I exerted the will to get up, my physical body seemed paralyzed. But *something* in me *did* respond, for I suddenly found myself bumping up against the closed door of my study. I had no consciousness of being in a body or having form, at the door, but I was shocked as I looked back and saw my physical body lying on the cot!

This was a totally new experience and it frightened me. I relinquished my intent to go to the door and suddenly discovered myself back in my physical body, struggling to gain control of it.

Again there was the sound of keys in the lock, and once more I tried to respond, only to have this same phenomenon occur! I was out of my body, at the door of my room. I hit up against it with a strange, mentally bruising force. I saw my body on the cot and this sensation was so terrifying that I abandoned my urge to answer the door with one thought in mind: to return to the body. This time I succeeded and was relieved to find that I could move.

But now I heard Martha coming down the hall, with Mary running ahead of her into the living room and snapping on the radio. On came a jazz orchestra selection.

I rose to a sitting position and got unsteadily to my feet. My mind seemed somewhat dazed, but, as it cleared, I was startled by a sudden realization:

Martha and Mary weren't in the apartment!

They hadn't come home yet!

The radio was not on!

While I was standing, trying to figure this out, I actually did hear the keys in the lock. I was too astounded to move.

Now Mary was running down the hall. I could hear the patter of her feet. Snap! There went the radio on, bringing in the very orchestra selection I had heard a few moments before. *This entire scene had taken place in my consciousness before it had really happened!*

Had an inner part of me actually detached itself, momentarily, from the physical? Why had I been stopped at the door of my room, unable to get beyond it? Could this have been due to my mental concept that I could not pass through a door without opening it? Was it because I had always considered my body as *me?* And now that I was *outside* my body, amazed to find I was existing in some other form, was the experience so new that my mind could not readily adapt itself to these changed conditions and restricted my movements as though I were still in the physical body?

What dimension had I been in, anyway, that I could sense a happening before it had actually taken place? What conditions had brought about this entire experience, uninvited?

When you die, will you continue to meet and associate with those you love?

One of the great drawbacks to the serious interest we might otherwise take in "psychic happenings" has been the criminal chicanery and fraudulent practices existing in this "spiritual field." It has been and still is honeycombed with fake spirit mediums, dishonest "spiritual leaders," misguided "cultists," and "psychic teachers" who have flooded the world market places with deliberate misinformation, imaginative flights of fancy, untrue representations and trick performances of telepathy, clairvoyance, prophecy, spirit communication, spirit materialization, trumpet sittings, automatic writing, "psychic reading," fortune telling, and every other form of "occult" divination.

In my own investigation of mental phenomena, I have made it a rule not to depend upon hearsay but to rely on personal experience and observation only, as a means of approaching the truth. While I have long believed in the existence of deeper mental faculties in Man, it has been necessary to maintain an attitude of open-minded skepticism in considering each new purported instance of such phenomena.

Each reported case must be carefully investigated by a competent researcher in order to determine its authenticity. Yet in the face of this ever-present difficulty, there are on file with the English and American Psychical Research Societies and other accredited investigative groups literally thousands of carefully checked cases.

Most of these case histories have to do with individuals who make no claim to self-mastery or practice of Yoga or any other occult method. They are, for the most part, run-of-the-mill men and women of all ages and classes who, under different emotional stresses or while deeply desirous of seeing some distant person or place, have left their bodies, either in a sleeping or waking state, and appeared before the persons or at the places they had in mind.

My own experiences, as previously related, and others of a similar nature which serve no purpose in recounting here, had convinced me that the Soul could project itself in time and space.

◆

I was to have further startling proof of this fact on Thanksgiving Day, 1941, while residing at the Canterbury Apartments in Hollywood, California. I had come to know a remarkable human being who then lived in Monterey Park, between fifteen and twenty miles from Hollywood, on the other side of Los Angeles. His name was Harry J. Loose. He had served as a policeman on the Chicago police force, later as a plainclothes man assigned to Hull House, and finally, acting as a private detective, he ended his career as head of the police staff at the *Chicago Daily News,* from which he retired in 1934 and moved to California.

In the days of the Redpath Chautauqua, Mr. Loose was a nationally recognized authority, speaking on the subject of "Crime and Criminology," but few of his friends were aware that Harry J. Loose was a highly developed man mentally who possessed and could demonstrate, at will, unusual mental faculties. Because of our mutual interest in this subject, we were drawn closely together. While I was in Hollywood on a picture writing assignment, I considered it much to my benefit to hold Sunday afternoons open so Mrs. Sherman and I could spend them either at the Loose home or with the Looses at our apartment.

◆

We learned much in discussions with this rare individual, not only of the higher states of mind but of the nature and character of the Universe and what happened after the change called Death. Mr. Loose, as the result of severe injuries sustained in police work, was afflicted with serious heart trouble. He was not the least concerned, however, with the thought that his time on Earth might be comparatively short. He was as positive of a life after Death as the average human is that there is going to be a tomorrow. He stated to us that he had been on "the other side" quite a number of times and thus knew what conditions he would encounter when physical Death occurred and that the sensation of being freed of this Earthly body was wonderful beyond description.

In appreciation of this valued friendship and the fine interest of Harry Loose in us, my wife and I had a Thanksgiving basket of fruit sent to the Loose home. We had our standing date to see the Looses in Monterey Park that coming Sunday, so were surprised, upon returning from a short drive about three P.M., Thanksgiving afternoon, to find a memorandum slip in our box at the Canterbury, timed at two-thirty P.M. and filled out by Mr. Cousins, the clerk on duty, which read: "Mr. Loose was here—will see you on Sunday."

We instantly regretted our absence from the apartment since, in Mr. Loose's physical condition, the drive to Hollywood through downtown Los Angeles traffic was always fatiguing, especially on a holiday. We were amazed to think that he would have made the long trip on the chance of finding us in and that he had not telephoned to tell us of his coming.

Because it customarily took us about an hour to drive to the Loose home in Monterey Park, we figured since he reportedly had been at the

Canterbury only half an hour earlier, that he would still not have arrived back at his own address. We decided, therefore, to wait a few minutes before phoning to express our regrets at having been out when he had called.

At about three-thirty we put the call through and Harry answered immediately. I thanked him for making the long drive to see us and told him how sorry we were not to have been home. There was a hesitation on the phone, and then Harry said concernedly: "Harold, there's been some mistake. You have me confused with someone else. I didn't come to see you. I haven't been out today."

"That's very strange," I replied. "Your name is recorded saying you had called in person and that you would see us on Sunday."

"That's right," replied Harry. "I'm expecting you folks over here this Sunday, but I repeat, Harold, your man at the desk has made a mistake. Josie and Ray and little John [Mr. Loose's daughter, son-in-law, and little grandson] were here for Thanksgiving dinner. I haven't even had my shoes on all day. I'm dressed in my work pants and the old brown sweater and slippers you've usually seen me wearing here at home. And my car hasn't been out of the garage."

"That's funny," said I. "I can't figure out how Mr. Cousins could have made such an error. In the first place, he's never met you, because he doesn't work Sundays—the only day you ever come over here. I can't imagine how he'd get your name. Well, anyhow, we'll be seeing you Sunday."

◆ I hung up and went immediately downstairs to check the memorandum with Mr. Cousins. I told him that the party he had listed as calling on us had just advised me on the phone that he hadn't been out of the house all day. I asked if he remembered the man well enough to describe his appearance. He said that he did, that the gentleman looked like a working man, that he wore working pants, a brown sweater with dark blue shirt, and that he had a cap on.

"Something's very odd," I said. "You've described Mr. Loose perfectly and just as he says he has been dressed today."

Mr. Cousins was now the one to be astounded. "That's peculiar," he said. "Now that you tell me that, I recall several unusual things about this man. I looked up and saw him standing at the desk, not having noticed him come in. He gave me this message for you, speaking slowly and with great difficulty, as though he had false teeth and was having trouble keeping them in place. He spoke clearly, however, and wanted to know, after I'd written down his message, if I had it correct. There was a woman guest at the desk at the time, and she commented after he left about his being 'a strange person.'" Mr. Cousins looked at me with sudden interest. "But, Mr. Sherman," he continued, "if this wasn't Mr. Loose, who was it?"

"That's a question I can't answer right now," I said. "I'll have to report to you later."

Hurrying back to our apartment, I put in another call to Mr. Loose. Getting him on the wire, I said: "Harry, I've just talked with Mr. Cousins and he has given me an accurate description of you—so accurate that it could not have been anyone else. I'm completely mystified. What do you make of it?"

The tone in Harry's voice was extremely sober. "I don't exactly know," he said. "I've never had an experience just like this before. It disturbs me greatly. I don't want to discuss it on the phone but I'll talk to you about it when we meet on Sunday. Meanwhile, I suggest that you don't make anything of this to Mr. Cousins until I can get some light on what actually took place."

We could hardly wait until Sunday afternoon and our regularly scheduled visit at the Loose home. Harry was wearing the same clothes he had worn Thanksgiving Day, his customary apparel about the house and yard. On Sundays, when he had come to visit us, he had never worn these clothes but had put on what he called his "one Sunday suit" for these occasions.

As we sat in his modest living room, he said to me: "Harold, I think the time has come when I must tell you a few things about myself that I was afraid you would not understand and believe. For some years now I have had the ability to leave my body and consciously to appear in spirit form at distant places on visits to certain individuals. During the time I am absent from my physical body, i remains in a deep sleep state and i cared for by Mother Loose. If I am gone in the daytime and should neighbors drop in, she simply explains, having closed off the bedroom, that Harry is sleeping and can't be disturbed. To try to arouse me during those periods would be a great nervous shock. I may tell you that one of the friends I meet in this manner is a John Carlos, a highly developed Catholic priest who lives in South America. At times he visits me in the same manner. I myself am not Catholic, as you know, and this spiritual development has nothing to do with any creed.

"Do you remember, Harold," he continued, "how I have liked to walk you down to the little park near here and to sit on a bench with you under the pepper tree?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said.

"It's the place," Harry went on, "where I go to meet John Carlos when he calls on me. We communicate telepathically and when he has something of spiritual importance he wants to discuss, either he or I go to the other. There is much I cannot tell you because spiritual growth and understanding is a matter of development. But if you had been in the park with me and were permitted to share this experience, you would suddenly see another man standing near the bench or seated beside me. To the casual observer, we would look just like two ordinary old men, inconspicuously dressed—such old men as you often see whiling away time on benches throughout the country.

"These meetings," he continued, "were always prearranged. Each was expecting the other when he arrived and each was entirely conscious of the visitation, able to return to his physical body and, upon regaining consciousness, retain a memory of the experience. But what has greatly concerned me in the evidence you present of my visitation to the Canterbury is the fact

I am convinced that man possesses a spirit form as well as a physical body.

that I have no recollection whatsoever of such a projection. Though my form is reported to have been seen, and my voice heard delivering an intelligent message, by a man whose integrity and observation are not to be doubted, I would rather believe it had not happened. I want to make absolutely certain that this Mr. Cousins actually saw an image of me and I'd like to drive over to the Canterbury some day soon, dressed exactly as I was that day, and confront him and see if he recognizes me."

"I think that's an excellent idea," I approved. "You name the day and the approximate time."

In the first mail the following Tuesday morning, I received a brief note which read:

Harold:

If it is not a rainy or too threatening day, I expect to be over this coming Tuesday morning as close to 10 as I can make it. . . .

◆ It was a few minutes after ten when, returning from a short shopping trip on Hollywood Boulevard, I saw Harry backing into a parking space half a block down the street. He got out of the car attired in his familiar "yard clothes" and accompanied me to the Yucca Street entrance of the Canterbury, around on the side of the apartment house.

I stepped inside the door with him. We could look down the hall, straight past the desk, situated in the elbow made by the junction of hall and lobby. We heard Mr. Cousins' voice talking to someone on the telephone. Harry left me and walked down the hall, stopping at the desk and facing the switchboard. Mr. Cousins, of course, and the desk itself were not visible to me.

Harry did not speak. He simply stood looking at Mr. Cousins, and I suddenly heard the desk clerk's voice call out in a tone of alarm and surprise: "Oh! Good morning, *Mr. Loose!*"

Harry then replied: "Good morning. Is Mr. Sherman in?"

And I heard Mr. Cousins say: "No, I think he went out just a few minutes ago."

I could tell that Mr. Cousins was actually unnerved, as though he might be seeing another apparition, so I hastened down the hall to allay his fears, smilingly assuring him that this *was* Mr. Loose, in the *flesh.*

Mr. Cousins gave a sigh of genuine relief. "Well," he said, "I'm glad to know that. I didn't know *what* to think this time!"

But even with this identification, Harry still wasn't satisfied.

"Do you mind repeating for me just what you saw and what I said Thanksgiving Day?"

Mr. Cousins complied.

"But," persisted Harry, "will you please examine me closely. I want to make sure that you actually saw me. Am I dressed as you remember me on Thanksgiving Day?"

Mr. Cousins studied a moment and then replied: "I don't seem to recall that shirt. I believe it's a lighter color than the one you had on before."

Harry nodded. "That's right," he confirmed. "I was wearing a darker blue shirt, which is now in the wash."

Mr. Cousins shook his head, completely puzzled. "This is uncanny," he said. "It gives me goose pimples. Can you explain how it happened?"

Harry hesitated.

"This is a form of mental phenomena which sometimes occurs," he said. "You don't need to worry, Mr. Cousins. It will never happen again. I want to thank you for your cooperation in reporting what you have to Mr. Sherman and identifying me. I hope we'll meet sometime again."

He extended his hand, which Mr. Cousins took, replying: "I hope so, too, Mr. Loose—but only in the *flesh!*"

We then took the elevator to my apartment, where Harry dropped into a chair, sitting silently and meditating for at least half an hour. He appeared greatly disturbed, and when he finally spoke, it was to say: "I don't like to accept the fact of this occurrence, but I guess I'll have to. It's all well and good when you have control of these powers, but when they operate without your knowledge or consent, that's something different. Suppose you walked in your sleep and had somehow gotten over to my house without realizing it, spoken to someone there who had recognized your condition and had brought you back to your apartment, and then awakened you. Upon returning to consciousness and being informed of the trip you had made, you would have to be presented with pretty substantial evidence to believe it, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would," I agreed.

"But once you had been convinced of what you had done," continued Harry, "wouldn't it have caused you great concern that you might repeat such a performance?"

"I suppose it would," said I.

"Then you can begin to understand how I feel over this happening," said Harry. "I know, in a way, how it came about. After dinner, Mother and Auntie lay down for their afternoon nap, and Josie, Ray, and little John went home. I sat down in my big chair and thought I would do a little reading. I got to thinking of you folks and your kindness in sending us the basket of fruit. I reflected that I would be seeing you on Sunday and, being somewhat drowsy, I relaxed and must have dropped off to sleep. How long I slept, I don't know. But I could have been unconscious at the time Mr. Cousins recorded that he had seen and taken this message from me. However, Mother and Auntie were up from their naps and back in the living room, where I was reading, shortly after two-thirty.

"My interest in you people must have provided the urge for me to leave my body and appear at the Canterbury. I was apparently aware that you weren't in, for Mr. Cousins states that I didn't inquire if you were home, simply leaving a message that I would see you Sunday. This indicates, too, that I had no conscious intention of calling on you that day or I would have asked for you. It is obvious that this faculty operated, on this occasion, without my conscious knowledge and control, and that's why I am so troubled about it."

"You may be," said I, "but I, for one, am glad it happened. It provides a well-witnessed instance of phenomena of a rare type. I would personally appreciate it very much if you would help me get a signed statement from all the members of your family, testifying to the fact that you did not leave the house on Thanksgiving Day. I would also like to get a signed statement from Mr. Cousins recounting his experience. And I wish, Harry, that you would permit me, at some later date, to make use of this case in a way that would be of help and enlightenment to others who might be interested."

Harry did not answer for quite a time. His eyes had a faraway look in them. Finally, his consciousness came back to him and he said: "All right, Harold, I will consent to your request on one condition—that you do not make this visitation public until after I have departed this life. I must not have any notoriety over this. So few humans really understand, and it would only greatly embarrass me and disrupt our household. I'll have to be careful in the future that I keep these kind of manifestations under absolute control."

Harry J. Loose left this Earth, November twenty-first, 1943.

The signed statements of the four adults present in his home that Thanksgiving Day, 1941, together with the account of William Cousins, are in my files.

◆ It is at once clear that your Soul dwells not only in your physical body but in your spiritual form as well. You can never see your Soul, but you can feel it and sense its presence as the very essence of that consciousness which says, "I am I," to you. Your Soul is the Real You and because of it you have Identity, Individuality, Personality, Essential Intelligence, and Ego.

Consider the possible loss of an arm or leg and various organs of the body. Has this loss altered or taken away from your identity or consciousness in the slightest? Your answer, of course, is "No." Even sections of a man's brain can now be removed by surgeons with no impairment of his mentality. There is naturally a limit to the body's endurance, and when it has become too badly injured or diseased, your entity or Soul can no longer function through it.

If a post-hypnotic suggestion is given to a subject under control, he will feel no pain in a certain area of his body. He can be returned to consciousness and a needle or knife thrust into this area without his experiencing any feeling. Sensation, then, is essentially a faculty of consciousness and not a physical quality, else no suggestion would cause a subject to be insensitive to pain.

In Man's normal state of consciousness, his intelligence permeates the body and he is instantly aware of discomfort or pain occurring in any portion thereof, even to the extent of a slight pebble in a shoe. Without intelligence there can be no awareness and the moment your intelligence or Soul leaves the body at Death, your form has nothing remaining to animate it. It is like a disconnected radio with no operator to activate its mechanism.

◆

You can see from this illustration that your body does not possess your Soul. If it did, your Soul, as a part of your physical form, would have to die with the body. But, instead, your Soul possesses your body and is thus able to discard it, as an outer garment, at Death.

The Soul part of you is not limited by a consciousness of time and space. For it, there is truly no beginning and no end. But your Conscious Mind is limited in its concepts by the five physical senses which testify only to what you see, hear, taste, touch, and smell. It tries to tell you that you had no existence in any form before you were born into this life and that you will pass out of existence again with the Death of your physical body. But this conviction is at complete variance with the testimony being offered by the consciousness of your Real Self or Soul which says, "I am I," and never admits to a time when you were not or a time when you will not be.

Stop this instant and listen to the voice of your own Soul. What is it saying to you? Endlessly, continuously, and positively, "I am I," the same statement of immortality over and over again, the eternal assurance of your being as an evolving part of God, the Great Intelligence.

◆

Creative Power exists in all planes of being—physical, mental, and spiritual. Through the function of your sex organs you are enabled to perform an act of creation on the physical plane and thus, in miniature, participate in an experience common to the Great Creator of all things. You cannot, of course, create life, but you can provide new physical forms after your own kind in which life may manifest and new Souls become resident therein.

On the mental plane you may also create, giving birth, through the wisdom gained by experience, to new ideas, new and better ways of doing things, and new talents. On the spiritual plane, creation takes the form of newly developed traits of character, new understanding, and new power of expression, all of which add up to Soul growth. In all of these three planes in which you live, move, and have your being, you are calling upon the same great God-given creative power within, which is a property of the Soul, manifesting itself as required on these different levels.

No man knows of what a thought consists. Science cannot analyze a thought or dissect it in the laboratory or view it through a microscope. Yet the force of one thought can change the entire course of civilization. There can be no consciousness, however, without thought, and consciousness is a fundamental attribute of the Soul.

The brain is an electro-chemical machine. It does not contain thought or create thought. It simply *responds* to thought. Its sensitized mechanism delivers this thought in terms of impulses over the entire nerve network of the physical body so that the thought is *felt* by the complete being at one and the same time.

Perhaps this concept may be best illustrated by describing the action of a self-service elevator. The intricate mechanism for operating this elevator is its "brain." Beside each elevator door is a push button connected with wires through which electrical current courses each time a button is pressed. The mechanism, however perfect, cannot function until and unless an initial *outside* impulse is given it. But once this impulse is received, the mechanism goes into action and faithfully reproduces specifically what is required of it by the nature of the impulse.

In much the same way your intelligence, resident in the Soul, acts upon its instrument, the brain, giving it orders in the form of strong desires and feelings. These become currents of energy, activating certain cellular structures and sections of the brain. The brain then translates these "entitized" impulses into ideas, words, and actions. Your Soul never speaks to you in words, always through *feeling*. It is you who interpret these "feelings" with words.

Often you become so lost in the physical feelings communicated by your five physical senses that you permit them to "black out" or "color" the higher feeling emanating from your Soul. At such times you deny yourself the wisdom of your accumulated experience, held in store by your Soul to be passed on to you as needed.

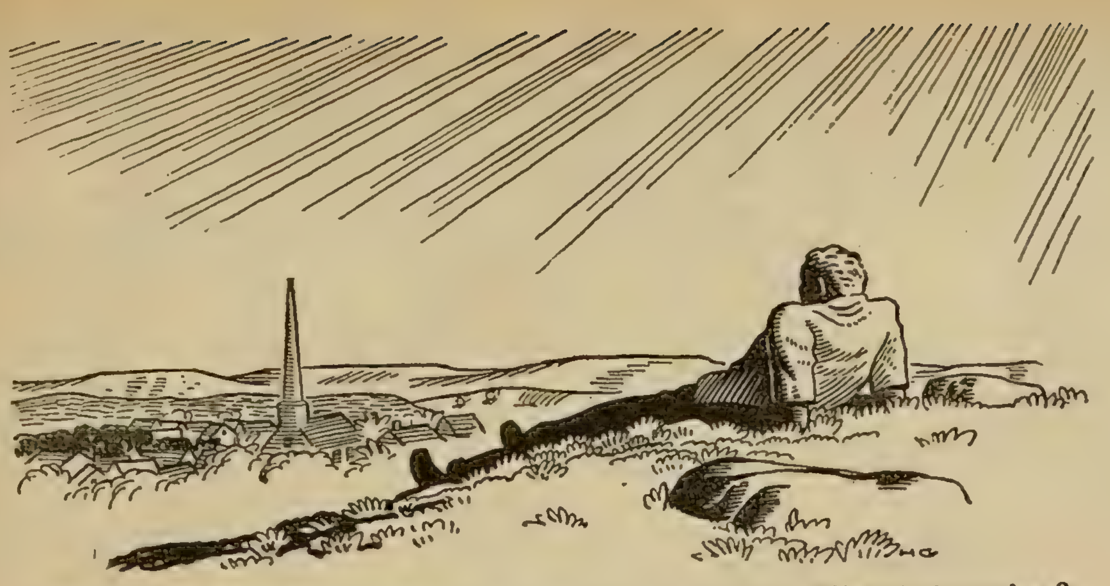
Your Soul, as a gift from God, the Great Intelligence, can grow and become a conscious part of you only as you develop and learn to utilize the spiritual powers it possesses. You can *save* your Soul from your own degradation only by lifting yourself in thought and act to the high level of possible attainment it holds for you.

Remember, as a creature of free will and free choice, you are never compelled to take the upward path of Soul development. It is therefore possible for you ultimately to destroy yourself and your own individual Soul by choosing the path which leads to eventual disintegration of your personality and individuality as you conform in thought and act to the destructive rather than constructive principle in Nature.

◆

It is important, then, that you do not make the mistake of thinking you have no responsibility to bear in the matter of attaining life after Death. You have a very definite responsibility. It is required of you that you earn the right to participate on the higher planes of being provided by God, the Great Intelligence, for all His creatures who elect of their free will and choice to continue the upward climb in His ever-expanding and ever more glorious Creation.

You have been given all of the elements and intelligence needed as tools to build for yourself a permanent spiritual abode in the Eternal House of God, your Father. To the degree that you apply yourself in an effort to gain lasting Soul values from life experience, you will find that the spiritual laws of the Universe will be in harmony with your efforts and add their power to your attainments. To the degree that you reject the promptings of your Soul and neglect to seek anything of lasting value through life's experiences, you will be depriving yourself of the aid of these spiritual laws and seriously impairing your possibilities of survival on the higher planes of being.



Stop this instant and listen to the voice of your soul. What is it saying?

Immortality must be earned. God has given you Life and a Soul to do with as you will.

What is your choice?

◆

You often hear the statement made that he or she "has found his right niche" or "has discovered what he was best fitted for" or "he or she was just born for that job." These fortunate individuals either developed such an understanding of themselves as to have known intuitively what they were best equipped to accomplish, or they have lived in such harmony with their inner nature as to have responded instinctively, under guidance of their Soul.

Much of the discord and unhappiness of life has come about through humans who have not lived up to the best that was within them due to their failure to recognize or utilize potential talents and abilities they could have successfully developed.

Are you among them? Are you occupying the place in life that you feel you should be? Have you sought and created the right opportunities for your own development along the lines of your choice? Are you doing what you have wanted most to do and what you feel, inwardly, you can do the best? If you feel you have failed somewhere along the road of life, can you determine where and why?

It isn't failure that need count so much. It's the *way* you have reacted to it and the value which you should have extracted from it. Only through the testing of experience can you come to know your own strengths and weaknesses. There is no substitute for the attainment of this knowledge.

Memory has been given to Man as a Soul attribute, so that he may learn to profit by his experiences. His ability to recall a mistake he has made in the face of a like situation enables him, if he has developed sufficient resolution, to correct this mistake.

Everything you have ever mastered in life remains to serve you. Everything you have *not* mastered remains to hamper you.

How you look upon what you are required to do is most important. You may have felt that your tasks in life are so routine and menial as to be ashamed of them. You have an inner craving for recognition and appreciation which your present occupation or activity cannot bring you. The world, unhappily, does not have a high respect for certain extremely necessary professions such as street-cleaning or ditch-digging. Yet without them our modern civilization would be impossible. It is the wrong sense of values and not the jobs which should be held in contempt.

◆

Given the right perspective, you can be completely happy serving your fellow man and God by performing a task which may be regarded as insignificant in the eyes of those who still do not realize how dependent each human is upon the services of others. All of the elements in and about you are intended for your service, once you have learned to attune your mind to them and command their servitude.

Every desire which you picture in your mind starts the creative power within you working to materialize this desire in your outer life. There are actually mysterious and wonderful magnetic forces in your consciousness which, once activated by your desires, commence to attract the conditions, circumstances, and people which you need to bring to your life what you have pictured.

It is tragically true that millions of humans in the world today, beset with hunger, starvation, poverty, economic and political unrest, and privation of every sort, are living or existing under conditions hardly conducive to real Soul growth.

This is the great crime against Mankind, this denial, through Man's inhumanity to Man, of each individual's free-born birthright—the opportunity to develop his own Soul.

Even so, through exercise of Will and Faith and dogged perseverance against all manner of human sufferings, disappointment, and dire subjection, there are humans in every race, in every country, and in every form of unhappy environment who are rising above all conditions and obstacles and achieving great Soul development.

◆

How you get along with others in your own family and neighborhood is largely determined by what you have built up in yourself. If you are self-centered and self-seeking, your attitude will make it difficult for you to enjoy happy and understanding human relations with others. Unable to analyze your own faults, you may resent this failure to win their approval and develop hatreds and prejudices. Such a reaction is a defensive mechanism, helping you to gloss over your own hurt but not to correct your deficiency.

If you are to benefit from life experience, you must develop the daily habit of self-analysis and honest self-appraisement in order that you may see yourself, at all times, as others see you. Be ready, then, to discover your own faults and weaknesses, taking steps to eliminate them before they are called to your attention or become so much a part of you as to attract unhappy conditions and results.

Try to keep in mind at all times that an equal part of God, the Great Intelligence, dwells within every other human, as it does within you, regardless of race, color, or creed.

You cannot compel another to think your way or discover evidence of God Presence in his consciousness as you have discovered it in yours. But you can, through your fellowship and understanding, cause him or her to realize that you possess a Something much to be desired which they, in turn, may be inspired to seek within themselves.

Look, then, for that fineness within each human which is actually there even though, perhaps, not yet expressed. When you are ill-treated by another, school yourself not to react in kind but to inquire, if you have not merited such abuse, what has caused this individual to act as he has. It is quite likely that if you put yourself in this other person's place, with his developed temperament and under pressure of his experiences in life, you would be sharing his very thoughts and feelings. Considered from this viewpoint, you will be able to exercise a far greater tolerance in your relation to others.

You will need to protect yourself, of course, at times from those who would maliciously take advantage of you economically, physically, mentally, and even spiritually. But you gain nothing by permitting yourself to develop and hold feelings of hate, resentment, prejudice, and disgust toward others.

Learn to demagnetize yourself from the conditions such individuals bring with them. One never knows when a chance word, expressed at the right psychological moment, or an unexpected kindly deed, or a sincere demonstration of interest in a thwarted, rebellious, inhibited, or misguided personality, may penetrate a calloused outer shell and bring about a response from within sufficiently strong to provide a turning point for the better in this person's life.

The greatest deterrent today to Mankind's individual development and progress is the division in thought, felt and expressed by humans of different races and creeds and colors. Humanity, like a great chain, is actually as strong as its weakest links. These weakest links, if not strengthened by humanity as a whole, will eventually break and drag all civilization down.

◆

The average human is prone to think of life experience in terms of each day's routine activities of business or household, rounded out at night by a social occasion with friends or at the theater, repeated with variations day after day. But intangible things are happening to each individual at the same time which are having an effect upon his consciousness above and beyond his week-in and week-out pattern of life. He is being reached through a barrage of magazines, newspapers, and books, radio programs, motion pictures, and the like, all of which are presenting pro and con thoughts and ideas in dynamic, appealing form.

Unless he has trained himself to think and evaluate, he may be influenced by some thoughts and ideas which can prove damaging to his way of life. He is affected, too, by the economic stresses and strains of the time and the political confusion and conflicting ideologies between countries which are now existing.

He observes wanton evidence of graft in high places in government, business, labor, and military circles, and he asks himself, "What price honesty?" wondering privately, on occasion, how much it really pays to maintain high integrity and honor.

Were this life on Earth, so tragic and terrible to many, the only life experience, then those humans, apparently innocent victims of certain unfortunate geographical locations, have been most unjustly treated and would, if given individual choice, knowing what they would have to endure, choose not to have been born at all. Yet even their sufferings will have had their compensation if a continuing life of the Soul brings a reward in higher states of existence which might justify the price they have been called upon to pay.

You should accept whatever experiences come to you, the good and the bad, the happy and the tragic, with the resolution to extract a constructive value from them.

It is absolutely essential, if you would get the most and the finest out of life, that you learn to conquer fear in all its aspects. Fear is the Great Destroyer of faith, hope, ambition, courage, resolution, persistence, and inspiration. Fear has defeated many men and women who have possessed the character and the ability to accomplish much.

Fear of what others may think, fear of criticism, fear of competition, fear of comparison, fear of loneliness, fear of facing the truth, fear of change, fear of making decisions, fear of assuming responsibility, fear of incompetence, fear of uncertainty, fear of the future, fear of disease, fear of physical suffering, fear of old age, fear of death, and countless other fears have ruined the lives of millions in every age.

Free yourself from Fear by the realization that "God is not in any one place, but *everywhere.*" You are not alone in your battle of life. You have a Power greater than all the odds against you, constantly by your side. Knowing this in your own mind and heart, even Death will lose its terror and no failure or tragic circumstance can defeat or demoralize your spirit within.

We face a crossroads in human evolution.

◆

There is reason, at last, to look forward with hope and assurance that Science will join with Faith in proving not only the existence of Man's Soul but the continuity of life beyond the grave.

Based upon my own personal experience and observations, I would like to make the following predictions:

(1) Man will be found to possess a consciousness which is linked to Universal Intelligence;

(2) this link will be discovered to exist in and through Man's evolving Soul;

(3) the brain of Man will be proved to be the instrument, only, of his mind and Soul, and not the possessor of either;

(4) through higher development of the psyche in Man, the true nature of the Universe and God and Man's own being will ultimately be revealed.

How can you get an understanding grasp of your actual relationship to God, the Great Intelligence?

The telephone instrument you use is not the Real You any more than your physical body is the Real You. This telephone instrument is an inert piece of mechanism until you activate it by taking down the receiver. The instant you do this a circuit is opened up between you and the operator. You then make known your desire and another circuit is opened, giving you a direct line to the individual you wish to reach. But *you* must take the *first step* or the entire system of communication, with all its power to function at your bidding, will reveal no evidence even of its own existence.

God, the Great Intelligence, bears of necessity an impersonal relationship to all His Creation. If the current in the telephone wire represents God's power and intelligence, it can only become personal to you when you attune yourself to it and make use of it. The Power and Intelligence is there for all to use the instant they make a connection.

Are you conscious of each individual cell in your body as it derives its existence and undergoes changes and experiences peculiar to itself? Of course not! But the life of your body supplies this cell with all that it needs, unhesitatingly, automatically, and without question, in answer to the demands that the cell makes upon it. This is in accordance with the laws of Nature governing your body and the functioning of cell life.

If you can visualize yourself as an ever-living, evolving cell in the Immortal Body of God, the Great Intelligence, you will sense a deep and abiding feeling of peace and security. You will know that the Real You cannot die even though your body, this instrument you are manifesting yourself through on Earth, will one day pass away.

You will come to realize that this God-Power within you is creative, and that when rightly called upon, it can and does attract to you the conditions, circumstances, and people you need to help you attain something you have very much desired and have worked to achieve. You will learn that this Power, operating *impersonally*, will produce for you wrong results if your thinking and desires are wrong, just as quickly as it will create good results under the stimulus of right thinking.

You are punished then, automatically, on the basis of Cause and Effect, the law of Compensation dealing out rewards and penalties in exact accordance with the nature and character of your own thoughts and acts. You are, therefore, your own Devil, creating your own evil through wrong thinking. The devastating power of wrong thoughts is being demonstrated today through the mass hatreds, the religious and racial prejudices, the greeds and jealousies, and the savage lust for world domination.

◆ Before radio was invented, few humans would have believed that the supposedly silent ether could be filled with sounds only awaiting the proper instrument to make them audible. And now, of course, we have the miracle of television, which adds sight to sound and means that the image of a man as well as his voice can be projected through space. Thus, within our short lifetime, has the power of the *invisible* been revealed to us!

Should we, then, be so ready to doubt the possible existence of other states of being, different enough in vibration to be beyond the reach of our limited five physical senses? A friend might be broadcasting this minute, but if we did not possess the proper receiving instrument and have it dialed to the right wavelength, we would be entirely unaware of this fact. This would not, however, affect the reality of our friend's broadcasting.

Scientists, through extension of the powers of their great telescopes and microscopes, are discovering new universes infinitely large and infinitesimally small. These universes have always existed, but Man has only become aware of them as he has developed the means and the mechanism of bringing them within the range of his perceptions. The same will be true of Man's eventual extension of knowledge concerning the change called Death, what happens when he dies and what state he then finds himself in.

But these secrets of the Soul yield only to the human who learns how to commune with his Soul.

Even with telepathy a proved fact, which means that under certain conditions mind can communicate with mind on Earth, Man's mental processes are such that he has to develop this faculty before it can become operative for him on any actually recognizable and demonstrative basis. It would be most disturbing if your own thoughts could be trespassed upon or interfered with by the thoughts of another without your having any control or means of tuning them out.

◆ Nature accomplishes this tuning for you. It is only rarely that the thoughts of some friend or member of your family, usually in a moment of great emotional crisis, are strong enough to break through the resistance set up in your own consciousness and make you vaguely or vividly aware of something that has happened to him. The fact, however, that thoughts *can* be sent and received, wittingly and unwittingly at times, proves the existence of mental powers *outside* your five physical senses. It suggests, too, that there must be a world of reality in which thoughts travel separate and apart from the world in which you have your physical existence.

When Marconi succeeded in picking up the first feeble radio waves from across the Atlantic with his crude wireless receiving set, he had demonstrated his theory that electrical impulses would not be impeded by the curvature of the Earth. From then on, it was only a matter of time until Man, employing this knowledge, developed the science of wireless telegraphy, radio, and television as it exists today. In much the same manner, Man will eventually discover and utilize the great spiritual powers possessed within himself, but *only through his own self-development*.

Man's intelligence, however, has actually *re-created* in mechanical form the operation of his own mind. In telepathy, consciously performed, Man has to use the instrument of mind, and the energy generated by the intensity of his feelings or desires, to send and receive thoughts much after the fashion of radio broadcasting and receiving. Quite often these thoughts, so transmitted, are received by the mind of the sensitive recipient in the form of fleeting but vivid "mental pictures." When this happens, the recipient can be said to be functioning as a "human television instrument."

Your physical body is actually a broadcasting and receiving station specifically designed by Creative Intelligence for the use of your entity in the environmental conditions to be found on this Earth. You may increase its sensitivity only through a development of your own Soul, since the body itself responds through the desires and feelings generated in the consciousness.

The laws of Nature make demands upon you in this life which you must respect if you are to develop and retain good health. This applies on all planes of your being—physical, mental, and spiritual. But Nature has not created the fads and fancies of special "spiritual diets," abnormal abstinences from sex expression, and peculiar ritualistic observances as a price you must pay for peace of mind and health of body. This has been Man's own doing, influenced by ignorance, superstition, and wrong religious interpretation.

A simple, safe rule is "Moderation in all things at all times." The functions of your body and your mind were placed there for your intelligent self-control and use. Otherwise they would not have been given you.

It is unthinkable, then, that Man and Woman surrender their sex upon entering the so-called "life of the spirit." To do so would be to surrender their very personalities, to give up the very core and center and nature of their creative beings, and to exist as sterile nonentities. More unthinkable than that, it would mean the complete sabotaging and sacrificing of all the fine values built up by individual man and woman through a loving, understanding companionship on Earth.

◆ Because we have not understood the nature of Death, we have separated ourselves from Eternity when we are living *in* Eternity *now!* Realizing this, Heaven is, then, a *state of being*, and Heaven can and should exist, at all times, where we are—and we should live so that we remain in that "heavenly state."

Death only transports us to a new plane of being, and we are separated from this Earth more by *dimension* and difference in vibratory rates than by distance. The only real distance is in mind. Two human Souls can sit in the same room and be so opposite in views and so filled with antagonisms as to be miles apart. Two beings can be so close in thought that, though they exist in different worlds, they are actually *one*.

When the right concept of Heaven is given to the peoples of the world, they will be encouraged to strive to bring about "Heaven-on-Earth."

All great developments are slow. God and Nature are not in a hurry. You can take as much time as you choose to reach a certain development, but you may penalize yourself in the process by not developing faster. The rewards of spiritual growth are certain and unfailing, even though they may not be immediately apparent on the surface. Nothing that your Soul has really gained can ever be taken away from it. But the higher the spiritual development and comprehension you have acquired in this life, the better prepared you will be to take up the new activities and interests which are awaiting you in the life beyond.

No young man or woman on Earth can develop needed qualities of self-reliance and character who remains too closely attached to his old home ties. There comes a time when each must step out on his own and make his own decisions and face life for himself. You are in much this position when you find yourself cut off from your earthly home and facing the necessity of adjusting yourself to this After-Life environment.

As far as Death is concerned, you are dying in many ways *every day.* Every thought has form and, as you change your concepts, old thought-forms die. The death of many thoughts and ideas you have held in the past has given you new life.

It is well to remember that life is a free gift from God, your Creator, but with and through it you have to *earn* Immortality.

◆

I have received thousands of letters from earnest men and women who have been seeking the truth, insofar as it could be learned, concerning the great question of life after death and whether or not it might be possible to communicate with those who have departed. They have asked me what I thought of spirit mediums, trumpet seances, materializations, direct voice, automatic writing, and if they themselves should sit for development in "psychic circles."

I have had to tell these people frankly that, while I am convinced many humans possess varying degrees of psychic power and can on occasion demonstrate telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and like phenomena, I can not recommend any such thing, and that I must particularly warn them against opening up their own minds to unknown psychic influences.

You must realize that the After-Life contains every type of human Soul from the lowest to the highest, just as we have on Earth. When you open the higher centers of your mind to make contact with intelligences without and have not developed the proper self-conscious, directional, protective control, it is just as though you were living on a busy thoroughfare and opened the door of your house to whatever types of humans might be passing, including the worst possible riffraff. But, because these intelligences are now invisible to you, and beyond detection and examination by your five physical senses, unless you are a trained "sensitive" you have no developed power of discrimination and may permit the wrong influences to enter and take possession of your consciousness.

For this reason, those who dabble innocently in the field of the psychic should beware. They do not know with what tremendous forces of good and evil they are playing. Nor should these inexperienced investigators permit themselves to be hypnotized or attempt to develop trance states or take on any condition which would open up the possibility of making their ego subservient to any other intelligence, either within or without the physical body.

It is imperative that you retain, at all times, your own free-will control of your ego in all of its manifestations, dealings, and associations with others. Only in this way can you be certain of maintaining your absolute integrity.

◆

Startling things can be demonstrated through hypnotism. The intelligence of the indwelling entity can be put aside and the body caused to react to suggestions of heat and cold, humor and ridicule, shame and praise, fear and courage, pain and joy, and all other human emotions, much after the fashion of a mechanical robot. Hypnotism—the control of your mind and body by another human on this plane of life—is not too much different from the type of control exercised by the will of a designing, discarnate personality. In either case, once you have surrendered yourself to the will of another intelligence you will, thereafter, have great difficulty in calling your Soul your own.

Your mind is subject to many influences, good or bad, depending upon their source and motivation, but the most subtle influences of all, and those which can do the most damage, are those that are psychic, which strike at your mind and Soul, often reaching you through your emotions and sentiments.

Try to conceive, if you can, the boundless ocean of intelligence in which you exist. Each thought of every human has a rate and character of vibration and is being transmitted unconsciously into space. The mental ether about you is thus filled with vibratory thought of Mankind, high and low.

Have you seen a great city, such as Chicago, in the grip of a smoke-fog which blots out the upper stories of skyscrapers and so blankets the town as to turn day into night? Wrong thinking can and does produce what might be termed "low lying clouds of thought forms" which you must break through in order to reach the higher, finer thought forms of developed souls who reside on the plane called Heaven, beyond this borderland or in-between world of confused and disturbed entities.

This is one of the basic reasons why true spirit communication has been so difficult and fraught with a certain amount of mental and physical peril to the uninitiated. You have evidence of many unprincipled charlatans and impostors on Earth.

Unhappily, there are just as many in the in-between world of the After-Life and there always will be until Mankind reaches a higher degree of spiritual development on Earth.

There is a great mystery contained in the fact that your personality is exclusively different from that of any other human, but that your "I am I" consciousness of identity is *exactly the same.* Because it is the same, you are really one in consciousness with all other humans and with all self-conscious creatures who have ever lived, or who will live on all inhabited worlds throughout time and space in God's great Universe. You must realize that, while this inner voice is saying, "I am I" to you, it is saying "I am I" to every living self-conscious being in the cosmos!

You should be able to realize the full import of the admonition, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," for you are actually injuring your own self when you injure any other self, each a vital part of Universal Consciousness in individualized form.

◆

In my telepathic experiments with Sir Hubert Wilkins, when he was over three thousand miles away in the Far North and I was in my apartment in New York City, I was able to sense that he had a severe toothache on the *one* day in five months that a tooth had troubled him, causing him to fly to Edmonton to get it filled! I felt, for the moment, that I was Wilkins and it was my tooth which had ached. In that flashing instant when the impression came, *I* was not conscious of any distance between us.

When, through meditation, you reach up into the next dimension seeking communion with a departed one, do not expect, ordinarily, to receive any message in words. You may get your most convincing and satisfying response in the form of a deep, unmistakable feeling of nearness and understanding.

When you feel as another human feels, you are in an attunement with that person much closer than words. This is the highest aim of love and what is meant when it is said that "two can think and act as one."

There can be no communion on any plane without *feeling*. The deeper the feeling, the closer the communion, and the closer the communion, the greater the understanding of each other.

Feeling is an inexplainable attribute of consciousness. Feeling is behind our five physical senses. Feeling is the *interpreter* of every impression that comes to us from within or without.

You see, and you have feelings about what you see.

You hear, and you feel moved or unmoved by what you hear.

You taste, and you feel pleased or displeased by what you taste.

You touch, and you feel attracted or repulsed by what you touch.

You smell, and you feel drawn to or driven away by the odor.

Feeling is the great universal language. When we have learned to rely more upon *feeling*, we will have greatly extended our awareness.

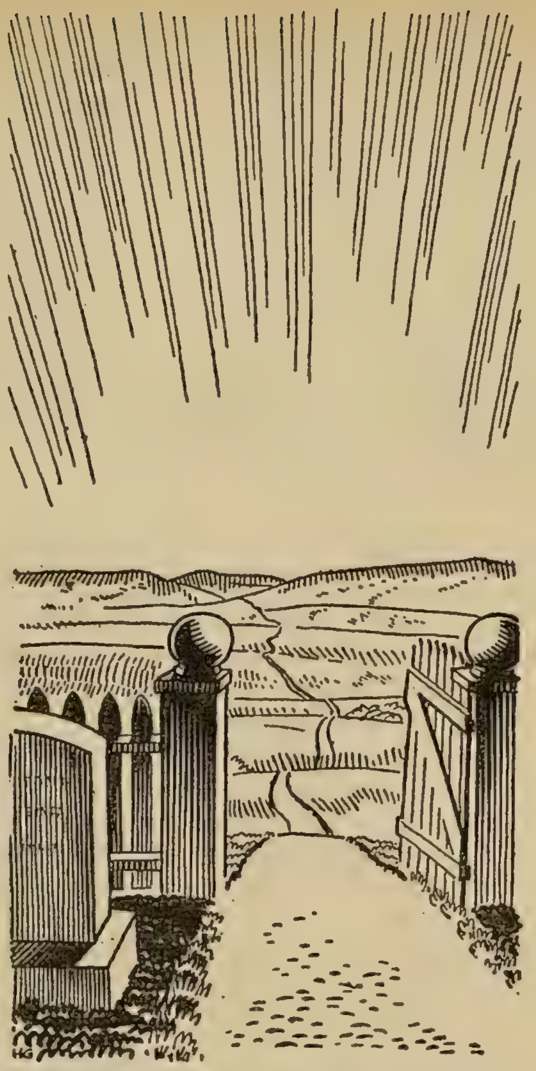
◆ At present we have only developed the power to communicate understandably with our kind of intelligence. We cannot talk intelligibly to a tree, a flower, or a dog. Our only medium of communication or possible affinity with a tree, a flower, or a dog is through *feeling*. As yet we cannot sense the type of consciousness possessed by this tree, this flower, and this dog. But there will come a day in our development when we will converse with them as freely as with our fellow humans.

Not only that, but because time and space constitute no barrier in the "I am I" consciousness, we will fix our minds on self-conscious intelligences or other inhabited worlds and communicate with them by means of a *sensitized feeling faculty*, despite all differences in language!

There are different grades of intelligence in all things and the nature of all things is determined by the grade of intelligence forming or shaping those things.

Consciousness is *intelligence in action*—and all consciousness has *feeling*.

There is an electrical, magnetic quality about feeling. It holds particles of matter together. If the feeling changes, the magnetism is broken and the particles break up, seeking new affinities on the basis of like attracting like. You *feel* that a certain thing is going to happen, which means that you have pictured the possibility in your mind and this feeling is even now magnetically drawing the elements and conditions and circumstances to you in response to this pictured desire.



Death will prove the gate to another life.

You feel in a moment of deep, heartfelt spiritual meditation that you wish to reach someone you love in the After-Life, and this feeling, if properly dispatched, makes contact with that Soul. You may not get a response at once, but if you will curb your doubts and anxiety and quiet your conscious mind and emotions, there will come to you in time a satisfying experience.

This awareness is developed while remaining in a self-conscious state, without resorting to trances or psychic circles or mediums or any other mechanisms or forces outside yourself.

How much more logical that the one you love should seek you out if you open the door to him in the privacy of your own home and heart, rather than by trying to find him through some stranger at so much a "sitting."

Much truth will one day be revealed through means of scientifically developed and controlled psychic powers. The door of a great, new, wonderful world is slowly being pushed ajar to expose the true nature of spiritual powers, which have always existed but which Mankind, with its almost totally mistaken reliance upon the testimony of the five physical senses, has been too blind to sense.

If you have the perseverance, the courage, and the faith in yourself and the God-Power within, to penetrate the wilderness as it exists at present, you may emerge into the spiritually-illumined plane which has been reached by others before you and enjoy, with them, the certain knowledge that, in the Soul sense, there is no basic separation of those who love.

◆ The surest way to find yourself prepared for a future life when it comes is to live each day as though it were to be your last.

Few humans, if they knew for a certainty that they were to die within the next twenty-four hours, could or would be indifferent to this fact. There is something sobering and compelling about the approach of Death which demands that an individual take stock of himself, whether or not he is of a religious turn of mind.

Of course, if you have waited until the last day of your life to give thought and attention to your state of preparedness for such a transition, you may well find yourself like a passenger carried away on a train to a strange destination without the proper baggage.

Stop now, and ask yourself what essential values you have developed in life thus far. What do you possess in yourself that cannot be taken away, no matter what happens, and which can be of continuous service to you now as well as hereafter?

If you should be stripped of all earthly possessions and physically removed from friends and those you love, taken to a new environment entirely, and equipped with a new body form, recognizedly similar to your one on Earth but free of any deformity, what would you yourself bring with you with which to face this great experience?

It would have to be developed qualities of Soul, contained within your consciousness, together with a memory of all past experiences and the abilities which that past experience had given you. If your life had been filled with hate and greed and lust and prejudice, your Soul would be burdened and hampered with these thoughts and feelings and, since like attracts like, you would find yourself gravitating to levels of intelligence possessing low Soul development similar to your own.

Whereas, on Earth, money has been power, in the impersonal economy of nature, knowledge of Self is power. What you don't know about yourself can definitely hurt you and retard your spiritual growth.

Your judgment of others in this life may have been based upon their social standing rather than their character. In fact, today there is widespread disregard for character-building as a purported asset in life.

It is not often the spiritually endowed person who wins the race for material gain. He is usually left in the dust by many inferior to him in development who have ruthlessly trampled him underfoot by their employment of dishonest, unfair, and even strong-armed tactics to get there first.

George Bernard Shaw is reported to have said, upon learning of Gandhi's assassination: "This just goes to show—it doesn't pay to be too good!"

◆ Unless a great and miraculous change comes about in the mass consciousness of Mankind in the next few years, Man's long fight up through the darkness of his own ignorance may end in another long night. Those who seek to dominate must destroy or subjugate intelligence. They must destroy man's freedom of thought and freedom of speech. They have not recognized the great basic truth and principle that, "To be free, you must *first* let others be free." Thus, they would take whole nations of people into bondage along with themselves.

There was never a time in our recorded history when this future of Man has been so threatened. There are tremendous forces at work in the world, motivated by hate, which, unless checked and their destructive feelings eliminated through new understanding, will most certainly precipitate a third World War.

You and all humans are therefore presented with a great challenge which transcends in importance your individual interests and desires. The problem with which world leaders are actually confronted, if they but knew it, is how to reach mass consciousness, cutting through iron curtains of prejudice, hatred, and ignorance, and giving it new concepts so powerful, appealing, and inspiring as to change the thinking of these peoples through eliminating the terrific tensions which exist in certain world sectors.

Eventually, a United States of the World *must* come, in which the freedom-loving rights of all humans are protected and all concepts of boundaries separating different colors and races from each other are removed. It will then be possible for each race and color to devote its energies toward self-development and to grow in harmony through the realization that we are all equal in the sight of our God, whatever our individual faith, and that we are here to serve one another.

The United Nations body, however highly motivated in its organization, is comprised of a group of men and women representing essentially the selfish interests of their respective countries and striving to accomplish world co-operation through diplomatic wrangle, debate, and compromise. A new intelligent force is needed in the world—*the force of the human spirit*—untouched by the influence of special interest, prejudicial attitudes, specific hates, religious intolerance, economic aggression, political ambition, and unyielding ignorance or desire for domination. Could this human spirit be so liberated in the minds and hearts of men, it could free the world in an incredibly short time by changing the motivation of Mankind, making its regenerating influence felt in high places and low. The Soul of Man, unadulterated and given an opportunity to express itself, possesses an unerring sense of truth and justice.

The Truth cannot be bounded by the walls of a church, the confines of a college campus, the laboratories of a scientist, the laws of a land, or the covers of a book. It is as free as the principle behind it and, if trampled to earth, will rise again in the spirit of truth-seeking men.

It is unthinkable that the rank and file of humans on Earth today desire another world war.

What is vitally needed is a World Planning Board, comprised of citizens from every country who are dedicated to only one objective—the preservation of individual human rights everywhere and the improvement of human relations. The very nature of this consideration would cut down through hypocrisy, red tape, deceit, and the aggressive nature of governments and special interests, and set up a program of cooperation. This, too, must eventually come, with the sanction of all governments and the realization that without such a step only chaos can result.

◆ Realistically, however, it is too much to hope that governments would agree to such a simple, direct, sincere, practical, and understanding approach to the solution of world problems. This would mean a by-passing of rulers, diplomats, and all those prejudiced by positions of power in church and state and business. The very idea, in our present stage of civilization, would bring violent protests from the heads of these different groups who are only interested in changing the world to suit their own objectives and convictions.

There is no inference intended that many leaders in church, state, business, and all walks of life are not fine-charactered men and women, but their serviceability to the world as a whole is limited for the most part by the very positions they occupy and the fixedness of their thought concerning these positions. This is a natural human concomitant of all past experiences and development, but we have arrived at a crossroads in human evolution on this planet which requires a clearing away of old concepts.

Regardless of conditions, whether good or bad, you must have the courage to live and raise your children with the right concepts of life so that the next generation will be able to reach higher states of self-development and spiritual knowledge. Your greatest protection, at all times, is your concentration upon the things and experiences in life which can develop in you lasting values, the kind of mental and spiritual qualities which bring inner happiness and satisfaction. So equipped, you can face whatever is to come with faith and fortitude, knowing that even Death will find you not wanting in the Soul properties which can make your entrance upon a new life a truly great adventure.

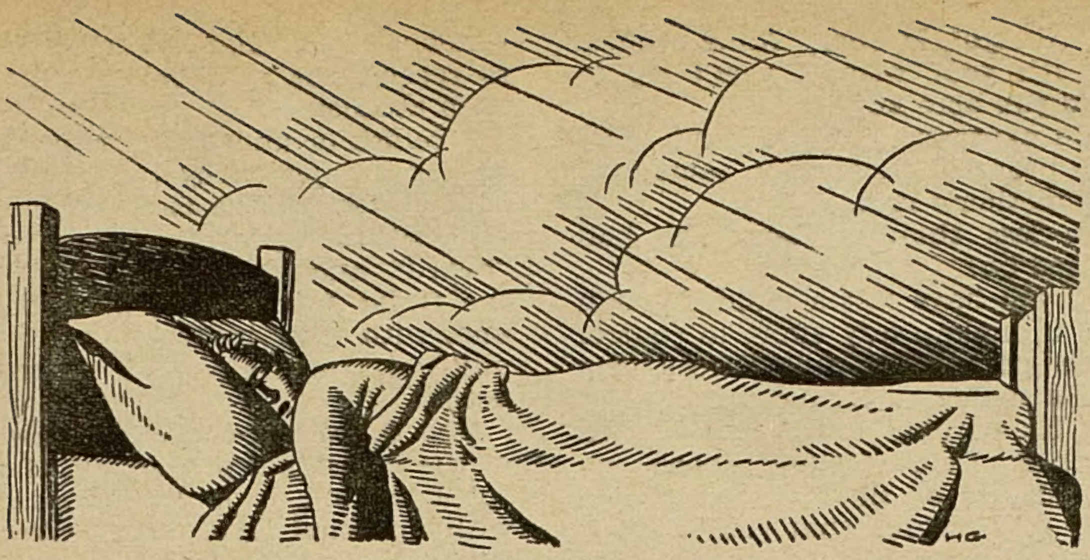
◆ Each mind freed of false concepts and destructive feelings, withdraws just so much destructive thought from the ocean of consciousness, thus improving conditions on Earth. There will, one day, be found a close relationship between climatic, atmospheric, and geologic conditions and the human mind.

Great faults and cracks in the Earth's surface exist from former times in the world's long history. There are theories that sun spots, the gravitational pull of the moon, and other planets also have a bearing on weather, earthquakes, and even upon the time of great eruptions. But Man himself may add his destructive vibrations to the sum total and help "pull the trigger" on the natural calamities which are visited upon him.

At any rate, we know beyond any doubt the harmful influence of wrong thinking upon Man himself: how wrong thoughts set up wrong chemical reactions in the body, creating actual poisons in the system; how ill will can make its possessor sick and affect the physical and mental health of those near him; and how wrong mental attitudes of world leaders can so influence a people as to produce world wars.

It isn't the development of atomic power which Man fears. It is the use to which Man may decide to put atomic power which frightens and appalls him.

Keep in touch by newspaper and radio with what is taking place in the world today. Try to read and listen between the lines of what is being written and said. Let your own inner sense of truth and justice determine for you what is true or



We look forward to a "good night's rest." Sleep is the "little sister of Death."

false in what you see in print and hear via radio or in your daily rounds of life. Do not permit yourself to be drawn into any hate or prejudice groups under any guise whatsoever. Hold your mind as free as possible of all destructive thoughts. Be ready to defend your country, if need be, against any actual threats of aggression, but hold a love for all humanity and remember that all men are actually your brothers in consciousness.

You are just as much in Eternity now as you will be after Death. You can be as close to God now as you will be then. Your Soul is your link with the Infinite. You have been placed on this Earth for a definite purpose and you can serve God as much here as you can hereafter. In so doing, you will find yourself best prepared for the After-Life.

◆ In time to come, when Death has been scientifically proved to be the gateway to Another Life, all fear of Death will be removed from the consciousness of Mankind.

There is something within your higher consciousness which urges you on toward greater experience and perfection. It is the God-force in Man, this vague or vivid awareness, as the case may be, that each new day holds the promise of better and finer things. Should this urge continue to exist without the possibility of fulfillment in each tomorrow, you would indeed be in Hell.

There must be purpose in life and progress. Without it, nothing has meaning and very little interest. Individuals who have planned to retire at certain ages, anticipating the joys of "doing nothing," have found that this was harder work than activity, and unless they have developed new and worthwhile interests, have often declined in health and spirit, releasing their hold on life.

The spiritually developed person looks forward to his later years, when the harder battles of life have been won and his Soul has been enriched by a maturity of experience. He anticipates the increased opportunity he will have for rendering counsel and service to others and for preparing himself, through meditation and study, for the life to come.

God, the Great Intelligence, has wisely provided, through Death, a means by which Man may increasingly participate in His boundless evolution. This requires that Man must pass through a succession of ever higher forms as the nature of his own Soul is raised through closer and closer identification with the God-force within. The Soul then utilizes each new form it occupies in turn, as the instrument through which it manifests itself, even as it has used the physical form on Earth. You may thus expect to die many times in the body and rise again, new forms permitting, each time, greater expression of your own Soul and the greater extension of your powers of awareness of the Universe about you.

So—why fear Death?

It has been my privilege to know a few humans who had reached that state of consciousness wherein they had no fear of Death. They *knew* that life did not end at the grave. They *knew* that they would be going to rejoin friends who were actively and happily engaged in work Beyond. Their *knowing* was a conviction that faith alone could not bring; it was a conviction born of *inner spiritual experience.*

They told me not to grieve when I should learn of their passing, but to rejoice with them that they had now entered this new and higher state of being. In some instances, these highly developed Souls actually knew where they were going and the exact nature of the work they were to be engaged in. They discussed this contemplated future activity with me as naturally as though they were planning to take up residence in a new and different part of this country. They saw beyond the flesh walls of their own body, aware that their *real* existence was not *in* this body and thus could project their thinking, without any break in continuity, beyond the life and existence of their physical form.

This spiritual awareness must come, in time, to all humanity. But until it comes, most humans will still suffer great fears of Death.

When the moment of Death draws near, however, these fears, in most instances, quite amazingly disappear. A strange, relaxed quiet and calmness comes to the personality from within.

The instant that the intelligence in the body knows that recovery is impossible, this fact is communicated to the Soul, which prepares to take over and starts the processes which will eventuate in releasing that Soul, in its spirit form, from its fleshy instrument.

◆ On occasion, dependent upon the self-conscious receptivity of the personality, the Soul may reveal through a vision, or a higher sensory manifestation, a fleeting glimpse of the world Beyond, or even of friends whom that identity is soon to join. At other times, the dying individual will have produced for himself, in consciousness, his own earth concepts of Heaven and heavenly music, of angels, and of Christ.

He will feel himself to be in the Presence of the Master and will die in this faith. Still others, almost separated from the body, will describe themselves as hovering above it and looking down at it. This latter experience is quite common and gives further evidence that Intelligence, at Death, does leave the body and does not die with it.

Of course, when one is conscious of body pains and various forms of physical distress as Death approaches, it is difficult to retain spiritual composure even with faith and conviction as to one's future. Those, however, who have had the experience of leaving the physical body and returning at will, all testify that it holds no terrors, but is quite the most wonderful sensation that can be realized by a human creature.

They point out that we actually die, so to speak, each night when we go to sleep. That sleep, in fact, is the "little sister of Death." They remind us how much we usually look forward to gaining a "good night's rest" through sleep, and awakening in the morning refreshed and ready for a new start in life.

"Death," they say, "is only an awakening from a sleep of the body in a new world just as real as this one has been, and in a new body every bit as substantial as the one we have discarded on Earth."

It is easier to face Death when

one feels he has lived out his allotted time, has accomplished his purpose in life, and is ready for the change. It is much more difficult to be compelled to consider leaving when much remains to be done, when many responsibilities are being left behind, when those close to you are in desperate need of you, and when it seems that Fate is being most cruel and unjust in taking you away.

You must realize, again, that as free-will creatures on this Earth we are subject to accident and misfortune through the operation of physical forces external to us which may cut short our lives before our time. When this happens, an adjustment must be made by those left on Earth and by those who go on. They must seek in and through this necessary adjustment, regardless of the hardships imposed, the experiences which will add greatest value to their Souls and help compensate those on both sides of life for the temporary loss of physical companionship.

The experiences of no two humans on Earth have ever been or ever will be the same. *Life is an individual proposition.* We each possess an individual destiny which we help to create by the manner in which we react to the experiences which come to us. But each objective gained only reveals greater and finer objectives to be achieved beyond, and this is the way it will be throughout all eternity.

◆ When those you love who have lived full lives and who wish to go on are seriously ill, do not try to hold them here against their wills. Sons and daughters quite often plead with fathers and mothers to exert their will to live when they are existing in physical forms which have long outlasted their usefulness. There have been many cases wherein elderly parents have actually resisted Death and have risen from what could have been their deathbeds at the petition of their children who have emotionally declared a desperate need for them.

I have personal knowledge of one case where a spiritually developed mother of eighty recovered from pneumonia and remained on this Earth through sheer force of will alone, at the petition of her middle-aged daughter. Upon being taken ill again, four years later, she called this daughter to her bedside and said:

"Anna, I feel it is my time and I want to go. I know that friends dear to me are waiting for me. Won't you tell me that you are willing to let me go?"

"All right, Mother," Anna replied. "If it's your wish, I won't try to hold you here any longer."

An expression of profound relief and peaceful resignation came over the mother's face.

In less than an hour she had passed on!

If you have lost a child through death, make every effort to control your grief. Each child necessarily has a strong emotional attachment for its parents and especially its mother. Deep feeling knows no boundaries of time or space. You may rest assured that your child is being lovingly cared for—more so in most instances than had it been left an orphan on Earth.

◆ It is criminal that fake spirit mediums should pretend to bring back the spirits of children who have passed on some years before, representing them as having the same age and form and intelligence as they had on Earth. It is natural for a mother and father to hold to the concept of their child as it existed at the time of death. But freed from their emotional fixations, had they given their Reason an opportunity to function, they would clearly perceive that, if life persists beyond the grave, there is progress there as here. This being true, their child would continue its bodily, mental, and spiritual development where it had left off, under the guidance and care of those in the After-Life equipped for such service.

It is, therefore, a great mistake for mothers and fathers not to release their departed child from their fixed concepts, since holding these highly emotional thoughts may have repercussions, at times, under the consciousness of the child itself. Unthinking fathers and mothers actually expect to greet their infants and young people in Heaven, even years after their demise, looking and acting exactly as they did before they passed on. They will see such sons and daughters in due time, and will recognize them through unmistakable personality features, but their children, if enough time has elapsed, will have changed greatly in form and mind.

Those who are face to face with Death often resort to prayer as a means of preparing them to meet their God. In the light of what has herein been said about the Nature of God, the Great Intelligence, you may wonder what function prayer now can have in the Great Scheme of Things.

The value of prayer is in no wise lost through this enlarged conception of God and the Universe. Prayer is the Soul's recognition of a Power far greater than itself and the expression of that Soul's profound desire to come in closer attunement with that Power and thus to receive the spiritual benefits of such attunement.

A selfish or undeserved request in prayer is rejected by the Soul and does not reach the God consciousness within. A prayer, in order to be "heard" and "answered" by God, the Great Intelligence, must be in line with the individual's actual physical, mental, and spiritual needs.

God is not self-consciously aware of the individual prayer but, if the spirit behind it is in accordance with Spiritual Law, that prayer is eventually answered.

Prayer, then, through crystallizing the power of your own desires for help and service, can unite your Soul with the spiritual forces needed to bring that for which you have prayed to pass.

Prayer, asking forgiveness for misdeeds, serves the purpose, if the petitioner is sincere, of cleansing his spirit and giving him new strength of Soul.

In time of Death, prayer fixes the attention of your mind and Soul upon the God-Power within and enables you to feel the Presence of this Power in a deeply satisfying personal sense. Remember, the more you come to know God, thus gaining a greater understanding of your own Real Self—this "I am I" consciousness—the more personal a Being will God become to you.

Use prayer, then, but use it *intelligently*, not as a *form* or *ritual*. Mechanical repetition of certain words or phrases will not impress God.

It is the earnest call of your own Soul for help and guidance which brings a response from the Father of All Things.

◆ Keep your earthly house in order. By that I mean your personal affairs. Maintain them in as orderly shape as possible, at all times. Then, freed of material worries or "things left undone," you can meet this great moment in your life with a clear conscience and consciousness, say what you might wish to say to those you love, and take your departure with resignation and expectation.

Within your Soul is contained the knowledge of all that you have been in the timeless past and the potentiality of all that you *can* be in the timeless future. Some day the record of the past will be opened to you and you will see and comprehend the now untold experiences you have passed through on your journey up to the level of God-consciousness. You will understand, too, how arrival at the level of God-consciousness has brought you awareness of your identity and the limitless possibilities of your evolving Soul. ◆ ◆

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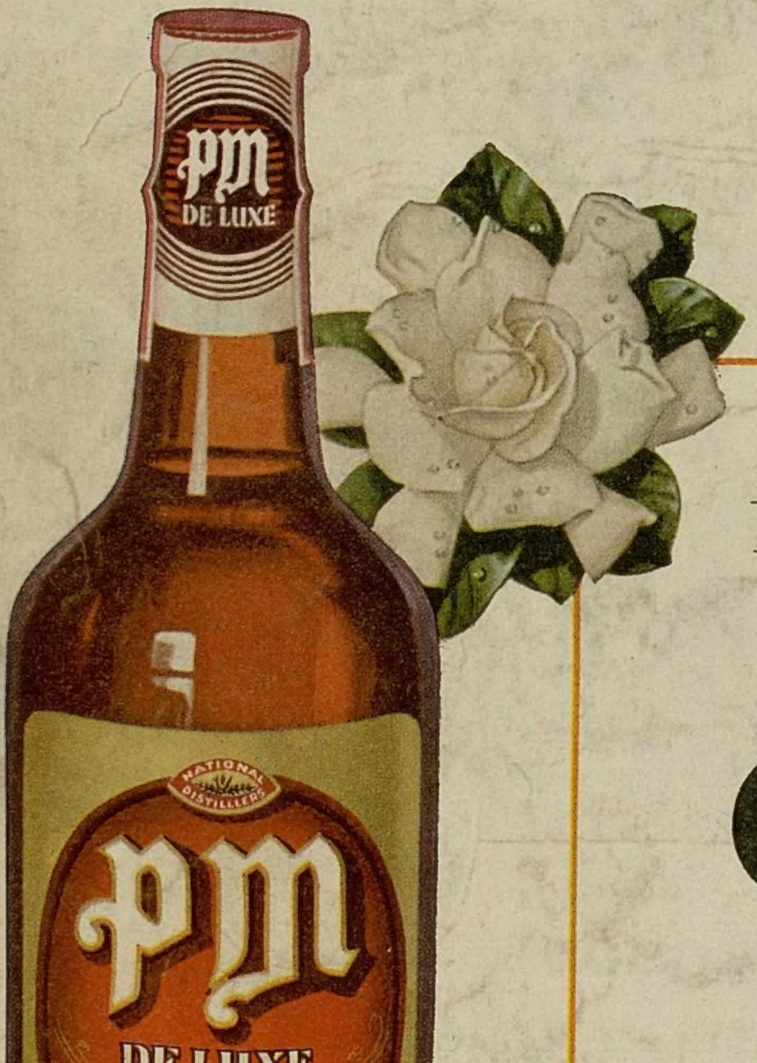
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